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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

A Moral Authority

THE United Nations Assembly has practically no real power, in the sense of command over physical power. It cannot order any nation to provide troops for any cause of which it approves, or forbid any nation to act in a way of which it disapproves. Yet it may contain within itself the seeds of the most powerful body in the world. For it has a moral authority which no other body has; and when it is strengthened by the adhesion of nations which were led astray by immoral rulers in the recent conflict but which are capable of directing their policies to the general good of humanity, it will be able to speak with a voice which no other authority will care to defy.

The character of a body such as this is formed much more by the way it behaves than by the letter of its constitution. This Assembly may be greater than its constitutional powers —which are not great,—or it may be weaker. This will depend on the courage and consistency of its behavior, and this in turn will depend largely on the courage and consistency of the leadership which is given it by the nations with most experience in the friendly handling of international relations.

As we write these words the Assembly is only beginning its meeting, and it is too soon to form any idea of the manner in which it will perform its immense tasks. But we think it will be found that the attitude of the Russian group will be very different from what it has been in the Security Council and at the peace conference. There the power of veto has always been in the background, and every participant has had to be constantly veto-conscious. At the Assembly no points can be won by that method, and Russia will need friends.

The only danger that we can see is that the present rulers of the Soviet world may care more for the impression that they make on their own people than for the impression they make on the capitalist countries, and may actually desire to foster the idea that Russia is faced by a cordon of implacable foes. That there would be far less danger of their succeeding in this, and probably less prospect of their attempting it, if the atom bomb problem were out of the way is sufficiently clear. Upon the honesty of the attempt to solve that problem may well depend the happiness and progress of the entire human race for hundreds of years.

Photo, World News Services.

Canada has been generously endowed with sources of hydro-electric power and their development has been one of the chief factors in this country's climb to industrial greatness. The Scandinavian countries, similarly blessed by nature, are also expanding their water-power production for future industrial growth. Here we see the famed Harspranget Fall on the Lule River in Swedish Lapland, just above the Arctic Circle, which is now being harnessed in a giant development.

The Elections

THE election campaigns in Parkdale and Portage came to an end on Monday, and by an odd coincidence the correspondence on Dominion-provincial financial relations was brought to an end by Mr. Drew on the same day, after lasting just long enough to cover the pre-election week. We still have grave doubts as to whether it was very good election material either for the Conservatives, who raised it in Ontario, or for the Liberals, who raised it in Manitoba. Except for the people who are always on the side of the province or always on the side of the Dominion in these controversies, the question of responsibility for the present impasse between the two authorities is so excessively involved that the average Canadian is inclined to leave it to future historians to straighten out.

The discussion shed no new light on the differences between Mr. Drew and Mr. King, but it did slightly elucidate the position of Mr. Bracken. Mr. Bracken is still in favor of the Sirois proposals as presented at the conference which was broken up by Mr. Duplessis and Mr. Hepburn. This does not get us very far, because there is no possibility of those proposals being revived; if they could be there would be an interesting difference of opinion between Mr. Bracken and Mr. Drew, who was certainly not in favor of the Sirois proposals at that time. However the present proposals are certainly not the Sirois proposals and Mr. Bracken is not in favor of them, and would make better proposals if he were in power. Possibly by the next by-election Mr. Bracken will have outlined his proposals and we shall be able to learn whether they are acceptable to the province of Ontario or not; that they will be acceptable to the province of Quebec under Mr. Duplessis we have very little hope.

In Parkdale the Conservatives tried to make this question a major issue, but we doubt very much whether it really became one. (Issues are not necessary in Parkdale; the grand issue is always the immemorial one of whether the country should be run by Conservatives or Liberals.) In Portage the Liberals tried to make it a major issue, but they were in the uncomfortable position of badly needing something to divert attention from the wheat transaction, which the Winnipeg *Free Press* dislikes and the farmers apparently dislike also. The wheat transaction is Mr. Gardiner's baby, and the Portage vote certainly did neither him nor it any good.

The Parkdale result had no great significance either way. The Portage result is highly encouraging to the Conservatives, as suggesting that they can channel into Conservative votes the natural discontent with existing conditions which develops after the end of an exhausting war. They have been afraid that this would fritter itself away on the C.C.F. and Social Credit.

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The Late P. J. A. Cardin

TO HAVE been a member of the House of Commons continuously for more than half of a lifetime which extended over sixty-seven years is in itself a substantial distinction. To have been in many respects the most typical representative of the general attitude of one's province is another; and both of these were the lot of the late Hon. P. J. A. Cardin,

(*Continued on Page FIVE*)

Exhibition of German, Mexican and American

"Head of a Boy" by Jose Chavez Morado, Mexican painter, illustrator and engraver.

"Woman" by Rufino Tamayo. Of pure Indian blood, Tamayo is a leader in Mexican art.

Watercolor by Jesus Galvan depicting a rural Mexican mother and her child.

Typical watercolor by Diego Rivera, who needs no introduction to art lovers.

"The Dark Figure" by Federico Castellon is representative of that group of American artists strongly influenced by surrealists Tanguy and Dali.

Landscape by Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, pioneer in German expressionism, is among the European paintings. In common with a number of other German artists, he was influenced early in his career by the Norwegian modernist, Edvard Munch.

By Paul Duval

THE Toronto Art Gallery has opened its drive to obtain new members, and to celebrate the occasion it has arranged five small exhibitions of varying natures. Three of these exhibits are small collections of paintings: contemporary American from the Whitney Museum in New York, Mexican painting selected for the most part from the collection of J. S. McLean, and a group of European works, mostly German, from the collection of W. Landmann of Toronto.

On these pages we are illustrating examples from all three of these current shows, but, since Mexican and American painting has been so energetically publicized of late, we are confining our text mainly to the relatively little-known German modern school.

The canvases from the Whitney Museum give a telescoped representation of some of the more (but not the most) recent trends in American painting. One cannot simply say that these are representations of American surrealism, symbolism, etc., since for the most part radical painting in the United States is still a bastard product, composed, like an aesthetic scrapbook, of unrelated snippets from all over the cultural map.

There is still in most American modernism an aspect of too many cooks; one sees the presence of brilliant technical means, but rarely feels the presence of the individual personality which, after all, gives a work of art its persuasion. Such exceptions to this as the late Marsden Hartley, Georgia O'Keefe and John Marin remain very much in the minority.

THE Mexican works on exhibition are, for the most part, fairly modest works in a lyrical vein. Quite powerful painters like David Siqueiros and Rufino Tamayo are represented by very quiet creations. The oils by Jesus Guerero Galvan are probably the most typical of any of the artists represented. Orozco, unfortunately, is not represented in the exhibition.

No word of introduction is needed here about the "big three" of Mexican painting: Orozco, Rivera and Siqueiros. Rufino Tamayo, however, is still not nearly well enough known here. Tamayo is of pure Indian blood and his best work, like that of Orozco and Siqueiros, recalls the intensity of Aztec and Mayan art. Rich in color and intense in design, Tamayo's murals and large oils have won him the leading position among Mexican painters under fifty. The watercolor sketches presently on view at the Toronto Art Gallery give only a very slight idea of his capacity as an artist.

Contemporary German art is still thought of generally as primarily a backwash of other nations' movements, with very little that is characteristic of itself. While this is true up to a certain point, it would be a grave mistake to ignore modern German painting as negligible. During the period of a bare forty years in which it flourished before its sudden and enforced fall, German art produced some painters and paintings of world importance.

MODERN German painting had its first real beginnings toward the latter part of the 1890's with a member of the North German School named Max Liebermann who was heavily influenced by the French Impressionists. Although his works do not appear very revolutionary, in their time they opened the way for the increasingly radical adaptations and original experiments which were later to take place in Germany. Three other Berlin pioneers who should be remembered for their part in the initial struggle for a broader view of art in Germany are Louis Corinth, Max Slevogt and Paula Moderson. The last, who died in 1907, was an artist of very considerable powers and, though she owed a heavy debt to Cezanne, her canvases have a concrete calm and a placid, pearl-like color quality which is peculiar to herself.

The actual beginnings of twentieth-century art as an organized movement in Germany began with the formation of the *Blaue Reilir* (Blue Riders), a collection of Berlin progressives which included Franz Marc (killed in World War I), Emil Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff and others. It was to this group, formed about 1910, to which the term "expressionist" was first applied because of their pre-occupation with the expression of feeling rather than with the creation of harmonious visual arrangements. Under this classification, besides a large part of the more interesting native painters, must be included such famous outsiders as Paul Klee and Wassily Kandinsky who worked with German groups.

SIDE by side with the expressionist trend in Germany during this century there have been two other distinct tendencies: one towards cubism and another which carried on the ancient pre-occupation of Teuton art with detailed realism and crisp, enamelled, thinly-rendered technique.

Among the cubist-influenced group are a number of the most substantial German contemporaries: Lionel Feininger (who, though born in America, developed in Germany), Max Beckmann, Carl Hofer, Willi Baumeister, Fritz Cleve-Klebert and Gustav Wunderwald, the "Berlin Utrillo." Of these artists, both Beckmann and Hofer stand among the leaders of twentieth century painting anywhere.

In the school of detailed realism, led by bitingly-analytical Otto Dix, we find such artists as Johan Scharl, Arthur Segal and

Art Shows Varied National Characteristics

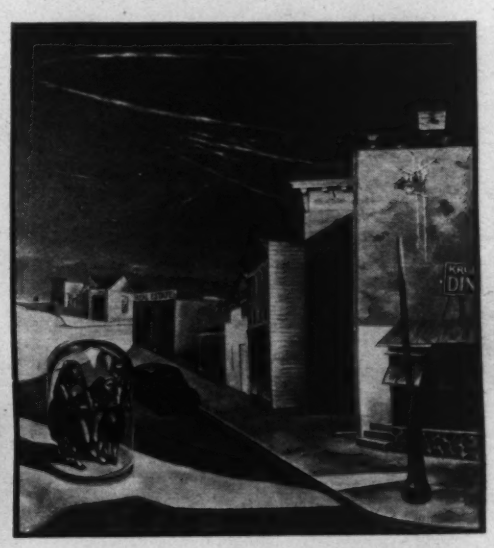
Study by Otto Dix of Dr. Stadelmann. Dix drew some very bitter war satires.

Fluidly-painted "Head" by Karl Hofer, noted German artist whose work has monumental air.

This canvas entitled "Old Bars, Dogtown" from the Whitney Museum was executed in 1936 by the late American pioneer painter, Marsden Hartley.

"Diagrams in Landscape" from the collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art. Painted by Hanahiah Harari, it is typical of the search by many U.S. painters for a new American synthesis of current art tendencies which lends to some of their work a manufactured look.

Early work "Still Life" by Berlin's George Grosz, famous for his satire.



American Louis Guglielmi calls this canvas "Terror in Brooklyn".

"Meditation" by Jesus Galvan, noted for paintings of dreamy-eyed women.

"Girl Combing Her Hair"—Mexican art in a more placid mood is revealed in this gouache by Raul Anguiana.

"Still Life With Cactus", painted by German artist Alexander Kanoldt, a very proficient modern realist.

Rudolf Schlichter, all of whom carry on, each in his own way, the neat and sometimes impassioned realism of Matthias Grunewald and Hans Holbein.

Modern German painters, as a group, are more likely to go through many distinct changes of style than artists of other nations. Whether this characteristic is wholly traceable to their keen interest in theory it is impossible to say, but certainly it has a good deal to do with it.

Another interesting fact about the more talented painters of the modern German school is their prevalent early experience as cartoonists. That remarkable periodical, the Munich "Simplicissimus", was, from the early part of the century, a breeding ground for German artistic talent. Such varied painters as George Grosz, Franz Marc, Lionel Feininger, Paul Klee and Rudolph Bauer did caricatures and cartoons for its pages.

This quality of caricature continues into the later work of many of the artists of modern Germany. For a considerable period, for instance, Feininger could not rid himself of the grotesque exaggerations which he developed in his cartoonist's trade, and in the works of painters like Otto Dix, the early pre-occupation with a particular brand of German satirical approach is evident throughout.

THE history of modern German art as a vital movement came to an end within its own country when Hitler established a "criterion" (rather like the one Russia has now) in 1938. Thereafter, the "decadent" art of the most important and individualistic painters of the Reich disappeared from the museums, and the artists themselves, if still alive, were invited to leave the country. The only worthwhile exception to this was the great woman graphic artist and sculptor, Kathe Kollwitz, who, because of her advanced age and the general esteem in which she was held, was permitted to remain though she was not allowed to exhibit.

It is difficult to guess how long it will be before the larger German cities abound once more with their *Neue Sezessions* and *Alte Sezessions*, their *Juryfreie Kunstchaus* and their *Novembergruppes*. Certainly, the next phase in German art is unlikely to repeat that of post-World War I. The body of humanity is now too close to war for bitterness. Satirical bitterness seems rather irrelevant directed against war which has now assumed the tragic proportions and seeming inevitability of natural catastrophes.

The vitality of approaching German painting will depend, in very great measure, upon the wise tolerance of the Allied Control Commission. Today, creative painting everywhere is inevitably linked, and dependent for its very life, upon this humanistic element in political policies. Meanwhile, students of German art will await eagerly any signs of a rebirth, wherever and whenever it may appear.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Dreamy Optimism is a Fault of the Democratic Nations

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE Henry Wallace affair in the U.S. brings into sharp relief the division of opinion in North America about Russia. Many people are getting very tired and confused about the world situation, to a point where they are refusing to be further interested; this is regrettable and dangerous. Now is the time to keep our feet on the ground; to face the facts as they are.

Those of us who are over 50, can recall too many mad and benign prophecies of great men of the day, to rely on the broken reed of human prophecy. One thing we must all admit is, that no matter how sincere or honest a man may be, he can make a mistake; be he Prime Minister, President or Prelate.

Here are the facts up to the moment:—1. We in the Democracies have no antipathy to the people of Russia; we can not like or dislike them for we don't know them, or their language. 2. We are not permitted by Stalin and his colleagues to know the Russians, to mingle with them and they with us; to write the news as we see it, to come and go as free men. 3. The U.S. is by every instinct isolationist at heart. Their leaders have since the war started been desperately trying to get their people interested in outside politics —a subject normally abhorrent to them; for without this interest, their hands were tied, as far as helping in the World problem. 4. This characteristic of the people of North America (including Canada) must for a certainty, be well known to many of Stalin's top men who have lived and visited here, and also to Stalin; yet in spite of this certain knowledge he and they, with intent, misrepresent to the Russians the intentions and inclinations of the people of North America. 5. That no one knows what are the present or final aims of the leaders of the Russian people, nor will they, for their own good reasons, state these aims. This is as far as we have come, and is *ALL* we have to go on.

We have come to where we are today by our skill, our wit, our courage and our sacrifice; shall we take a chance on it all by throwing away our defence, by yielding any place or matter desired to further prove our sincerity? Shall we throw it all away for the "Grand Delusion" that, war can be no more, that the nature of man has suddenly changed? The sincerity of the people of North America (and I would now add the Democracies,) is not on trial, we must not be manoeuvred into this position. Nor is the sincerity of the Russian people on trial, but the sincerity of the Russian leaders is on trial; that's where the rub comes in. No amount of polite talk can dodge the issue. Will our leaders face it?

For centuries we have walked the way of free men. It's an old familiar road to us, and has its ups and downs. We are proud of it, and propose to stay on it; levelling off the extreme peaks and depths, so that none shall find it too hard. Our light needs no hiding under a bushel; it offers a long-suffering, exploited humanity, gradual and sure emancipation. As I see it, one road only lies open to us, which guarantees our security and liberty for the immediate future: it is the road of preparedness, to such a degree that no other nation will dare attack or invade; be the cost of this preparedness what it may. This means keeping two or three steps ahead of the others. If Russia is to make a bid for World dominion, she must make it in the immediate future—the next 25 years. Beyond this period, the picture is dark and uncertain for her leaders. This is the period that is vital to them, and to us.

Meanwhile great changes are almost sure to occur in Russia, changes that will make it possible to open the gates of free communication between free peoples; to discontinue armaments and preparedness. But that time is *not now*. The stakes are too high. Human nature being what it now is, the lack of defence not only assures attack, but invites it.

Toronto, Ont. T. J. T. WILLIAMS

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Loaded Motor Costs

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. RICHARDS' article, "Why the Strikers Must Lose" is a masterpiece of succinct statement and should be reprinted by every newspaper in the country.

We must, somehow, arrange matters so that our people will be more contented. Ignoring for the moment a fact that the Alberta Farmers' Union seems not to realize—that no one element in the cost of living has risen more, or as much, since before the war as the cost of food; the one thing which more than anything else feeds discontent among us in factory, farm and office, is that we can no longer see our way clear to afford that semi-luxury which for so many is a very large element in the state of contentment—the automobile.

It is within the power of the government to make the automobile available to many more people—and at the same time to assist the provinces by increasing the sale of gasoline from which they derive such a large portion of their incomes.

Can someone answer the following questions:

1. Exactly what luxury, excise, sales, and other taxes are levied on automobiles by the federal government?

2. By the provincial governments?

3. Roughly, how many dollars of the price paid for a so-called "cheap" car goes to pay duties and other imposts on imported components and materials?

4. Assuming the delivered price of a car to be $1,400.00, how much of this goes to meet the charges outlined in the answers to 1, 2, and 3?

5. Is there any particularly good reason why the purchasers of automobiles should be singled out for such treatment?

If, at the time the automobile first appeared, all industry had been under the control of government "managers" subject to hazing by our elected representatives, who can doubt but that its development would have been shelved because of the tremendous proportion of voters who then thought it was, at worst, a tool of the Devil, and at best, a vicious nuisance which should never be allowed either to scare horses or to dig holes in our fine mud roads?

The automobile industry as we in the United States and Canada know it could never have happened under a socialist regime, under the hereditary vested interests scheme then prevalent in most of Europe, or under the "you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours" type of capitalism which led England into its present state.

Hamilton, Ont. EDGAR R. JONES

Of Small Sects

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MANY thanks for that excellent and timely article by A. C. Forrest—Growth of Small Sects—in your issue of October 5. Fifty years in the ministry has taught me much. Low spiritual temperatures in the Church are the result of a vain attempt to streamline and obscure the Word of God. As Mr. Forrest says, many people are Biblically illiterate, and, alas, some ministers cannot even read intelligently the scriptures.

This is the most important part of a service of worship—the reading of the Word of God, and not the sermon as too many of us think. We shall one day, let us hope, return to direct preaching of The Word, and give the ethical essays a rest. Till then, we must be thankful for the Gospel Halls where the dynamics of John 3:16 are stressed, and where many of our former church members are getting spiritual comfort and sustenance.

Ocean Park, B.C. ROBERT HUGHES

Battered Brooklyn

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR Mr. Harris apologizes, tongue in cheek, to Brooklyn which "amid de toimoil of de modern woild can become seriously worried about a baseball team." Most Brooklynites, like myself, are not natives. They have migrated here, three million of them, from every State in the Union and from every country in the world. Despite differences of language, customs, political and religious views they very quickly blended into the rich symphony of modern Brooklyn life.

Surely if we can have harmony, neighborliness and enthusiasm for "dem bums" as well as for other community-organizations among "this seething mass of lunacy" the nations of the earth could do likewise; suppressing individual idiosyncracies for the general good.

Brooklyn, N.Y. FRED H.

Citizenship Ceremony

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WOULD like to record my hearty concurrence with your attitude on a Citizenship Ceremony. The Adult Education Board should receive every encouragement in this important task.

There is one feature of your article which, if acted upon, I feel would not be serving the best interests of Canada or its new citizens. I refer to your suggestion that the provinces assume the largest share of the responsibility for this program. Is there not some danger in this, the danger of inculcating the provincial view point?

I would like to see the Dominion Government assume the full responsibility, and with the help of the Provinces, we could produce real citizens of Canada and the world, which is something we haven't any too much of.

Saskatoon, Sask. JACK WAYMAN

Pottage and Birthright

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE use of irrelevant objections in answer to factual arguments is characteristic of demagogues and hardly worthy of an organ of SATURDAY NIGHT'S calibre. In your editorial "Free Maritime League" (S.N., Oct. 5) you quote Mr. William Rand's statements in support of freeing the Maritime Provinces from the alleged economic disadvantages of remaining within the Canadian Confederation. These statements dealt with matters of fact: comparative freight rates and merchandise prices. In rebuttal you merely point out the political obstacles in the shape of the B.N.A. Act and the difficulty of securing tariff reform. Not a word in either support or disproof of Mr. Rand's statements or of the economic justice of his position! Consequently you leave me unconvinced.

If the facts show that any area or population now Canadian could live more abundantly as part of the United States, or vice versa, that is where it belongs. If there exist political obstacles to the consummation of such a transfer, they ought to be removed rather than raised as arguments against it.

I hold no brief for the affiliation of the Maritimes with the U.S., with Canada or with the Liberian Republic, but I am an apoplectic partisan of clear thinking and fair debate. To discredit Mr. Rand's case in my mind, you will have to refute his arguments fairly and squarely and prove his statements false, for as long as they stand unchallenged we are bound to accept the justice of his conclusions.

Boston, Mass. ARCH L. CROSSLEY

Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

PRESIDENT Truman has flatly denied that atomic bombs have been sent to the British Isles. The story may have been started by the American newspaperman who, landing in Scotland, saw a haggis for the first time.

•

Prince Edward Islanders, whose liquor is obtainable only on doctor's prescription, seem to be having a spot of trouble taking their medicine. A few days ago the press announced the opening on the Island of four branches of Alcoholics Anonymous.

•

A radar-directed plow is the latest device to ease a farmer's life, and it shouldn't be long now before he will be able to do all his grousing without getting out of bed.

•

Digest This One

The director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo, discussing the high cost of meat, says it is quite all right to eat French-fried rattlesnake, broiled alligator, roast stuffed skunk, grasshoppers or mice. We think this diet has its limitations as a countermeasure to inflation.

•

Recent radio announcements remind listeners to renew their licenses, pointing out that a year's entertainment costs them less than a cent a day. And, on the whole, they are almost sure to get their money's worth.

From a woman's magazine:
"Babies are doing their level best to make up for the waste years of war by coming into the world at an ever accelerating pace."
Their enterprise and enthusiasm can only be ascribed to their irrepressible youth.

•

A London weekly demands the destruction of all atomic bombs on the grounds that they cannot serve any useful purpose. But they could help us to forget our income-tax worries.

•

Flying High

A Virginia housewife has made herself a pair of wings out of feathers, and claims to fly for a few seconds from a height of 30 feet. A little more enterprise and she may yet become a perfect angel.

•

Those who are in the habit of mailing early to avoid the Christmas rush are advised to mail early to avoid the rush of those who mail early.

•

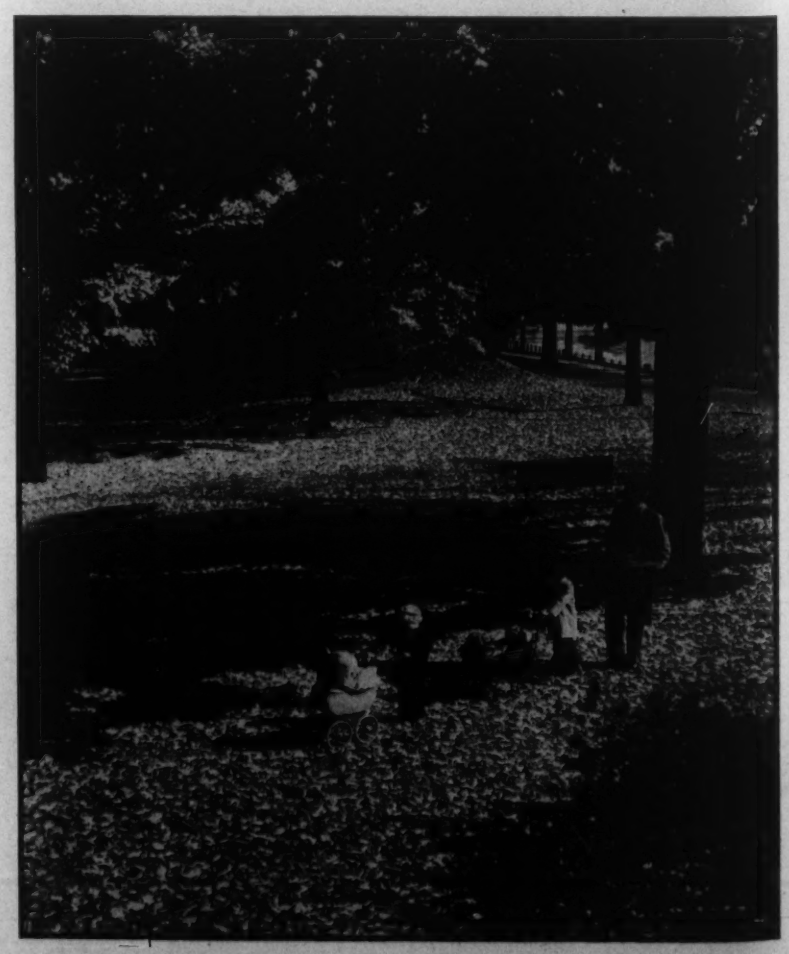
In St. Paul, Minn., a woman has sued her husband for divorce for calling her names; both of them are deaf mutes. Presumably their handouts were incompatible.

•

"Cooking is becoming as tricky as the atomic bomb," says an instructor of the Canadian Vocational Training Chef School. We felt much the same way about it at our seaside hotel this summer.

•

A beauty specialist advertises three faces for ladies: ". . . the luminous look, the glamorous look, and the young, young look." Our niece Ettie is willing to take all three if she can have them for the price of two.



"Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God; and only he who sees takes off his shoes—the rest sit round it and pluck blackberries," said Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Autumn's glory is all around us these days, but too few of us take a moment to drink deeply of it. This photograph (by Karsh) was taken in Rockcliffe, near Ottawa.

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

formerly Minister of Public Works in the Dominion Cabinet. On the death of Mr. Lapointe Mr. Cardin had some claim to consider himself the most important political figure in Quebec; but he lacked the ability to ingratiate himself with the English-speaking part of the country, and Mr. King chose for his lieutenant the more appealing figure of Mr. St. Laurent. When the decision was taken to employ compulsory service troops in the European theatre of war, Mr. Cardin was one of the French members who refused to admit the necessity of this step, and for a time there was expectation that he might lead a general revolt; but he felt that the interests of his province would not be served by such a course. He served Canada well and sincerely for many years, and left a name that will be important in her history.

Poems for the Interim

NINETEEN Canadian poets are represented in a little booklet of twenty-four items which will shortly come off the press, under the title "Poems for the Interim." They are all poems which have appeared in the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT during 1945 and 1946, and most of them bear the impress of that very indeterminate period. They include "The Dark Cat" by Audrey Alexandra Brown, widely hailed as among the finest things ever written in Canada, and the other contributors are Constance Barbour, Earle Birney, Arthur Bourinot, Leo Cox, Margaret Crosland, Mona Gould, R. H. Grenville, Ronald Hambleton, Verna Loveday Harden, Emily Leavens, Tom MacInnes, L. A. MacKay, Anne Marriott, Blanche I. Pownall, Lenore A. Pratt, Theodore Goodridge Roberts, Joseph Schull and James Wreford.

The edition will be limited to one thousand, of which only five hundred will be on sale to the general public, through the Book Service of SATURDAY NIGHT, at fifty cents, post free. While the poems themselves have no particular bearing on the Christmas season, we believe that this booklet will provide a very useful Christmas gift for those who wish to give their friends an idea of the vigor and tendencies of current Canadian verse. An envelope for mailing and a gift card will accompany each copy. We have an idea that owing to the limited supply it may be advisable to order promptly. The booklet will not be obtainable through the booksellers.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

CLEAR windows catch your figure as you go
Along the streets in any crowded space,
You know this blade of starlight clothed with grace
Is your own essence. Cloakroom mirrors show
Forms in the background walking to and fro,
And in the foreground you can see your face
As others, edging, set their veils in place,
And stand like shadows near you, seeming slow
And loath to catch the sunburst glory there;
To see the strange eyes, and the coppery hair;
Perhaps you do not know how then they stand
Staring wholehearted, while the lights have spanned
This lovely image searching through and through
And your still face casts its cool look at you.

SHEILA BARBOUR

Decontrol is Catching

THE United States appears to be heading for an early restoration of a "free economy" so far as that desideratum is obtainable by the mere absence of price controls and ration allocations. That the result will, temporarily at least, be extremely painful to those who for any reason cannot adjust their incomes upward, such as pensioners, the unorganized element of labor, civil servants and the middle classes generally, we have little doubt. There is considerable reason to believe, however, that the high-prices era will be as short as that of 1919-20, and will be followed by a decline to a level not very far from the present one.

If Canada can hang on to her controls until after the United States has had its rise and readjustment, the economically weaker classes in this country will be spared a good deal of suffering. This view is based on the assumption that the controls can be kept effective, that they will not excessively retard production, and that the goods produced can be made available to all the citizens. Any widespread withdrawal from production, and equally any widespread black market, will wreck the whole business, and we might better throw the controls overboard at once, and let the weaker classes take their chances. Canadians are a much better disciplined people than Americans, and our control enforcement has so far been much more effective. But example is very contagious, and if Canadian producers (whether labor or capital or mixed) see their United States colleagues getting fifty per cent more than they do in good hard dollars they are likely to try to get the controls abolished or else to try to evade them, whichever comes handiest.

Absence of controls in the United States may do more than set an example. In certain commodities it may set up a strong flow from Canada to the United States, producing serious shortages in parts of the Dominion. A ban on exports is never very effective against private smuggling and professional bootlegging, and the international border is a long one.

There are signs that the runaway price boom under decontrol in the United States may be shortlived. The futures market broke sharply last week, and real estate prices are weakening substantially. Labor organizations which have not so far dug themselves in on new ground as to wages and conditions are thought to have overstayed their market, and to be likely to meet with stronger resistance if they make demands now. It may not be long before American prices settle to a durable level, and Canada can then decontrol without risk or difficulty.

THE READERS: **"WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THE NAZIS"**

Copyright in All Countries

Freedom, Security

"THERE is something very symbolic of our age in a cipher clerk in the Russian Embassy being so impressed with our freedom, while a secretary in the British High Commissioner's office, who lived through the depression in Saskatchewan, was so impressed with the security of communistic Russia". Such is one of the striking observations in a remarkable but unsigned article on "Constitutionalism" in the current issue of the *Fortnightly Law Journal of Canada*. It is an article which deals mainly with the chief problem of our age, namely how the state can at the same time provide for its members both reasonable economic protection and reasonable freedom from encroachment on their liberties.

The author is not very cheerful about the prospect of this problem being adequately solved, under the English concept of traditional constitutionalism, "on any soil outside the United Kingdom". He regards the monarchy, or rather a number of the successive monarchs who have sat on the British throne in the last century or so, as having exercised a very powerful influence for the maintenance of constitutionalism, an influence which is totally lacking in Canada because the local substitute for the monarch, namely the Governor General, never has "the necessary prestige for his opinion to carry any weight with the Government. The result is that the Government is much more likely to adopt the attitude that all sovereignty resides in them, that they are infallible, and that they can with equanimity disregard those traditional safeguards of our liberties."

It has long been the view of SATURDAY NIGHT that the non-hereditary office of Governor General cannot possibly fulfill all of the functions of the hereditary, and immensely more prestigious, office of the Monarch. (The Governor General is sworn in; the Monarch is anointed.) And if, as seems highly probable, this is one of the respects in which the Crown in Canada falls short of the Crown in Great Britain, we may well begin to question whether we do not need some other means of keeping our elected rulers within their proper constitutional limitations. Our American cousins faced this problem when they decided to do without not only a representative of the Crown but anything pertaining to the Crown's functions; and they decided that in order to keep their elected rulers in their place they must not merely divide up their powers among a number of different agencies, but also limit the total powers of the whole lot of them by a Bill of Rights defining the things which no government is permitted to do to an American citizen. (That the Bill does not always prevent the government of a State or of the United States from doing some of those things proves only that no human institution is one hundred per cent perfect.)

These are days when some kind of guarantee against serious curtailments of individual freedom is acutely necessary. If we in Canada lack the guarantee provided by the permanent presence of a personal hereditary Monarch, it may be necessary to think of some other means of achieving the desired end—if we really desire it. There are times when our desire for it seems something definitely short of a passion.

Of Misquotation

IT WAS with something of a shock that we last week found the Ottawa *Journal*, in an article headed "More Scottish than Scotland" (and referring to parts of Canada), making the following appalling misquotation of the most famous verse of the most famous of all Scots poems relating to Canada:

"From the lone shieling of the misty *islands*
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;
But *the heart is young, the Highland blood is ardent*,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

We know all too well the risks of quoting without the authentic text before one, and the temptation to do so when that text is not readily to hand. But the verse in question can be found in Bartlett, most ingeniously dragged in by means of a footnote, for it could not be put in the main text owing to the uncertainty of its authorship. And we have too much respect for the *Journal* not to feel pretty sure that anybody who writes for its editorial columns must have felt a little bit of disquiet about that third line, and should have "looked it up."

The one great compensating result of misquotation is that if detected and corrected it reveals as by a lightning flash the difference between the writing of genius and the writing of anybody else. The third line reads in the original:

"Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is
Highland",

and the difference between that and the *Journal* version is about the same as the difference between the finest genuine Scotch whiskey and the "Scotch type" product of the alcohol factories of this continent.

Imitation Weapons

IT HAS recently been decided by a Canadian court that robbery effected by the threat of using what appears to be, but actually is not, a lethal weapon is not robbery under arms. This decision must either be reversed, or if that is impossible, which is probably the case, the law must be changed. To a citizen faced with what appears to be a large and effective military revolver, and told that if he does not hand over the contents of the till he will be shot, it makes no difference whatever that the implement *may* be a clever imitation. The only way he can find out whether it is or not is by allowing himself to be shot, and if it is not an imitation he will then be too dead to care.

The shops frequented by small boys are full of the most accurate imitations of large German pistols and revolvers, which anybody can buy for a dollar or so. If a hold-up man can use one of these to threaten his victim, and then when caught get the charge against him reduced to ordinary robbery by showing that the implement could not be fired, we shall have a very dangerous epidemic of this sort of crime.

The real difference between robbery with and robbery without arms is not in the ability of the criminal to kill or maim; it is in his ability to make the victim believe he can kill or maim. It seems to us that any action calculated to give an ordinary reasonable person the impression that the criminal is armed should be sufficient to establish a more serious charge than that of mere robbery.

More Annulment

MR. JUSTICE FOREST, who must by this time be close to having beaten the world's record for annulling marriages, stated in a judgment last week that two persons whose marriage he was declaring invalid had been married by one of the most respected Protestant clergymen of Montreal while they were in "an advanced state of intoxication." The clergyman, who was not called as a witness, has since declared that this statement is absolutely untrue.

We are unaware whether this alleged drunkenness was a determining ground for the annulment, but if it was we can only say that the court seems to have been at least as careless about investigating the reasons for annulment as it charges the minister with being about investigating the competence of the parties. If on the other hand there were other and adequate (or supposedly adequate) reasons for the annulment, the court would appear to have gone out of its way to attack the character of a responsible citizen who in this matter at least was acting in the capacity of a public servant.

There is of course no remedy; a judge cannot be sued for libel and the minister cannot bring about an appeal from the decision.

SHAKESPEARE AND RAIMENT

(A reply to J.E.M., "A Matter of Dress.")

THE Critic, who on tailoring intent
Lately in sorrow his own garments rent
For Shakespeare "fans" who came *sans* tails or tie,
Should think on folk who met Sweet Will's own eye.

For who among the sweaty groundlings sat
Cared half a straw for tails and tie, or hat?
And who'd restrict the pleasures of the play
To Mrs. Richpitch Third, or Lord Blasé?

Let Critic bless instead, the wheel of time
Which brings again the true delights of rime
To mobs who *maugre* Hollywood's bright voice
Make Will, not Hedy, their surprising choice.

G. V. DOWNES

Getting Immigrants May Be Harder Than We Imagine

By STUART ARMOUR

The healthy interest in immigration which now appears to be so general in Canada has raised a number of questions in the mind of the author.

What, for instance, will be the effect of our social legislation on the disposition to allow newcomers to enter our gates? How can we reconcile a patronizing attitude toward immigrants with our truly shocking record of population loss? Are Europeans likely to flock here in great numbers to escape the risks of war?

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These are healthy signs; for it can hardly be denied that we stand sorely in need of a larger population than we now possess. But certain unrealistic attitudes disclosed by these discussions indicate that the intrusion of new factors into the situation has been overlooked.

One striking evidence of a lack of realism is the failure to appreciate that our disposition toward immigration must be greatly affected by the program of social legislation enacted since 1939. In fact, if Ottawa has appeared dilatory in bringing forward an immigration policy, it may be due to a realization in high places that unemployment insurance and family allowances create conditions which make the admission of newcomers politically unfeasible.

Perhaps one can best explain the existing situation after this syllogistic fashion: Canadians are not willing to admit immigrants until all Canadians are employed. Social legislation, by lessening economic pressure, makes it possible for people to live in idleness in one part of the country even though there is work waiting for them elsewhere. So long, then, as we have this type of social legislation it will remain possible for those who oppose the admission of more people to say that there are Canadians out of work, and consequently the bars should stay up.

These important questions then arise: Will this specious sort of reasoning be allowed to prevent immigration into Canada? If so, is it not fair to say that the effect of social legislation is definitely exclusionist?

"Full Employment"

But the raising of such questions by no means exhausts the effect of our social legislation upon the problem of increasing our population. For, as a corollary to them, there arises the further, and quite fundamental, question: Can we have anything approaching what is loosely called full employment, in Canada, in the face of the social legislation we have enacted?

This is not the place to discuss the far-ranging significance of that last question. Let us consider only its implication vis-à-vis the problem of immigration.

Back in 1929, when economic pressure made our labor force considerably more mobile than it is today, and when there was a job for practically everybody, more than 3 per cent of the working force appears to have been idle.

Thus, even if we take 1929 as a period of Full Employment, (as it was according to any reasonable definition) we always had perhaps 150,000 persons out of work from choice, or because of seasonal factors.

Since our program of social legislation became effective, we have seen many laborers living in idleness on social security payments in certain parts of the country while there was an acute shortage elsewhere of labor for farming, lumbering and mining.

Since unemployment insurance and family allowances have already tended to immobilize our working force, can we again, for any length of time, achieve employment at the 1929 level? If we cannot do so, how can we hope, in the face of the present Canadian attitude, to find widespread public support for a more liberal immigration policy?

Perhaps we should try to find answers to such questions before we go much further in our plans for postwar immigration.

Those who have refused to go where jobs were to be had might certainly be described as unemployed. Moreover, under present circumstances, the fact of their idleness would furnish the basis for argument against the admission of any substantial number of intending settlers.

Patronizing

Another unrealistic attitude toward immigration discloses itself in such patronizing phrases as "selected immigrants", "assimilable immigrants" and "immigrant quotas."

This attitude indicates a pretty complete failure to realise that Canada has an appallingly bad record in the matter of holding population. In fact, those who know most about such things say that out of each one hundred "intending settlers" entering Canada between 1871 and 1941, no less than fifty-four went elsewhere.

In other words, in the first seventy years of our history as a Dominion, we were able to keep only forty-six out of every hundred persons who braved the hardships of uprooting themselves and crossing the Atlantic.

Since people do not make moves of this character without much thought and heart-searching, it seems safe to assume that the reason they did not stay here was because they found Canadian conditions not to their liking. It has, in fact, been facetiously suggested that if many intending settlers had possessed the necessary wherewithal at the time of their arrival in Canada they would have taken the next boat back to the Old Country or to Europe. Like most facetious suggestions, there is no doubt an element of truth in this one.

What, then, does Canada lack, that those who set out so bravely to become Canadian settlers changed their minds when they got here? That is certainly a question to which an answer should be sought before we attempt to lay down a long-range postwar immigration policy.

Incidentally, we had no "immigration policy", in its present-day sense at least, in the period of our greatest influx between 1900 and 1913; except, of course, to put out a large "welcome" sign. True, we did have certain rules as to occupation, color, health and so forth. But these were simple, and our agents found them little or no handicap when scouring Europe for immigrants.

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It should be remembered in this connection that in 1913 the United States had no immigrant quotas; that entry into the United States was just as free as entry into Canada. Yet 403,000 human beings preferred to come to Canada in the first place; and we failed to hold the majority of them.

There, in a nutshell, is one of the great problems we shall again have to face when we try to increase our population by means of immigration. It is our disillusioning experience in the holding of people which inclines one to believe that the sort of patronizing attitude indicated by talk of selection and quotas and assimilability is completely out of place.

Last, but by no means least, we have to consider the effects of events during the past seven years upon the immigrant potential from which we used to draw our intending settlers. In our enthusiasm for a larger population we must not lose sight of the fact that Europe's war losses have been enormous; and that her tasks of rebuilding are of stupendous size.

When in the first decade of this century we were receiving from abroad large accretions to our population, Europe had a surplus of men and women of working age. She has no such surplus today. Furthermore, the demands upon her manpower are now, and likely to remain, greater than ever.

Morever, one does not need to be entirely sceptical in order to suspect that tales of people waiting to rush to our shores as soon as the bars are down may be greatly exaggerated. Most of those who are said to be eager to come are said to be dominated by fear of what is going to happen in Europe. In other words, we are asked to believe that we are to become the beneficiaries of a panic flight across the ocean.

My own experience of Europeans is admittedly somewhat limited, but both at home and on this continent, they have struck me as being pretty shrewd and hard-headed. Our lack of success in the past in holding Europeans when they got to Canada would seem to confirm that impression.

Well, if they are hard-headed and shrewd, they have probably realized by now that in the face of atomic bombs and rockets Canada is unlikely to long remain any safer from the ravages of war than other parts of the world's surface. If only for this reason, I suspect we may find them more reluctant to leave home than we have been led to believe.

Not That Weary

As a matter of fact, we were told after World War I that Europeans were terribly war weary, and most anxious to flee to North America. But did they come? Official figures do not disclose that they did.

In each of the eleven years from 1903 to 1913 inclusive, immigrants to Canada averaged 218,000. In the eleven years 1919-29 inclusive, our yearly intake averaged only 119,000; and this during the period of our greatest peacetime prosperity.

During the first two decades of the century, intending settlers coming to Canada always knew they could go on to the United States if they found us uncongenial for any reason. That alternative was practically eliminated by progressive tightening of U.S. Immigration laws in the inter-war years.

Progressive raising of immigrant barriers by the United States may well have been one of the factors operating against immigration to Canada in the period 1919-1929. It is hard to account for the falling off otherwise, since our own immigration regulations were really not made very tight until the advent of the Great Depression.

It seems, then, that there are a great many as yet unresolved difficulties standing between us and the achievement of any marked population increase by means of immigration from Europe. Perhaps one of the first steps we should take in order to overcome such difficulties is to revise the widely-held opinion that we are conferring the greatest possible favor in permitting people to come to our shores.

Having done this, the next step might be to ignore statistics as to Canadian unemployment, rendered unrealistic by the effects of our social legislation, and again put out a very large "welcome" sign.

One suspects that only by doing this—and very much more—can we hope to induce white Europeans to come to our shores in such numbers as to offset the very substantial post-war emigration from Canada which seems already to have set in.

• •

THE ALTERNATIVE

DO YOU know that there are no more than fifty or sixty dangerous heads at one time in a nation, and in those fifty or sixty the intellect is on a level with their ambition? The whole art of government consists in finding out those heads, so that you may buy them or cut them off.

—Honoré de Balzac.

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Getting Immigrants May Be Harder Than We Imagine

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These are healthy signs; for it can hardly be denied that we stand sorely in need of a larger population than we now possess. But certain unrealistic attitudes disclosed by these discussions indicate that the intrusion of new factors into the situation has been overlooked.

One striking evidence of a lack of realism is the failure to appreciate that our disposition toward immigration must be greatly affected by the program of social legislation enacted since 1939. In fact, if Ottawa has appeared dilatory in bringing forward an immigration policy, it may be due to a realization in high places that unemployment insurance and family allowances create conditions which make the admission of newcomers politically unfeasible.

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There, in a nutshell, is one of the great problems we shall again have to face when we try to increase our population by means of immigration. It is our disillusioning experience in the holding of people which inclines one to believe that the sort of patronizing attitude indicated by talk of selection and quotas and assimilability is completely out of place.

Last, but by no means least, we have to consider the effects of events during the past seven years upon the immigrant potential from which we used to draw our intending settlers. In our enthusiasm for a larger population we must not lose sight of the fact that Europe's war losses have been enormous; and that her tasks of rebuilding are of stupendous size.

When in the first decade of this century we were receiving from abroad large accretions to our population, Europe had a surplus of men and women of working age. She has no such surplus today. Furthermore, the demands upon her manpower are now, and likely to remain, greater than ever.

Morever, one does not need to be entirely sceptical in order to suspect that tales of people waiting to rush to our shores as soon as the bars are down may be greatly exaggerated. Most of those who are said to be eager to come are said to be dominated by fear of what is going to happen in Europe. In other words, we are asked to believe that we are to become the beneficiaries of a panic flight across the ocean.

My own experience of Europeans is admittedly somewhat limited, but both at home and on this continent, they have struck me as being pretty shrewd and hard-headed. Our lack of success in the past in holding Europeans when they got to Canada would seem to confirm that impression.

Well, if they are hard-headed and shrewd, they have probably realized by now that in the face of atomic bombs and rockets Canada is unlikely to long remain any safer from the ravages of war than other parts of the world's surface. If only for this reason, I suspect we may find them more reluctant to leave home than we have been led to believe.

Not That Weary

As a matter of fact, we were told after World War I that Europeans were terribly war weary, and most anxious to flee to North America. But did they come? Official figures do not disclose that they did.

In each of the eleven years from 1903 to 1913 inclusive, immigrants to Canada averaged 218,000. In the eleven years 1919-29 inclusive, our yearly intake averaged only 119,000; and this during the period of our greatest peacetime prosperity.

During the first two decades of the century, intending settlers coming to Canada always knew they could go on to the United States if they found us uncongenial for any reason. That alternative was practically eliminated by progressive tightening of U.S. Immigration laws in the inter-war years.

Progressive raising of immigrant barriers by the United States may well have been one of the factors operating against immigration to Canada in the period 1919-1929. It is hard to account for the falling off otherwise, since our own immigration regulations were really not made very tight until the advent of the Great Depression.

It seems, then, that there are a great many as yet unresolved difficulties standing between us and the achievement of any marked population increase by means of immigration from Europe. Perhaps one of the first steps we should take in order to overcome such difficulties is to revise the widely-held opinion that we are conferring the greatest possible favor in permitting people to come to our shores.

Having done this, the next step might be to ignore statistics as to Canadian unemployment, rendered unrealistic by the effects of our social legislation, and again put out a very large "welcome" sign.

One suspects that only by doing this—and very much more—can we hope to induce white Europeans to come to our shores in such numbers as to offset the very substantial post-war emigration from Canada which seems already to have set in.

• •

THE ALTERNATIVE

DO YOU know that there are no more than fifty or sixty dangerous heads at one time in a nation, and in those fifty or sixty the intellect is on a level with their ambition? The whole art of government consists in finding out those heads, so that you may buy them or cut them off.

—Honoré de Balzac.

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OTTAWA LETTER

Labor Jurisdiction Is a Major Dominion-Provincial Problem

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

THE problem of jurisdiction over labor disputes is bound to be a continuing problem in any federation with a constitution such as Canada, but there is a pressing reason why some settlement should be reached between the Dominion and the provinces over the immediate postwar situation. The Wartime Labor Relations Regulations, enacted by P.C. 1003 on February 17, 1944, derived their authority from the War Measures Act, and they lose their power next March. Dominion-wide machinery for collective bargaining will thus disappear, unless something is done to replace it. The Industrial Disputes Investigations Act, the pre-war federal legislation on the subject, was suspended by P.C. 1003. Either it, or some similar measure, will need to be brought back into force to govern the field when the war emergency is over.

Meantime Canada has had several years' experience with uniform national legislation, and there is renewed pressure from a number of sources for something like a national labor code and a greater measure of agreement between Dominion and provinces on this subject.

Cooperative Spirit

It was to face the fact that wartime bargaining machinery was on the eve of lapsing, and to discuss cooperation in the whole labor field between Dominion and the Provinces, that the Dominion-Provincial Labor Conference sat at Ottawa last week. The gathering lasted two and a half days, and all its sessions were held in camera. No very illuminating statement about its discussions has yet been made. The writer was told by several delegates that it was one of the best—if not the best—of such conferences ever held here. By "best" is of course meant more reasonable and cooperative in spirit.

The Dominion Government called the conference and, apparently, offered a tentative solution to the postwar problem. In the next session of parliament, it will re-enact the Industrial Disputes Investigations Act, or perhaps it would be more exact to say that it will replace that Act with a new measure based on the experience of the war years.

As this will be a subject in the news for at least another six or eight months, during which the federal legislation will be enacted, and the provinces will decide how far they will go in enacting parallel or enabling legislation, it may be useful to re-examine briefly the constitutional and practical issues involved.

It is a drawback that Canada's constitution was drafted for a group of communities based on the farm, the forest and the sea, and that in consequence the complexities and niceties of jurisdiction over industrial relations were still developments of the distant future and could not be taken into account. The British North America Act does not even mention labor legislation. It has become, in course of time, a field of divided jurisdiction, with the major authority entrusted to the provinces, this right having been derived by the courts from the phrase "property and civil rights." But there have been many vague and border-line aspects of labor legislation over which the courts have had to rule in the best light they could find.

Civil Rights

Thus "Protective" labor legislation, safeguarding workers in mines, factories, shops, etc., is regarded as being law in relation to civil rights, and the courts have no difficulty in assigning it to the provinces. Freedom of association is also regarded as a civil right. But for a long time trade unions were regarded as criminal conspiracies, which brought them within the ambit of the Dominion law. Picketing was at first considered a criminal activity.

It is one thing to know how the courts may construe the British North America Act, and thus to find the legal division of powers, but a logical or most effective division between Dominion and Provinces may be something entirely different.

The Sirois Report noted that Provincial control over many phases of labor legislation was to be desired. The relations between employer and employee, the status of apprentices and so on, should, the Commissioners thought, conform to the general social outlook of the region. Provincial governments, because they are "Johnny-on-the-spot," may be able to move in faster and more effectively when a labor dispute threatens. Intimate knowledge of local conditions may be useful in settling such difficulties. Some provinces have devised elaborate industrial standards legislation, and their own administrative machinery is best equipped to deal with related provincial problems.

Yet, accepting all this, there is still a strong case for basic uniformity of legislation across Canada, and in some fields, an argument for exclusive Dominion jurisdiction. Those who press for a standard labor code on a National basis urge that this reform would prevent industries from seeking out low-wage areas in which to operate, and it would tend to equalize the standard of living across the country. In an industry which operated in several provinces, these advocates say, it would be an advantage to have uniform standards, since unions could bargain with the industry as a whole. This, they contend, would make for stability in labor relations.

There are other arguments. So long as industrial and labor standards vary, a province with high standards tends to discriminate against products from provinces with lower standards in order to protect labor and capital within the province. Such action may lead to retaliation and thus impair freedom of trade between provinces. Again, when the Dominion assumes responsibility for relief of the employable unemployed, it develops a close interest in such matters as minimum wages. Unless relief scales and minimum wage-rates are related to one another, all sorts of abuses may arise—refusal of persons to work because they can do better on relief, or employers paying less than relief rates, leaving the state to make up the difference in relief.

Royal Commission

To meet these varied and somewhat conflicting considerations, the Royal Commissioners in 1940 recommended the following:

"1. In order to protect the principle of freedom of trade between provinces and to facilitate the handling of relief for employables by the Dominion, the Dominion Parliament should have jurisdiction to establish basic minimum wages and maximum hours of labor, and to fix the age of employment, leaving to any province jurisdiction to raise minimum wages, lower hours of labor, or raise the age of employment if it so desires. But, as noted previously, the powers of Parliament should be precisely defined in order to protect the autonomy of the provinces.

"2. In the case of industrial disputes, provinces should be empowered to delegate jurisdiction to the Dominion over any category of industrial disputes now within provincial jurisdiction."

So long as the field of labor legislation is divided between ten jurisdictions—in short, so long as Canada remains a federation — there will be some measure of overlapping and duplication, some clashes over divided jurisdiction, some delay in labor reform. These are tied up inevitably with the kind of constitution we enjoy.

These flaws and drawbacks can be reduced to a minimum in various ways. The formula which evidently is to be attempted in the coming months, judging from the results of the Dominion-Provincial Labor Conference, is uniform national legislation on labor bargaining, which any province can enact if it wishes, and concerning which any province can pass enabling legislation, giving Dominion officials jurisdiction within the province. An attempt will be made to incorporate into the new legislation the fruits of the experience of the past six years.

And since the success of such cooperative measures depends largely on good will and understanding between the ministers and officials concerned, it is recommended that national conferences be held once a year.

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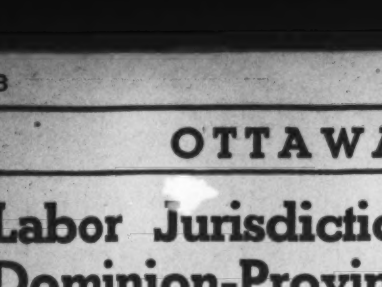

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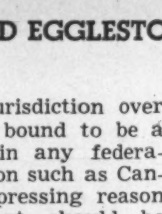

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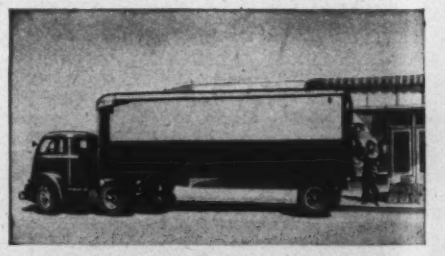

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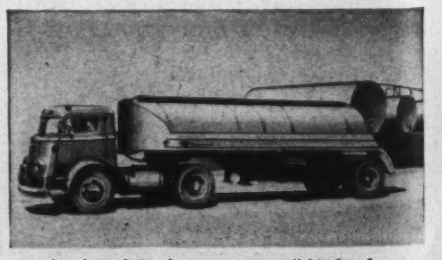

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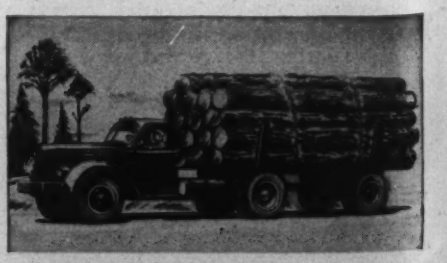

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WASHINGTON LETTER

National Guard Again Organized as a Citizen Soldier Reserve

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

CONTRARY to Moscow charges that the United States is "armed to the teeth," American armed strength is being deliberately reduced from its wartime peak of close to 12 million men to a round million by next July 1. As in its earliest founding days, the Republic is once again going to depend upon its citizen soldiers for a reserve defence supply, the 682,000 men who are to be organized, trained and equipped in the National Guard to act in any emergency.

Just as Canada drew heavily on its old N.P.A.M. and later its reserve units for trained personnel to build up a wartime fighting force, the U.S. will, in the words of Secretary of War Patterson, follow "the American tradition to rely on citizen soldiers in time of peril." The Guard is to be given equal attention with the other elements in the American National Defence organization, the Regular Army and the Organized Reserves.

It is upon the National Guard that the nation will depend for that territorial association which means so much to morale engendered from community pride in the various State units. The territorial principle, of course, is fundamental in the Canadian Reserve Army. It is true that territorial organization can have a disastrous reverse effect when battle casualties are heavy. We recall critical Detroit editorial comment on the heavy toll of both Windsor and Detroit men that the Dieppe raid inflicted on the Essex Scottish. Yet, American military chiefs know that pride in the locality from which the soldier is drawn is of lasting value. A soldier is held to a high standard of behavior, it is believed, when he is in sight of his neighbors.

The 80th Congress will be asked for an adequate budget for efficient reorganization of the Guard. One of the most important items is the inclusion of Permanent Duty Personnel to assist unit commanders. Funds will also be needed to purchase Army surplus equipment which is in danger of going out on the civilian market, such as automotive vehicles. Considerable expenses will be involved in modernizing the Guard's air arm, with plans already under way to provide training in jet propulsion aircraft.

Army-Navy Merger?

Overall aspects of American military might will be under discussion early in the 80th Congress which will convene January 3. Senator Elbert D. Thomas, Democrat of Utah, plans to reintroduce his bill for merger of the Army and Navy into a single Department of National Defence, and he is confident that it will be approved. Among his principal arguments are that both Canada and England are "sold on unification," and of course, the atomic bomb, which he says has shown that "we must have unity between the armed forces and national policy." American defence policy counts heavily on the National Guard, which now, for the first time since pre-war days, is coming into its old-time predominance in the American Army organization. It is true that it is in preliminary stages of reorganization. Major General Butler B. Miltonberger, chief of the National Guard Bureau, the War Department agency in the Pentagon that provides overall liaison for the individual State units, reports that progress is on a firm basis. All the States have definitely accepted a formal allotment of troops. Most of the States have submitted and had approved a table of organization for their State Headquarters Detachments.

With the reduction in the Regular Army organization, the State units are starting to stir themselves, and to publicize guards' needs. A convention of the National Guard Association at Buffalo recently reviewed its glorious past and still more brilliant future.

Its allotted strength of 682,000, more than half of the million total designated for the Regular Army, is double the pre-war National Guard force. It will have 27 divisions and 27 air groups. The War Department revealed this week that all men drafted into the Army in 1945 will be back in civilian life by January 1. Major General W. S. Paul, Army personnel chief, disclosed that the present total strength of 1,745,000 officers and men, will come down to 1,310,000 with the highest possible content of volunteers by the first of the year. In addition to draftees, among the 435,000 officers and men to be released, will be some 200,000 "ineffectives" and 90,000 in the Pacific area entitled to discharge. The ineffectives are men who have less than six months to serve and others who are "always in trouble, inefficient and inept."

No Deadwood

General Paul explained that the Army wants a volunteer force of the highest type it can get and it is determined to eliminate inefficient officers and "deadwood" among enlisted men.

Secretary Patterson points out that while American fighting power at the close of the war was "the most formidable the world has ever seen," the release of ten million men from the Army and Navy has necessitated basing future military policy on new forces, such as the National Guard.

"The Regular Army will not be of a size to provide the military strength that the nation needs," Mr. Patterson said. "With a planned total of one million men on July 1 of next year, our professional Army will be spread thin over occupied countries, overseas bases and supporting installations in this country. An Army of that size is absolutely essential if we are to carry out our occupation commitments in Europe, Japan and Korea. The Regular Army will be primarily a Police Force."

Mr. Patterson explodes the idea that atomic bomb will make the Army unnecessary. While methods of warfare will be profoundly changed, push-button war will not dispense with military forces on the ground or in the air. He explains that the National Guard will be principally an M-Day (for mobilization) force.

The War Department will continue to support the program of President Truman (a National Guardsman for 14 years) for Universal Military Training, although it has yielded to public opposition and will seek only six months instead of a year of training. In addition to Army service, training will be provided in alternative courses, one of which will be the National Guard.

"There is every reason to believe that a large number of men would select this course and take their advanced training in Guard organizations" he said.

Pride in the Guard is a part of American history. For 300 years the defence of the nation has been the responsibility of citizen soldiers. The U.S. has a traditional distrust of large standing armies, which goes back to the fighting units brought to the country by the early colonists. Many of them, particularly the Puritans, resented the Royal Armies of the English Kings, and conversely, some of the colonial Royalists resented the New Model Army of Cromwell. All, it seems, resented the redcoats who paraded in Boston Common. In fact, the American Constitution almost contained a prohibition against the Federal Government maintaining any standing Army.

Down through the years, U.S. national defence has utilized to the full the local volunteer units, once called militia and now known as the National Guard.

Lexington to Okinawa

Just as the Canadian Reserve units have their British counterparts, so do the different National Guard units have splendid histories. One of them, formed in 1636, is claimed to be the oldest regiment in America, bar none. Their colors have earned battle scars from Lexington to Okinawa. They are precious reminders of the heroism and sacrifice of volunteer American soldiers.

The War Department in allotting units to the new force, plans to hand these units back to the States from whence they came. The Guard, of course, is organized by States. The National Defence Act provides that at the conclusion of their Federal service, all units and individuals revert to the States. An Act of 1921 provides that the colors of units of National Guard origin are to be returned to the States from which they came.

At first, it was proposed to hold nation-wide ceremonies for the return of battle colors, designating September 16 as National Guard Day, but it was decided not to make another holiday, so that World War I Armistice Day, November 11, will be the annual date for the observance of this event.

The local units are having their rebirth pains. For instance, in Washington, competent Major General Albert Cox, commander of the District of Columbia National Guard unit, is having a battle with the F.B.I. to return the Armory to National Guard use. Similar difficulties are encountered by other units. All National Guard Commanders are confident, however, that the force will soon be rebuilt on a stronger and more efficient basis than ever before in American history.

• •

TOO RATIONAL

SO THE world continues with atomic bombs and wars, and hurling insults at each other, and being contentious, and getting all riled up, and cultivating suspicions and fears, intolerance, and misunderstanding. I wish every time they considered having a war they'd turn it into a baseball series. But that, of course, is too sensible, too rational. Nothing like that could ever happen.

—William Rose Benét in the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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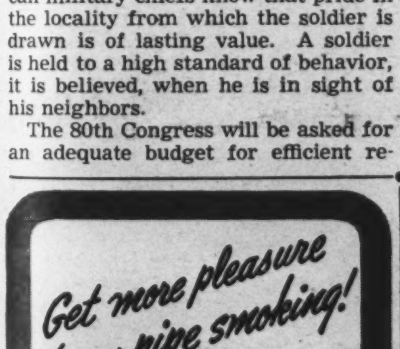

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Bed-Time Soda-Ash Story

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THIS is the story of the Fairy Godmother and the great Soda Ash Treasure. It's quite a long story and there are several morals attached, only one of which is allowed to a customer owing to the critical shortage of morals at the present time.

Long, long ago there was plenty of soda-ash and lots of soap on all the shelves. You had only to go down to the little grocery at the corner and the grocer would give you all the soapflakes you could possibly carry away. Then, quite suddenly all the soapflakes vanished and nobody knew where they had gone.

Some people said they had been bewitched and turned into mice and lizards and window-glass, and there were even some who used to catch mice and say magic incantations over them: *Once is once and thrice is thrice; turn to soapflakes what are mice*, etc. etc. But nothing ever came of that. Others used to invite the grocer up to dinner and entertain him with songs and ballads and fifty cent cigars in the hope that he would catch the soapflakes before they vanished and hold them prisoner for those he favored; but very little came of that either. And sometimes there were rumors that the soapflakes had come back and then all the mothers would arm themselves for the chase and hurry down to the store.

Of course, there were mothers who had foreseen the great famine and had laid up a seven years' supply in their cellars. But your mummy wasn't lucky enough for that. And by the way, if little Shirley Ann next door ever asks you why your mummy can't get your middy-blouse Rinso white the way her mummy does, you can just push her down the steps with your mummy's compliments.

Well anyway, one day your mummy was down in the laundry trying to wash out all your little petticoats with a mixture of sand and complexion soap put through a nutmeg grater, when a bright light suddenly appeared in the corner. It was the fairy godmother, of course, and I recognized her at once because she carried a magic wand and wore a beautiful golden crown with lots and lots of diamonds. "Why, you're the fairy godmother," I said, "and you've come to grant me three wishes."

The fairy godmother shook her head. "On account of the current shortages," she said, "we are allowing only one wish to a customer."

"In that case," I said boldly, "I would like a five pound box of soapflakes."

THE fairy godmother vanished and reappeared a moment later in another corner. "Couldn't you ask for something a little more reasonable?" she said. "Like, for instance, a magic carpet or seven league boots or the Round Table of King Arthur?"

"But you're the fairy godmother," I said. "Surely you can get me anything I wish."

At that the fairy godmother raised her green and saffron skirt and showed her petticoat. And sure enough, the fairy godmother's petticoat was tattletale-gray, just like everybody else's. "You see I'm only superhuman," she said.

"But there must be some way of breaking the spell," I said.

The fairy godmother considered. "You must understand," she said at last, "that in every well-organized predicament there is always a treasure that must be found before the spell can be broken. In the old days it used to be chalices or rubies or golden apples or magical swords crusted with emeralds and guarded by a two-headed dragon. But these are dusty, ugly times and the treasure now is something quite different," and she curled her lip scornfully. "The treasure," she said, "is nothing but soda-ash guarded by a picket-line. And if you think that makes it any easier you're quite mistaken. For you see the men who make the soap can't make it because they can't get the soda-ash. And the men who make the soda-ash won't make it because the management won't speak the magic formula and the management can't speak the magic formula because the owners have gone far far away and can't be reached. I'm sorry but there's nothing I can do about it." And with that she vanished again.

WELL, you can imagine how badly I felt. I cried a whole bucket of tears into the rinsing water and in a moment the fairy godmother reappeared. "There's no use doing that," she said. "The salt water just sets the spots."

"Then why don't you *do* something?" I said. "You could tell the owners to speak to the management and tell them to negotiate with the workers to make the soda-ash to supply the soapmakers who make the soap. And I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and disappearing that way, it makes me nervous."

"It helps to rest my feet," the fairy godmother said. "I get so tired with these complicated modern arguments."

"Well, at least you could tell them that if they didn't break the spell you'd turn them into mice," I said.

The fairy godmother shook her head. "In the days when Cinderella was a girl I used to be able to do quite a lot in that line," she said. "I'd turn mice into coachmen and footmen and back again in a twinkling and nobody asked any questions. But nowadays people try to mix magic with politics and it doesn't work any better than mixing complexion soap with sand and salt water. You see, if I were to turn the owners into mice, everyone would say I was a dangerous radical and an enemy to every democratic principle and ought to be deported. And if I were to turn the workers into mice, they'd probably say I was a dreadful reactionary and an enemy to every democratic principle and ought to be shut up in the fifteenth century."

"So the whole thing is quite hopeless?" I asked. But the fairy godmother shook her head. "Not quite hopeless," she said kindly, "For if you wish anything deeply and truly and with all your heart it is sure to come to pass." And with that she disappeared and didn't come back.

WELL, as you know things after that kept getting worse and worse. For they don't make just soapflakes from soda-ash; they make ever so many other things as well. And presently there was no glass, and after that there were no bottles and before long there was nothing to put whiskey into and Government, which had been close to its wit's end moved right in, and announced that from now on no citizen could have more than a twenty-six ounce bottle of whiskey a month.

And what a row and fuss and hullaballoo that started! Prominent citizens were interviewed and angry people signing themselves "Pro Bono Publico," and "John Citizen" and "Two Bottle Man" wrote furious letters to the papers, and there were page layouts and leading editorials and threats to wreck the Government. So in no time at all the spell was broken and the treasure was recovered; and almost any time now you can expect to see soapflakes and whiskey in fine new bottles on all the shelves.

And now I must tell you about my last visit from the fairy godmother. She turned up one morning while I was reading the story in the morning papers.

"Has it ever occurred to you to wonder why there are no fairy godfathers, but only fairy godmothers?" she asked. And when I said no, it never had, the fairy godmother smiled mockingly. "Because when men want anything deeply and truly and with all their hearts, they can usually figure out a way to get it without outside help," she said, and vanished, this time for good.

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Maritimes Banking On Industrial Growth

By D. P. O'HEARN

In this, the first in a series of articles dealing with conditions and prospects in the Maritime Provinces, Mr. O'Hearn notes that the most significant factor at present is the movement towards development of new industry. Both government and private interests are engaged in an intensive effort to develop the country industrially.

In contrast to pre-war years, the spirit of the people is optimistic and they are showing strong faith in the future.

Many of the old obstacles to progress remain, but at least there is promise of a happier economic future for this traditionally depressed area.

Halifax.

THE observer taking a look at the Maritime Provinces at the present time as they get underway on their postwar path gains conflicting impressions. On the one hand there are many encouraging factors to support the belief that this area, traditionally the most economically depressed in Canada and undoubtedly the sorest spot in our national economy, may face a happier future. But on close examination it is also evident that many of the old obstacles to a healthy economic life in this section of Canada are still present and that the prospect of any real measure of prosperity is still very much in the balance.

These conclusions are based on impressions. It is still too early to get a clear picture of the economic pattern which this area will follow once it has settled away. This is more true here probably than in any other part of Canada. Due to the nature of the Maritimes' war contribution (which was largely centred on the supplying of services and natural products rather than industrial production) reconversion has been slower here than in the rest of the country. Thus while all sections of the three provinces, with the exception of the Sydney area of Cape Breton (where even before the steel strike the slowing down of steel production was making unemployment strongly felt) are still thriving, there has been very little swing-over to a peace-time economy. The prosperity of the moment is based on the hangover of direct war employment, on the abnormal agriculture, fish and lumber markets, and on booms in construction and other secondary industries which must be looked on as temporary. There has been little changeover of a lasting nature.

New Economic Pattern

While the future economic pattern is still vague, however, if present efforts are successful it will show a marked change from the pattern which prevailed here before the war. This old economy was based primarily on the natural products industries, agriculture, fishing and lumber, and had proportionately very little industrial production. An attempt is now underway to develop manufacturing into a place of importance with particular stress being placed on the processing of the natural products of the area.

The efforts being made along this line are one of the really encouraging signs in the Maritimes picture. Both government and private interests are backing the development, and while it is still too early to look for any great success the early efforts have been definitely promising.

Government efforts have centred on the intensive investigation of likely new industrial fields, particularly in mining and processing of minerals, and in giving assistance to both new and established industry. Both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have established separate departments of government dealing with this industrial development. And, whether because of this lead or not, private capital has been showing an interest in an industrial rebirth.

The movement is still very young, but already there have been a few very significant steps taken. Two examples are the development of salt mines in Nova Scotia and the establishment of a peat industry in New Brunswick. These are entirely new industries for this area, and they have been developed through a combination of government and private initiative. They, and the few other similar developments that have already been put through, show enough promise at least to encourage the belief that they may be the forerunners of a widespread movement, for now they have the one definitely encouraging factor that they are the result of a spirit of venture, a spirit which has been almost completely missing from the Maritimes' picture on the part of both capital and government for a long time.

An industrial development such as this if it developed into a major movement could, of course, make a tremendous difference to these provinces. Based mainly on outside markets, it would bring in a flow of money which has long been one of the great needs of this area, which is far from self-sustaining, and would eventually have the effect of raising local living standards which have been the lowest in Canada.

Presumably on the strength of this, and also, of course, largely accountable to the continuing prosperity of the moment, there is a very widespread optimism here about the future. Today one seldom meets the attitude of frustration which has become known as typical of the Maritimes throughout their long years of hardship. For the first time that I remember, and I grew up here, there is a very definite feeling of faith in the future and in the Maritime Provinces themselves.

On Reconsideration

Pleasing as this is to the observer (and to the many students who have agreed that the attitude of the people of the Maritimes was one of the biggest drawbacks to their prosperity), however, on more objective examination one can't entirely agree with it.

The development of industrial growth *is* an encouraging sign in these provinces. It has been one of the great lacks in their economy and any growth at all will have great benefits. But for two reasons the present movement must be looked on with reserve.

One is the timing of the growth itself. It is coming to life in a period of artificial demand and, while there is confidence here that marketing is not an insuperable problem, an industrial movement in this area cannot be accepted until it has proven itself in normal marketing conditions. Marketing has always been a major problem of Maritime industry, and while in the present movement efforts are being made to develop so far as possible along lines where it will not be a factor (as, for instance, in the Malagash salt mines in Nova Scotia, which are producing a product without competition on this continent) there can't be assurance that the problem can be met even in these industries until more normal trade is resumed (Malagash salt then, for instance, will face world competition).

The more significant factor that discourages undue optimism at the present time, however, is the fact that in the foreseeable future at least the Maritime economy is bound to be based on natural products, and that here there are traditional problems which haven't been solved. Industrial growth, particularly as it centres on processing the local natural products, can relieve the problems of the fishing, agriculture and lumber industries here. But it can't solve them. And so far one can't look to their definite solution in any other direction either.

This is not to say that there isn't great hope that they will be solved. The problems of these basic Maritime industries are complex, but essentially they again centre on marketing. The picture regarding these industries at present is not discouraging. Aside from their present prosperity, which may be discounted as largely artificial, very definite steps have been taken to improve their position when normal conditions resume. Again, government has taken a hand, and the officials directly concerned are very optimistic about the future.

But, as with manufacturing, time again must prove the test, and there must be more evidence.

One factor which the observer can't help but immediately notice here is the state of political health of the people, particularly as regards their relationship with the rest of Canada. It is good, surprisingly good.

We have read people like William Rand writing in SATURDAY NIGHT (February 9, 1946): "The Canadian who cannot understand why Nova Scotia refuses longer to see his native province rot under Canadian brigandage is hopelessly ignorant", and the editor of the *Maritime Advocate and Busy East* writing in his February issue: "A couple of representatives of two Ontario publications called today in an effort to secure advertising. These gentlemen viewed my office with poorly concealed disdain — some gentlemen from Canada's banner province are like that, you know." And we have read about the Halifax alderman who moved a motion for secession, and of other similar things which make news, and I think we have formed the opinion that the old Maritime feeling against the rest of Canada and particularly central Canada was at a new peak.

However, on the ground it appears to be far from that. The examples above are apparently far from typical. The old animosity is rather at a peculiarly low ebb, particularly when one considers the hard life that this area has had during the war, the Halifax disasters, and then the recent breakdown of Dominion-Provincial negotiations.

Indifference Substituted

The prevailing feeling as a matter of fact is an unusual one. While the spirit of animosity is low, there has not visibly been any substitution of love for the rest of Canada. Rather the substitution has been one of indifference. Not that there is any strong trend towards secession or other break in the union, as there has been at times in the past. What strong feeling there is centres rather on a Maritime nationalism within the federation.

The other day I was talking to a prominent Haligonian. "How is the old feeling?" I asked him? "Do you still hate Ontario?"

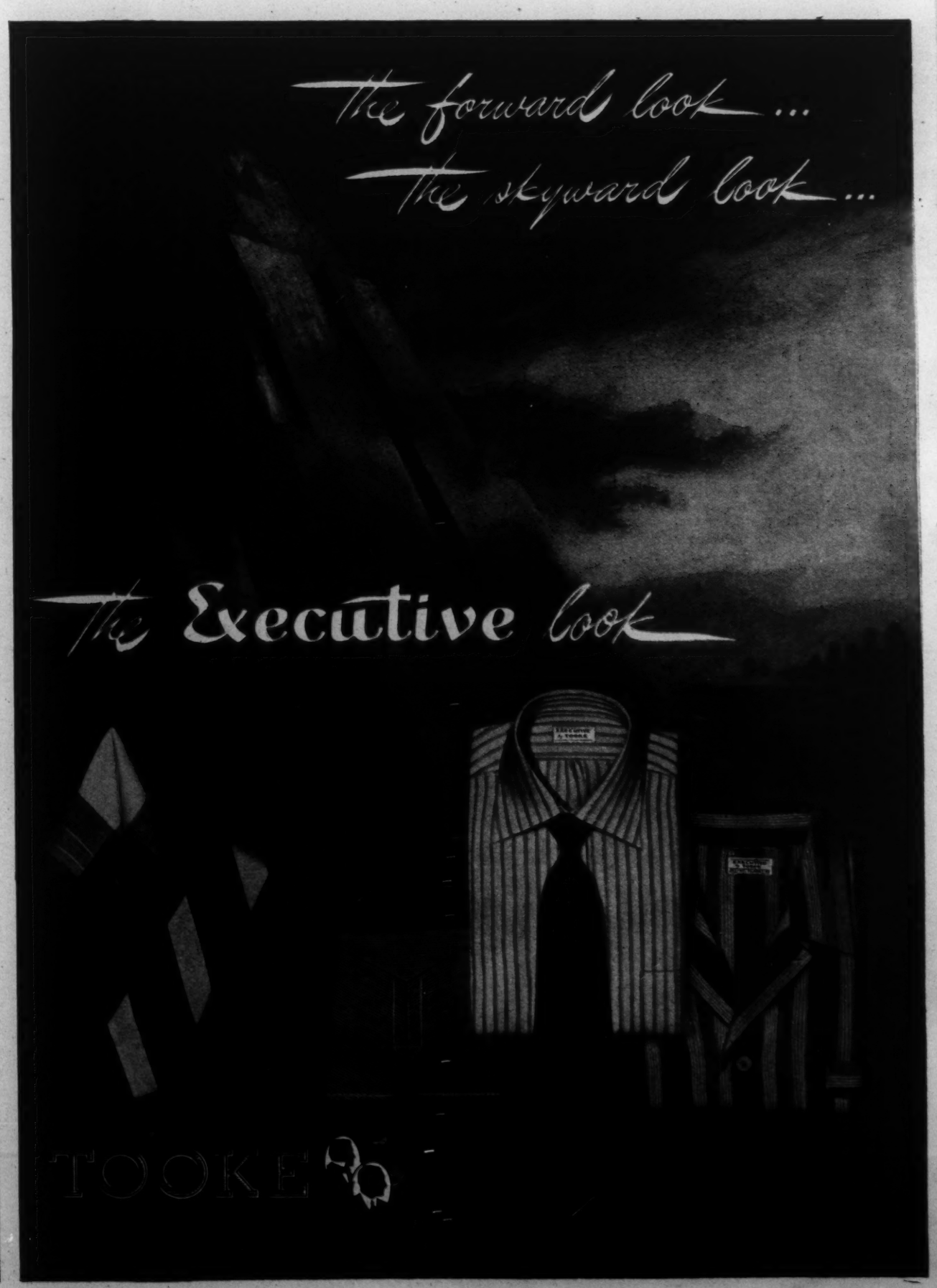
"Ontario?", he said, "Hell no. I don't hate Ontario. I just don't give a damn about it any more. I'm too busy. And from the looks of things I'm going to keep too busy".

This, I think, could be classed as roughly the prevailing feeling.

In saying that this feeling was good I was thinking of it in terms of the disturbed state of the Maritimes' mind in the past. I was thinking of it in terms of peace of mind. But so far as its relationship to the rest of Canada is concerned the picture isn't so cheerful.

At present any feeling for Maritimes "nationalism" is mild. But on considering the instability of the present prosperity here and the probable consequences if the prospects, and (particularly) the optimism, of the moment turn sour, one can see a "Maritimes first" feeling rising. And rising to extremes in which a rupture of the national union would not only be widely considered, as at times in the past, but on the strength of the new disillusionment become a very real possibility.

This aspect of the picture here is not too encouraging. In fact one can see in it very definite dangers. There are, however, some things that can be done about it. And these I will discuss in later articles.



THE WORLD TODAY

Some Pieces of a Chinese Puzzle Which Refuse to Go Together

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

ONE might almost think, from the dispatches we receive, that the Chinese have become quite Americanized, and their negotiations as simple and blunt as those, say, between Phil Murray and Tom Girdler during a steel strike.

I am sure that this is not so, and that the story of *how* the Chinese negotiate, and how they indicate the various nuances of interest in the proposition or rejection, would make more entertaining reading than the bare facts. However, since I am regrettably unacquainted with Chinese life, and since I still cling in a world of disillusionment to the belief that facts must prevail in the end, I shall limit myself to the latter.

It seems to me that the two fundamental facts in the Chinese internal conflict are the long personal enmity between the leading figures, with a complete lack of trust; and the need for social reform which the extremists of one side exploit and those on the other oppose.

Considering China's history, how recent an event her "unification" is, and what an important role the personalities of sectional leaders has always played, I am inclined to believe that Chiang Kai-shek and General Ho, and Mao Tse-tung and General Chou would quite possibly be fighting each other today even if they didn't represent the Kuomintang and the Communist Parties.

Twenty years of rivalry and warfare have made them confirmed personal enemies, and quite apart from the political differences involved, their negotiations are crippled by the complete lack of individual trust or confidence. From the past record, Chiang and his advisers believe that their Communist opponents will only make use of any truce or any concessions of governmental posts in order to consolidate their present position and infiltrate the rest of the country. Mao and his advisers believe, on the other hand, that the Kuomintang demand for unification of all armed forces is really aimed at breaking their power.

Beyond this deep personal distrust, the great difficulty in the way of arranging a real truce has been the eagerness of each side to improve its position before negotiating. The Communists, having been able to extend their area of domination considerably during the war, when the main Nationalist power was driven off to the south-west and tied down there, deluded themselves that by a sharp effort at the end of the war they could take over the main cities and ports of the north-east.

They even seemed to believe at one time that they could take over Shanghai and Nanking, as well as Tsingtao, Tientsin, Peiping and with Soviet connivance, the whole of Manchuria.

Had they been able to achieve this maximum program they would have held the great cities, the chief customs ports (producing a major part of the revenue of any Chinese government) and almost all of the industries and railways. It would not have taken them long, surely, to swing the agricultural half of the country into line, especially with cry of much-needed reform which they can raise there.

The Decisive Moment

How much of this program the Communists might have achieved had the United States not intervened we will never know. It seems that the action of the United States in equipping and retraining some two-score Nationalist divisions, as part of the armed forces of an Allied government engaged in fighting the Japs, had already made such a Communist success highly unlikely.

Though the Americans had given far greater supplies to the Red Army, which was to appear in due time to make short work of the Japanese in Manchuria, all of Stilwell's urging never quite persuaded Washington to give Lend-Lease directly to the Chinese Communists. If there was to be renewed civil war the Americans weren't going to supply both sides; especially as one of these sides was certain to have Soviet preference.

In retrospect, the most decisive move of the Americans was the use of the U.S. Navy to carry the Nationalist troops northward to the big ports and to the fringe of Manchuria at the first possible moment after the Japanese collapse. Just the need to round up the surrendered Japanese armies was sufficient justification for this move. But one would have to be very naive to see its main purpose as other than a heading-off of the Communist plan for taking over North China and Manchuria.

The quiet purposefulness of this move, at a time when there was a great yammer from the Left to get U.S. forces out of China, marks it as a military rather than a State Department decision. To put the thing bluntly, the U.S. service chiefs had not fought the whole vast Pacific War and supplied all the rest of the winning coalition, just to see the subject of the dispute, China, come under the veiled domination of Soviet Russia. After all, the basic military reason for the Pacific War, from the American side, had been ever since 1931 the prevention of another power from gaining dominance over all Asia through control of the vast area and population of China.

It may be quite true that the Americans were only aiding the legitimate government of an allied nation to re-establish itself after liberation of the country. Their action was roughly comparable to the re-installation of the Czech Government and Czech forces in Czechoslovakia by the Red Army, except that the Americans didn't have a branch of the Democratic or Republican Parties to leave behind in a dominant position, and didn't take a slice of China for their pains, as the Soviets took Carpathian Ruthenia from Czechoslovakia.

Great powers act in different ways. Yet they act in self-interest, enlightened or not. And the real American motive in this action was to forestall the Chinese Communists from taking over North China, and also put the Nationalist armies in a position to make the Soviets fulfill their freshly-negotiated treaty to return Manchuria to National Government sovereignty.

That in spite of all difficulties and obstruction both aims have been largely achieved, without any Soviet-American clash and only a few brushes between the marines and the Chinese Communists represents a considerable achievement for American policy. Nor can it be solidly argued that this has been done at the expense of the real interests of China.

Indeed, the greatest damage done to the real interests of China during this period was inflicted by the Soviets, in stripping the industrial equipment of Manchuria, which held the hope of lifting China out of her backwardness.

The Americans were also, we may take it, genuinely anxious to avert a renewed civil war. They had always made their support for Chiang implicitly contingent on his effort to reform and unify the country and at times had carried this insistence to limits which the Chinese Government resented bitterly as meddling in domestic affairs.

Yet the Chinese Communists could never view the American efforts to mediate the civil war as impartial. *That basic policy which had brought*

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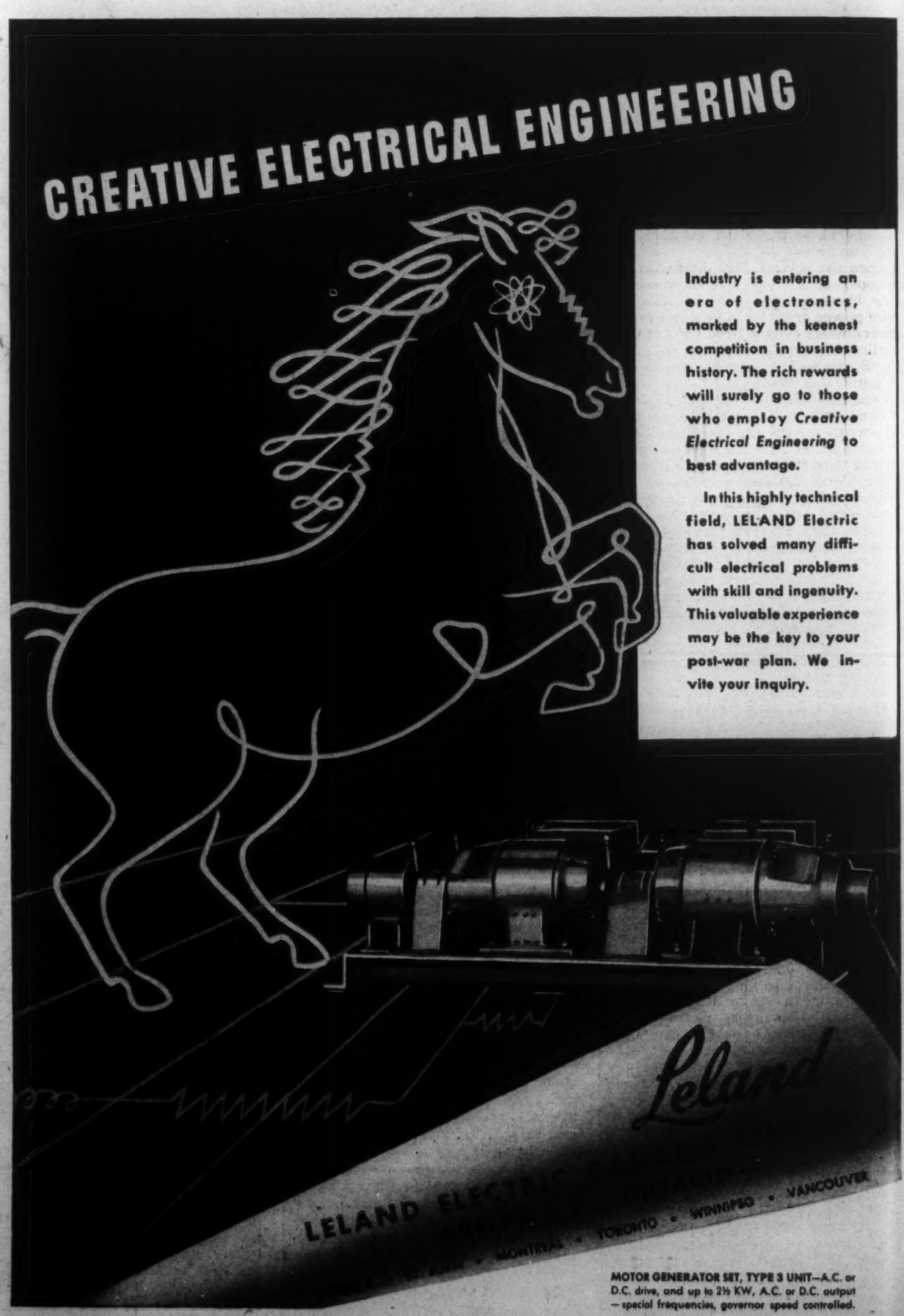
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the United States into the Pacific War, insistence on an undivided China free from domination by any other power, was bound to align the Americans on the side of the Central Government and against an element which represented not only an effort to divide the country in two, but also affiliation with a foreign power.

Some may wonder why, if the clash of interest was so clear and open, the Chinese civil war has not developed already into a war of intervention with the Americans freely supplying one side and the Soviets the other. There was a very real fear that this might happen, which has induced a certain restraint on all sides.

What U.S. Didn't Do

The Americans did not throw into China the large army or air force which they well might have done, with the immense resources in shipping which they had in the Pacific on the collapse of Japan. But the Soviets, I believe, were even more anxious to avoid an open clash, and would have gone to considerable lengths to do so. The reasons were two: the atomic bomb and pressing needs in Europe.

Along with the atomic bomb, one would have to consider the huge fleet of American B-29's, which was then in the Pacific and at the height of its effectiveness, the most powerful long-range air force ever assembled. And the huge navy, with its new battleships, its formidable carrier striking force, its armada of transports and landing craft, which, indisputably could dominate the East Asiatic coast.

Such arguments the Soviets understand very well. One may well believe that had the Americans really been following a "tough" policy (which they never have, and which doesn't go at all well with so much talk) they could have gone much further than they did in imposing on the Soviets their own solutions for Korea and Manchuria, as they have gone ahead on their own in Japan.

Then the Soviets were distracted in Europe. It is clear that they hoped that Communists would be able to seize power or set up "Popular Front" governments over a large part of the continent, after the German collapse. The Soviet leaders wanted a free hand to guide this development.

Since it failed to materialize anywhere beyond the high-water-mark of Red Army occupation, they have been preoccupied in consolidating their grip over at least this large part of Europe.

For these substantial reasons the Soviets have not aided the Chinese Communists in any determined or massive way. The most they seem to have done for them is to give them large quantities of captured Japanese arms in Manchuria and at Kalgan, and to coordinate with them the timing of the Soviet withdrawal from the main cities of that territory.

Communists' Poor Showing

Even allowing for this lack of massive aid, however, and even in the heart of Manchuria where they had Jap supplies and the Nationalist armies were fighting far from their bases, the Chinese Communists have made a surprisingly poor showing. It doesn't bear out at all their wartime boast of carrying the whole load of the fighting against the Japanese.

The fact is that, with a few exceptions, the Nationalist armies have advanced almost anywhere they pleased. They were able to take nearly all the big cities of south and central Manchuria, and now talk about advancing on Harbin, though the Soviets would probably intervene extensively in one way or another to hold this key point on the old Chinese Eastern Railway which long gave them a shortcut across Northern Manchuria to Vladivostok.

Of all the direct gains which the Soviet must covet in the Far East, the chief must be the northern half of Manchuria. There was a small news item in the papers the other day about the seizure by troops of the Outer Mongolian "People's Republic" of the junction point of Hulan (Hailar) along this railway, to the west of Harbin, which may indicate how the Soviets intend to secure control of this territory.

The only trouble is that it makes a bad appearance for one of the "liberators" to seize this territory immediately after it has been freed from a 15-year occupation by the Japanese. It sets a rather high price for the 10-day Soviet campaign against Japan, on top of all the industrial equipment which they stripped without any by-your-leave from the rest of Manchuria, as well as gaining possession of Northern Sakhalin, the Kuril Islands, and quite possibly Northern Korea.

Here, then, are the reasons why the Chinese Communists, in spite of repeated threats to set up a separate state in North China, or a separate government in Manchuria, if the Nationalists didn't withdraw to the truce positions of last January, are still in Nanking negotiating with Chiang.

The Chinese Communists, as we said, cannot look upon American mediation as completely impartial, no matter how highly they may respect General George Marshall and Ambassador Stuart (who recently called for a "new revolution" in China against reaction and corruption. But they cannot count at the present time upon strong Soviet support. And meantime they are losing ground in the field week by week to the Nationalist armies.

The Nationalist chief-of-staff, General Chen Cheng having cleared the main northern railways and taken the biggest Communist base of Kalgan, now talks of being able to end the civil war once and for all in three to five months of campaigning. But while this prospect may stiffen the conservatives against making any concessions whatsoever to the Communists, the moderates in the Kuomintang know that the state of the country is so desperate as to make even another half-year of war a serious risk for the government.

They know, besides, that definite victory in the civil war has always proven illusive in the past, and that the issues of democratizing the government and reforming the social system cannot simply be muffled by a military victory.

In these circumstances Chiang's latest offer of a multi-party cabinet, a National Assembly to draw up a new constitution, and renewed negotiations with the Communists, under General Marshall's mediator, to unify and greatly reduce the armed forces, seems to be statesmanlike and moderate.

Chiang must, in his position, consider the views of the conservative "C.C.clique" which holds the reins of the Kuomintang party organization, and the several cliques of generals vaguely lumped together as the "Whampao cadets", because these hold the power in the country. From his experience, he cannot have much confidence in dealings with the Communist leaders, or in the possibility of any real compromise between his aims and theirs.

But on the general subject of reform he does show himself willing to listen to liberals like Sun Fo, son of Sun Yat-sen and present head of the Legislative Yuan; and the "Political Science clique", a reform group with many adherents in the high ranks of the government.

On the whole, however, the split in China appears too wide and deep, and the times too unfavorable to tolerance and liberalism, to expect the latest negotiations to achieve what all previous talks have failed to do.

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Aged Need Our Care No Less Than Children

by CHARLOTTE WHITTON

According to Dr. Whitton, the focus of social interest is about to shift from youth to old age. Gerontology, the science of ageing, and geriatrics, a branch of medical science which treats the aged in their physiologic and pathologic relations, will soon be used as familiarly as embryology and pediatrics. The rapid upward jump in the average age of the United States and Canadian populations, and the sharp increase in the proportion of the older element, make the serious examination of the problems related in the article a matter of real and urgent challenge.

POPULATION changes of tremendous significance and almost staggering implications seem to have set in and to have developed with gathering momentum on this continent in the last 50 years, their acceleration and impact increased by the costly casualties of two world wars.

These are the shifts in the age composition of the people of the United States and Canada. The United States studies have been more exhaustive and serious than any Canada has yet made and trends are sufficiently close to base comparable deductions upon them. Ninety years ago, average life expectancy was 40 years of age. By the opening of the century, this had risen to 49 years; by another generation, 1930, to 60 years and, in the decade to 1940, to 63 years. The declining birth-rate (in Canada, a drop from 14 per cent to 10 per cent in 1920-40) and the sharp decrease in immigration (from a yearly peak of 348,000 in 1910-14 to an annual low of 13,000 from 1935-38 served to speed a natural result—an increasing proportion of older persons in the population.

The median age in the U.S. moved from 26.5 years in 1930 to 29 years in 1940, and it is anticipated it will touch 40 years within the next 40 years. The number of persons over 65 years of age in that country, doubled from 1900 to 1930 (in Canada the increase was 115 per cent) and increased by 35 per cent from 1930 to 1940 with us by 34 per cent. The decennial rate of increase in this age group is about five times that of the average population increase. The National Resources Planning Board estimated another doubling in the next 40 years. The prospect is that by 1975 those over 65 will form almost 15 per cent of the U.S. population.

Social Phenomenon

Today they comprise about 7 per cent in the U.S. and 6.6 per cent in Canada, where our aged, eligible to allowance (that is over 70 years) now number four per cent of our people. It would appear that we are undergoing a social phenomenon which, within the next generation and a half, will mean that on this "young" continent well over 40 per cent of our people will be over 45, and 30 per cent over 55 years of age.

Incidentally, women are pulling far ahead of men in longevity, their relative gain in the life span being 17.5 years since 1900 as against 15.5 per cent for males. It may be that we are headed for a sexagenarian matriarchy.

Of vital social import is the fact that the actual life span of the human being is not being extended so much as that more and more people are living out more of that span. Louis Dublin, the prescient statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., makes this clear and moreover estimates that this living-out of the allotted span is still extending rapidly; that 80 per cent of those now 55 years of age will reach 65 years; 75 per cent of those 45 years of age, and 66 per cent of those now 25 to 35 years will reach the same age. And once 65 is reached, he anticipates the average person now has about 13 years "borrowed time" with the leeway for the particularly healthy considerably higher. These facts indicate others.

This span of individual life expectancy has been thus lengthened by broad preventive health measures, better housing, better working conditions, more adequate prenatal, infant and child care, effective control of communicable diseases, etc., but comparatively little has been done to arrest the depreciating effects of encroaching age and to face the challenge of attempting to conserve and maintain resilient, vital and socially advantageous qualities within the heavily increasing balance of the older element in the population.

Our efforts to assure more social protection to the young, to continue it to an increasingly higher age in adolescence and to afford material security to the old at an increasingly lower age are adding a heavier and heavier burden of production and economic pressure to what is thus becoming a shrinking body of men and women now regarded as in the "vigorous productive ages".

Moreover, these burdens, by withdrawing more and more of the earnings of those, working, in the form of taxes, protective social premiums, etc., make it less possible for more and more to provide adequately for their own or their dependants' long range needs. This, in turn, enlarges the volume, as well as the length of life of those dependent on public aid.

Only 35% Independent

A recent study of the Social Security Board of the United States indicates that approximately 20 per cent of the aged were wholly or partially dependent on social aid, public or private, about 45 per cent dependent on family help, and only the remaining 35 per cent able to live on their own savings, pensions, etc. In Canada, practically 40 per cent of those over 70 years of age are now on the old age allowance rolls.

The whole accretion of related factors is of almost overwhelming import in the economy of the country, in our preconceptions and convictions as to the length of the individual's "useful" working life, in our health, welfare and assistance provisions, in our concentration on youth, youth training and recreation; and in fact, on the whole pitch and outlook of the nation. Obviously, the social and cultural outlook and attitude of a North America with practically two-thirds of its people over 20 years of age will be markedly different from that of the U.S.S.R. with a population 49 per cent under 20 years.

The United States seems to have "come to", with a characteristically vigorous snap, as to some of the staggering implications involved. Public concentration on the war has somewhat obscured significant provisions in the U.S.A. Public Health Service where Dr. Edward J. Stieglitz is developing a subdivision on gerontology with a strong national advisory committee. The National Research Council has named a special committee on ageing. The Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons has announced a research division, to be financed by a grant from the Lasker Foundation which has named it the Wendell Willkie Memorial.

Four Lines of Study

Study and attack are following four lines,—biological research, clinical study and facilities (with special emphasis on the mental aspects of senescence, the economic, and the social aspects of the problem).

The economic studies are concerning themselves with the vital relationship of gainful occupation at different ages and in different pursuits in their bearing on the "income-earning age" of men and of women with the vast related problems of the age of retirement, of involuntary idleness and of recurring or chronic illness, related to biological ageing and so to the length and rate of useful working years.

As Dr. A. J. Carlson of the University of Chicago puts it, already it seems clear that "the chronological age is not a biological measure of the physiologic age of the individual." The implication of such a deduction is again of terrific social import, if as Dr. Carlson states, "our economic, social, and if you please, religious philosophy regarding old age today is thoroughly unbiological and unhealthy both for the individual and for society." "If, at 65 or 70, the individual can perform or do something, doing it will lengthen his life and his happiness," Dr. Carlson claims, and therefore he questions the use of "chronological age as the determinant for the receipt of public aid" at all.

He intimates that, if geriatrics equals pediatrics in scientific progress, its arresting and amending of the new fatalistically accepted diseases of ageing will effect revolutionary change in our whole outlook and handling of "the problem of the aged". Not the automatic numbering of one's years but the whole case history of health, vigor, mental, spiritual and "character" capacity will be the gauge of retention and particular use or retirement from the active mechanism of the social structure.

Meanwhile, the accumulation of long neglect of geriatrics and an assumption of the necessary idleness, if not dependency, of age is upon us and the social aspects of geriatric care, especially in the high employment of the war years, are becoming an enlarging percentage of the responsibilities of our social agencies, both public and private. Canada has 500,000 aged persons over 70 years of age, 200,000 of them receiving public allowances. She has 775,000 persons, 65 years of age or over, many in varying degrees of dependency of a financial or social nature—in the sense of need of care which they, themselves, are unable to provide.

Financial Insecurity

Of course, financial insecurity is the most haunting fear of nine out of ten ageing persons but, with assurance of at least minimum income from public aid in every Canadian province today, (and substantially better in many a municipality, where actual need and not automatic age, is the gauge of provision), the problems which confront Canada, and with which the great number of United States cities and States are dealing now, are intensely human and individual, rather than primarily financial. The Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland, Chicago and Illinois studies and plans are particularly revealing in the comparability of their trends with ours.

Both our countries are suddenly becoming older, as they pass out of the generation of their last heavy immigration. They have as rapidly "urbanized" and the housing shortage, which vexes our postwar days, is of pre-war impact in the poignant need of the aged for shelter. The shift from country and town to city has left not only idle and deserted farms and homes in its wake, but elderly couples and "last survivors" alone, and as age creeps on, unable to fend for themselves. It is an old problem in a new land for a minute of the Friends Meeting in Banbury in 1715 might easily have come out of a Canadian case record in 1945. The elderly couple "desire one to be assistant to 'em to make their bed and sweep their house and wash their dishes, the old woman being uncapable of performing the same".

But the shortage and cost of domestic help, the lack of visiting domestic service and the changing housing modes render daily more impracticable the social provisions of the day in which our aged were young. Apartment and "row" housing is compact of space; there are no extra rooms nor does the social pattern provide for accommodation for the elderly parent, grandparent, or further-removed relative. Stairs and elevators, crowded city streets and flashing traffic confuse the less-certain hearing, sight or movement of the old.

The greater need of the ageing for warmth, for special foods, for quiet, their susceptibility to special illnesses,

FOUND! Three Industries that can't use Aroclors

Makers of Persian rugs, hand-made silver ornaments or Indian pottery haven't much use for Aroclors. But, it's much simpler to list the few industries that *can't* use these products of Monsanto Chemistry, than to name many industries that *can*.

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Aroclors are heavier than water . . . possess great adhesiveness, especially on smooth surfaces . . . have remarkable penetrating power . . . are water repellent and flame resistant. Their ability to withstand extreme pressure is unusual . . . some have exceptional lubricating power . . . all possess interesting electrical characteristics.

Pictured here are just a few of the ways Aroclors are being used by many manufacturers. As you study these applications, we hope you will ask yourself: "How can the Aroclors benefit *me?*" Then, we'd like the opportunity to help you find the answer.

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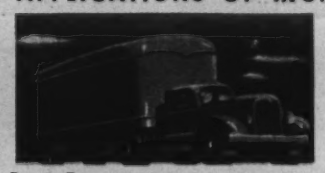

Power Transmission . . . Aroclors furnish unusually high torque transmission in fluid drives for trucks, buses.

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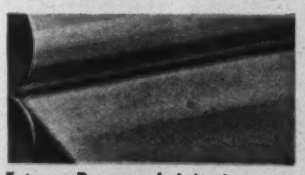
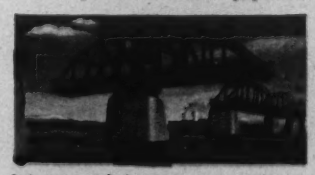


Extreme-Pressure Lubrication . . . In rolling stainless steel and chrome iron, Aroclors prevent surface seizure.



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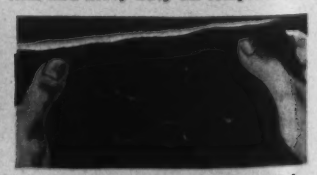

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Plastic Mold Lubricant . . . Use of Aroclors adds great improvement in ease of molding; also in product appearance.

Paints . . . **Varnishes** . . . Aroclors give great durability and varying degrees of hardness in quick-drying paints.

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the certainty of diminishing strength and capacity, the fear of having an infirm and helpless guest—all these militate against the flexible and satisfactory family home placement of the "alone" aged which marked the last quarter-century's revolution in child care. Moreover the aged are independent, and their vigor of spirit and mind an asset to be nurtured, so the selection and supervision of homes, enforceable by the public authority in relation to a minor, is not to be invoked in the case of a reasonably competent adult.

Hence, the commercial home for the aged centres and thrives, too often, on the exploitation of the old person, fearful of obtaining other shelter.

Even where housing is available, there is loneliness and idleness to be combatted. Last year British Columbia found that nearly 60 per cent of their applicants for aged allowances were without marital partners and three-quarters had been living apart from their families. Each advancing year finds fewer of the friends of other days still on life's visible highways.

Clubs for Aged

The need of congenial "hobby" opportunities, of searching out companionship that may be congenial even in its combativeness, of useful no less than "time-using" activities is a very great part of the task of keeping age, fit, keen, happy and an asset in community and national morale. Age centres are just as important as youth centres as the fine series of Borrowed Time and Golden Age clubs in some of the U.S.A. cities and Toronto's Second Mile Club attest.

But the haunting, gripping fear that stalks a man or woman with the years is that of actual care, care in health that must inevitably depreciate, care as strength flags and saps energy for the early and late hours; care and meals in bed; care as infirmity may make its inroads; care and trusteeship particularly if failing mental powers bring dimming apperception and possibly uncertainty and instability of mind and judgment. Special units for the care of the aged are as essential as observation units in a child care, or diagnostic units in a health service. Yet in Canada today with our 750,000 persons 65 years or more, we have throughout the country less than 5,000 beds for their care.

As one result, unhappy, broken, neglected, and lonely aged are miserably enduring the bleak and unimaginative existence that most of our county refuges and municipal homes afford. There are few greater calls on the women of Canada than to familiarize themselves in their own localities with the provisions for care of their aged existing there or in the centres to which they may be moved for board.

Wasted Hospitalization

Thousands of other aged are crowded into our mental institutions when they are not fit or necessary patients; they are merely "childish" and incapable of their own direction. Costly mental hospitalization is thus wasted with social loss and unhappiness for the unfortunate persons misplaced there. The urgency of separating and dealing with senility as a special form of mental care is indicated by the fact that United States studies suggest that first admissions to mental institutions in that country are increasing at ten times the rate among the aged compared with that prevailing in the general population.

The impact on Canadian hospitals is also severe for thousands of elderly persons from the rural and small communities occupy a large proportion of our hospital beds, particularly in the public and semi-public wards of the general hospitals. The needs of these aged could be more happily and economically met also by simple, small units for hostel care, with provision both for the bed-ridden patient and for those up and about part of some days.

Because the problem of the aged is being regarded as much simpler than it is, it is spinning on with cost in human happiness and waste in our national economy. What is a highly complex challenge is being bandied about largely in terms of financial auctioning among political parties and different units of government on the basis of competitive bids of higher rates of public aid at lower ages of initial eligibility.

In the splendid study of their own excellent provisions for their aged, the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends summarizes the changed position to which we have come in the needs of our oldsters on this continent: "The most important problems of old age are now not financial at all and are not limited to any one social class. They are the need for somewhere to live, something to do, someone to care".

In Canada today, we need an honest, impartial and comprehensive approach to the whole question from the geriatric, economic and social angles. And we require, at once, on a provincial and municipal basis, intensive studies to assure effective grappling with the immediate needs of our older citizens in the localities where they have lived and where most of them would prefer to spend their remaining days in the warmth and intimacy of the scenes and people who have meant life to them.

Need Inclusive Plan

No one line of provision will meet all the needs of all the aged, even in an area of only 500 people, for individuality does not alter or fail with age, it only grows more so. What is required, in each city and county or comparable district area, is an inclusive plan which will assure first of all a centre of reference and help, of "Aged Aid" as unfailing as our Children's Aid. Here each instance would be dealt with separately, and private home care, or care in a comfortable small housing unit, under public or private auspices (as circumstances of religion, nationality, etc. might warrant), or specialized care in a hospital, mental or permanent hostel unit would be arranged.

Constructive use of leisure time in utilizing the skills of the aged and in individual or group recreation should be an integral part of planning on a community basis for those in private homes, on a house basis for the hostel units.

Above all, sympathetic and imaginative personal service should be assured through the churches, service clubs and women's and youth groups to help re-create for those whose family and other associates have gone, a sense of belonging, and of being valued for oneself in the scene and to the life still left on this side of the veil.

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This charming and colourful home can be built for about $7,500. It is designed for the ex-serviceman, who intends to apply his Reestablishment Credit in the building of a new home.
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THE MELTING POT

Marxian Eschatology

By J. N. HARRIS

ONE of the outstanding weaknesses of the Marxian Religion (and one that has not escaped the vigilance of the Politburo, nor of the Central Committee of the Communist Party) is the failure to satisfy the appetite of average men for their ration of pie, in the sky, when they die. The difficulties in the way of a solution are enormous.

In the first place, if you are living in an earthly paradise, you can hardly hope for anything better. People who try to think of something better are likely to reach the Beyond sooner than they expected.

In the second place, Politburo emphatically vetoed the suggestion that the Beyond should be represented as the exact counterpart of life in the U.S.S.R. The suggestion came, in 1936, from the Eschatological Comforts section (Escomf) of the Ministry of Religion (Minrel). Escomf was immediately liquidated and Minrel was purged till its sides ached. Politburo felt that such an eschatology was premature and likely to lead to national despondency.

The cold fact that had to be faced was that, while non-Russian Communists had a Heaven to look forward to, Russian Communists were already there, period. Every suggestion put forward by Escomf and others has smacked so of bourgeois radicalism (or even revisionism) that the subject had to be dropped for some years.

The present, official, Party Line on the Hereafter is: Comrades wishing definite information on the After Life should be fobbed off with some abstraction about a life of bliss, seated on a cloud, playing endless streams of atonality on a vast array of factory whistles. As soon as possible they should be permitted to make further researches "on the spot." . . . You have nothing to lose but your harps.

•

LAST week we were maundering about an old gentleman and his pet mare, a pacer, which, he claimed, was just like a dog. Our remarks had to be cut, because of space.

What we were saying, when interrupted, was that the old gentleman appeared to be on a far better thing with his pacer than the chap with his string of race-horses is, spending fabulous sums shipping them from track to track.

The chap with the pacer has the advantage in that he drives in the races himself, and gets all the fun of the fair. What owner of bang-tails can take an active part in a race? By the time you're rich enough to own a racing stable, you've eaten too many juicy undercuts ever to be able to ride them.

The one exception appears to be when the jockey has been drugged and kidnapped by bookies; then Little Ladyship can get into silks, crowd her golden curls under the jockey cap, and ride Fat Chance to victory in the Cup by a nostril. (Do you read that sort of novel, too?)

The chap with the tame mare, on the other hand, is jockey, trainer, and transport driver. He loads her into the trailer, and drives her from one meet to the next, while the boys stay home and run the farm.

We watched the old gentleman, all two hundred and twenty pounds of him, flattened back on the sulky to reduce wind resistance, come in third by a length, enjoying every minute of it. After the race he didn't go off to a Members' Enclosure. He went off to the Horses' Enclosure, and rubbed the mare down with a handful of straw.

"Do you want to see her kiss me?" he asked, and added, "Go on, give me a kiss, old girl."

The mare kissed him, right on the ear, just like Ingrid Bergman.

One of our neighbors owns a racehorse called Liberty Ite, and it never gives him so much as a friendly nod.

•

SOME Holmesian scholars at McMaster University have founded the Canadian Baskervilles (S.N. Oct. 5), a society devoted to the study of Holmes, Watson, Mrs. Hudson, Wiggins and Moriarty. This will fill a gap in Canadian culture that has been too long neglected. We note that the founders have wisely set an entrance exam. with passing mark of 75 per cent. The sample questions given were, of course, elementary, and required only the simplest sort of observation, my dear Doctor.

We suggest a few post-graduate questions.

Q. In the space of one story, Holmes denied all knowledge of a famous author, and then misquoted from his works. Name the story, and the author, and give the misquotation, the correct quotation, and the work that it comes from.

Q. Holmes assumed a disguise which took in a well-known detective and a Doctor of Medicine. Yet he made one blunder, an elementary one, which could not, my dear fellow, have eluded the vigilance of a person of the most commonplace intelligence. Name the detective, the Doctor, the story, the disguise, and explain the error.

Q. Where was Doctor Watson wounded, and what position must he have been in when the Jezail bullet struck him? (The *where* there is anatomical, not geographical).

Answer those correctly, my dear Baskervilles, and you might be elected to the North York Orange Pips. Write on one side of the paper only.

•

Postlude to the spy trials:

"MR. SMITH, I represent the R.C.M.P. My friend here represents the Counter Espionage Branch of Intelligence. It may surprise you to know that we have been investigating you for the past couple of years."

"It won't."

"Oh? Then you knew it. Mr. Smith, we could find nothing in your career in the Civil Service that did not bespeak the high-minded servant of the public."

"Thank you."

"Your background is, if I may say so, ultra-British, and fantastically loyal."

"True. My great grandfather fought against Mackenzie just as loyally as I have fought for Mackenzie King. My ancestors were fifth columnists who in the Mayflower, came and planted firm Britannia's flag on America's fair Maine. They transplanted it to Canada with the United Empire Loyalists."

"Mr. Smith, you also fought in what was once called the Great War?"

"Yes."

"Then, Mr. Smith, will you kindly explain to us why you hung about a certain Foreign Embassy with a briefcase packed, as we discovered, with blank paper? And why you made mysterious journeys about the streets of Ottawa at four a.m., and why you posted code letters to yourself? We give up. Tell us, pray, so that we can close your file."

"All right, I'll talk. I just yielded to a sudden impulse, and once I'd started, I couldn't go back. My wife is delicate, and I hate drying dishes. Your operative answered my advertisement. I hated to do it, but I knew she'd leave if I didn't keep on bringing home phoney documents and phoney messages. I had to do it, I tell you, I had to."

Only the *ex post facto* business has saved Mr. Smith from a charge under the new section of the Criminal Code on "simulating or conspiring to simulate a breach of the Official Secrets Act, and/or impersonating an agent for a Foreign Power with intent to defraud."

•

ALL these committees for Defending Civil Liberties and what-not have fallen down on the job. We have waited patiently and timidly for them to move, and now we can wait no longer. We refer to the case of that Winnipeg man who left $10,000 in a suitcase in an aeroplane. The last we heard about it was that the police and the Foreign Exchange Control Board were not satisfied with his reasons for having it, and wished to question him further.

What business was it of theirs?

If we want to carry $10,000 around in a suitcase, or a wallet, or just in our pocket with an elastic band around it, we shall do so, and any policeman who questions us about it will be told to mind his own business. We might just be going up to Guelph to buy one of those Gainsborough's that they sell there, or we might be making the down payment on a Holstein Bull, or then again we might just want to flash the roll at lunch, to impress people.

The point is, if we have $10,000 on us nobody even has the right to ask us if we came by it honestly (which isn't likely), or at any rate, to force us to answer.

Which makes us wonder why the Civil Liberties chaps missed this flagrant breach of Civil Rights. Mr. Ken Woodsworth must have been on his holidays.

•

"FIRST public activity of the J. W. Dafoe Foundation, established in honor of the doctor who brought the Quints into the world, will be the presentation of lectures by Sumner Welles."

—From the Toronto *Globe and Mail*.

Another baby that J. W. often put to bed was the Winnipeg *Free Press*.

Lois Ogilvie, Philharmonic Orchestra violinist and a Leslie Bell Singer, will sing with Lucio Agostini's orchestra at the Prom Ball, Royal York Hotel, Monday, Oct. 28.

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These two hotels are plump in the middle of that sun-drenched, fabulous winter vacation land — the Florida West Coast — where they pamper you with every pleasure, enjoyment and relaxation your imagination can conjure.

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But arrange your booking immediately. For when these special reservations have gone there will be no more.

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THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

Kilroy Is a Braggart, Flywheel a Thinker

By JOHN H. YOCOM

During World War II American and British troops had their own champions — Kilroy and Flywheel. Now demobbed, the two heroes are adjusting themselves to civilian life. While Flywheel is taking upon himself England's national worries, Kilroy is having a gay time visiting Canadian cities.

KILROY, onetime famous G.I., was taking a junket to Canadian cities last week and was leaving his usual calling card.

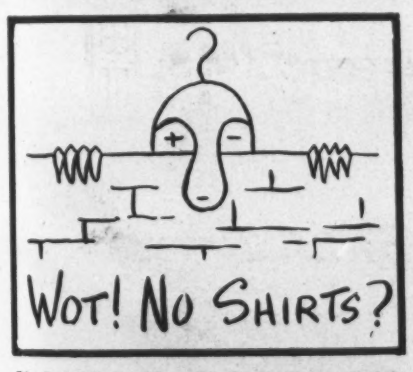
In Toronto he attended the Shriners' Circus, scrawled his name on the outside walls of Maple Leaf Gardens. At Montreal's Molson Stadium he left chalk evidence of having seen some Canadian football. Hamilton's murder trial attracted him too. While standing in the queue for a seat, he printed his ubiquitous "Kilroy was here" on the Wentworth County Court House.

Kilroy's impudences were appearing in scores of other places in those and other communities. Each morning seemed to bring forth a new crop.

Many citizens knew vaguely about World War II's best-known G.I., the infantryman who always seemed to get places before the advance parties arrived. They knew he had beaten them to the objective because there was always his chalked note to prove it.

Wherever G.I.'s went they found that dare-devil Kilroy had preceded them. Sometimes he left his mark on barracks and privy walls. At Tarawa, it is said, he had it printed neatly on a piece of cardboard nailed to a stick. This was stuck in the sand on a beach swept by Jap machine-gun and artillery fire. The boys that first crossed the Rhine bridge at Remagen in March, 1945, found Kilroy's name at the other end of it. He even beat the time of 3rd Army men to the ruins of Berchtesgaden. England had a share of him too, although he seems to have spent a longer time in the Pacific theatre of operations than in Europe.

There have been many theories about Kilroy. A superficial guess would have him an O.S.S. or hush-hush soldier—but such behavior for a soldier on secret duties is unthinkable. One explanation favored by infantrymen is that he was one of them who had gone A.W.O.L., and then spent the rest of the war trying to let his C.O. know where he was.



If Britain's Flywheel were to visit Canada, he would appropriately note the lack of shirts and soap chips.

Your Name Kilroy?

Researchers have even tracked him down to a real person by that name —a Sgt. Francis J. Kilroy of Evrett, Mass. Yes, the sergeant said he was Kilroy but not KILROY, although about three years ago he thought that a friend of his started scribbling the sentence as a gag.

Kilroy is demobbed now and before settling down is making his current Canadian tour. However, he was still in the U.S. army as late as last July. Out at Bikini, when observers of Test Able after an interval respectful of radio activity put back to the guinea pig ships to examine A-bomb damage, they found Kilroy magically had already been at the battleship Pennsylvania. He had risked dangers as of old, this time of atomic radiation, to write his untidy trade mark on the hull.

Although Kilroy seems to have had a predilection for getting around places in the Far Eastern war (probably noted his presence on Hirohito's palace walls), some ex-servicemen think that he was inspired by his English relative Flywheel. But while Kilroy is a bit of a braggart, content to merely sniff, "I was here", "I was there", etc., Flywheel leaves his picture and disturbing questions.

Flywheel is shown with an elongated, snooping nose peering over a wall, his hands resting on the edge. In his right and left eyes are plus and minus signs respectively. Above his bald head, like a kewpie doll's single curl, is a question mark. Below his picture is one of Flywheel's provoking questions.

When he was in the army, he kidded the officers and even appeared under bulletin boards of Daily Routine Orders. His beefs were many: "Wot, no beer?" "Wot, no leave?" "Wot, no sausage?" Now demobbed, he appears on vacant houses and closed shops in London and elsewhere with "Wot, no flats?" or "Wot, no fish?" or "Wot, no bread?"

Flywheel's Phases

Flywheel is more mature than Kilroy, as shown by his philosophical remarks. For Flywheel went through the callow youth stage of being satisfied merely to boast of his presence. Although some researchers into oddities suggest that Flywheel came into the armed forces about the fall of 1943, he really appeared at least a year earlier in North Africa. Then he was going through the stage Kilroy is at now, printing his name on walls in Tobruk and Bengazi.

Flywheel has been claimed by both the R.A.F. and R.E.M.E. (Engineers). From his picture one would be safe in deducing that he has come from the signals or electrical (or perhaps radar) section of some service. The curving line through a straight line (i.e., Flywheel's nose and the top of the wall) is the symbol of A.C. electricity. The plus and minus signs for pupils indicate positive and negative electrical poles. His jagged fingers on the wall top stand for electrical resistance.

Another common alias for this British character is Chad, which gives the R.A.F. a chance to claim paternity. "Chad comes from Chadwick House, an airmen's club serving some Lancashire flying stations," say they. But the Desert Rats counter that if he's called Chad it's because of a mean colonel they had at El Alamein. The army also calls him the Jeep. That name is not bad, when you recall the appearance of the Jeep in the Pop Eye cartoon strip years ago and its similarity to Flywheel. Now can anyone tell us when the Pop Eye strip first appeared in British newspapers?

Another alias of Flywheel is "The Goon". Jeep and Goon add further evidence to the airforce theory of his electrical genesis; one of the early radar-navigation devices in R.A.F. Bomber Command was called the Jeep-Box or Goon-Box.

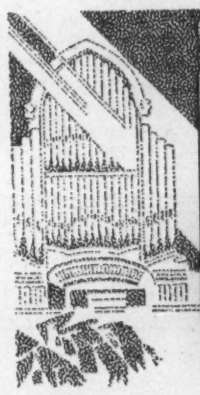
In the Royal Navy Flywheel was called the Watcher. Some people believe that Flywheel existed under that name even before the war, and say that they saw him around on walls at the football games in Britain. Imagine, for instance, how the Birmingham team would feel before a match as they gazed into the Watcher's hypnotic plus-and-minus eyes and read these ominous words, "The Watcher says Chelsea will win."

Once during an investiture at Buckingham Palace, Flywheel appeared on the steamed window of a reception room—"Wot, no V.C.'s?" Soldiers in Europe and the Far East were convinced that Flywheel or Chad was a Labor candidate in the elections of summer 1945. "Vote for Chad" appeared everywhere. Churchill should have announced him as a Conservative candidate.

He was scrawled on the wall above the body of a suicide, a Polish airman, on the embankment near London's Westminster bridge a year ago. There in the foggy dawn Scotland Yard men read the contradictory "Wot, no body?"

But while both Flywheel and Kilroy were good soldiers during the war and saw plenty of action, their peacetime behaviors are quite different. Whereas Flywheel is concerning himself with civilian problems in England (apartment squatting, rationing, etc.), Kilroy lacks his old military objectives and doesn't seem to care where he goes.

Perhaps Kilroy shouldn't be in Canada these days at all. Perhaps he should be back at the Manhattan psychiatric hospital for veterans where he wrote his name last spring. Flywheel is the man we need.



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THE MELTING POT

Marxian Eschatology

By J. N. HARRIS

ONE of the outstanding weaknesses of the Marxian Religion (and one that has not escaped the vigilance of the Politburo, nor of the Central Committee of the Communist Party) is the failure to satisfy the appetite of average men for their ration of pie, in the sky, when they die. The difficulties in the way of a solution are enormous.

In the first place, if you are living in an earthly paradise, you can hardly hope for anything better. People who try to think of something better are likely to reach the Beyond sooner than they expected.

In the second place, Politburo emphatically vetoed the suggestion that the Beyond should be represented as the exact counterpart of life in the U.S.S.R. The suggestion came, in 1936, from the Eschatological Comforts section (Escomf) of the Ministry of Religion (Minrel). Escomf was immediately liquidated and Minrel was purged till its sides ached. Politburo felt that such an eschatology was premature and likely to lead to national despondency.

The cold fact that had to be faced was that, while non-Russian Communists had a Heaven to look forward to, Russian Communists were already there, period. Every suggestion put forward by Escomf and others has smacked so of bourgeois radicalism (or even revisionism) that the subject had to be dropped for some years.

The present, official, Party Line on the Hereafter is: Comrades wishing definite information on the After Life should be fobbed off with some abstraction about a life of bliss, seated on a cloud, playing endless streams of atonality on a vast array of factory whistles. As soon as possible they should be permitted to make further researches "on the spot." . . . You have nothing to lose but your harps.

•

LAST week we were maundering about an old gentleman and his pet mare, a pacer, which, he claimed, was just like a dog. Our remarks had to be cut, because of space.

What we were saying, when interrupted, was that the old gentleman appeared to be on a far better thing with his pacer than the chap with his string of race-horses is, spending fabulous sums shipping them from track to track.

The chap with the pacer has the advantage in that he drives in the races himself, and gets all the fun of the fair. What owner of bang-tails can take an active part in a race? By the time you're rich enough to own a racing stable, you've eaten too many juicy undercuts ever to be able to ride them.

The one exception appears to be when the jockey has been drugged and kidnapped by bookies; then Little Ladyship can get into silks, crowd her golden curls under the jockey cap, and ride Fat Chance to victory in the Cup by a nostril. (Do you read that sort of novel, too?)

The chap with the tame mare, on the other hand, is jockey, trainer, and transport driver. He loads her into the trailer, and drives her from one meet to the next, while the boys stay home and run the farm.

We watched the old gentleman, all two hundred and twenty pounds of him, flattened back on the sulky to reduce wind resistance, come in third by a length, enjoying every minute of it. After the race he didn't go off to a Members' Enclosure. He went off to the Horses' Enclosure, and rubbed the mare down with a handful of straw.

"Do you want to see her kiss me?" he asked, and added, "Go on, give me a kiss, old girl."

The mare kissed him, right on the ear, just like Ingrid Bergman.

One of our neighbors owns a race-horse called Liberty Ite, and it never gives him so much as a friendly nod.

•

SOME Holmesian scholars at McMaster University have founded the Canadian Baskervilles (S.N. Oct. 5), a society devoted to the study of Holmes, Watson, Mrs. Hudson, Wiggins and Moriarty. This will fill a gap in Canadian culture that has been too long neglected. We note that the founders have wisely set an entrance exam. with passing mark of 75 per cent. The sample questions given were, of course, elementary, and required only the simplest sort of observation, my dear Doctor.

We suggest a few post-graduate questions.

Q. In the space of one story, Holmes denied all knowledge of a famous author, and then misquoted from his works. Name the story, and the author, and give the misquotation, the correct quotation, and the work that it comes from.

Q. Holmes assumed a disguise which took in a well-known detective and a Doctor of Medicine. Yet he made one blunder, an elementary one, which could not, my dear fellow, have eluded the vigilance of a person of the most commonplace intelligence. Name the detective, the Doctor, the story, the disguise, and explain the error.

Q. Where was Doctor Watson wounded, and what position must he have been in when the Jezail bullet struck him? (The *where* there is anatomical, not geographical).

Answer those correctly, my dear Baskervilles, and you might be elected to the North York Orange Pips. Write on one side of the paper only.

•

Postlude to the spy trials:

"MR. SMITH, I represent the R.C.M.P. My friend here represents the Counter Espionage Branch of Intelligence. It may surprise you to know that we have been investigating you for the past couple of years."

"It won't."

"Oh? Then you knew it. Mr. Smith, we could find nothing in your career in the Civil Service that did not bespeak the high-minded servant of the public."

"Thank you."

"Your background is, if I may say so, ultra-British, and fantastically loyal."

"True. My great grandfather fought against Mackenzie just as loyally as I have fought for Mackenzie King. My ancestors were fifth columnists who in the Mayflower, came and planted firm Britannia's flag on America's fair Maine. They transplanted it to Canada with the United Empire Loyalists."

"Mr. Smith, you also fought in what was once called the Great War?"

"Yes."

"Then, Mr. Smith, will you kindly explain to us why you hung about a certain Foreign Embassy with a briefcase packed, as we discovered, with blank paper? And why you made mysterious journeys about the streets of Ottawa at four a.m., and why you posted code letters to yourself? We give up. Tell us, pray, so that we can close your file."

"All right, I'll talk. I just yielded to a sudden impulse, and once I'd started, I couldn't go back. My wife is delicate, and I hate drying dishes. Your operative answered my advertisement. I hated to do it, but I knew she'd leave if I didn't keep on bringing home phoney documents and phoney messages. I had to do it, I tell you, I had to."

Only the *ex post facto* business has saved Mr. Smith from a charge under the new section of the Criminal Code on "simulating or conspiring to simulate a breach of the Official Secrets Act, and/or impersonating an agent for a Foreign Power with intent to defraud."

•

ALL these committees for Defending Civil Liberties and what-not have fallen down on the job. We have waited patiently and timidly for them to move, and now we can wait no longer. We refer to the case of that Winnipeg man who left $10,000 in a suitcase in an aeroplane. The last we heard about it was that the police and the Foreign Exchange Control Board were not satisfied with his reasons for having it, and wished to question him further.

What business was it of theirs?

If we want to carry $10,000 around in a suitcase, or a wallet, or just in our pocket with an elastic band around it, we shall do so, and any policeman who questions us about it will be told to mind his own business. We might just be going up to Guelph to buy one of those Gainsborough's that they sell there, or we might be making the down payment on a Holstein Bull, or then again we might just want to flash the roll at lunch, to impress people.

The point is, if we have $10,000 on us nobody even has the right to ask us if we came by it honestly (which isn't likely), or at any rate, to force us to answer.

Which makes us wonder why the Civil Liberties chaps missed this flagrant breach of Civil Rights. Mr. Ken Woodsworth must have been on his holidays.

•

"FIRST public activity of the J. W. Dafoe Foundation, established in honor of the doctor who brought the Quints into the world, will be the presentation of lectures by Sumner Welles."

—From the Toronto *Globe and Mail*.

Another baby that J. W. often put to bed was the Winnipeg *Free Press*.

Lois Ogilvie, Philharmonic Orchestra violinist and a Leslie Bell Singer, will sing with Lucio Agostini's orchestra at the Prom Ball, Royal York Hotel, Monday, Oct. 28.

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THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

Kilroy Is a Braggart, Flywheel a Thinker

By JOHN H. YOCOM

During World War II American and British troops had their own champions — Kilroy and Flywheel. Now demobbed, the two heroes are adjusting themselves to civilian life. While Flywheel is taking upon himself England's national worries, Kilroy is having a gay time visiting Canadian cities.

KILROY, onetime famous G.I., was taking a junket to Canadian cities last week and was leaving his usual calling card.

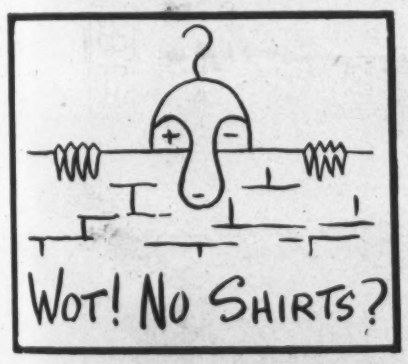
In Toronto he attended the Shriners' Circus, scrawled his name on the outside walls of Maple Leaf Gardens. At Montreal's Molson Stadium he left chalk evidence of having seen some Canadian football. Hamilton's murder trial attracted him too. While standing in the queue for a seat, he printed his ubiquitous "Kilroy was here" on the Wentworth County Court House.

Kilroy's impudences were appearing in scores of other places in those and other communities. Each morning seemed to bring forth a new crop.

Many citizens knew vaguely about World War II's best-known G.I., the infantryman who always seemed to get places before the advance parties arrived. They knew he had beaten them to the objective because there was always his chalked note to prove it.

Wherever G.I.'s went they found that dare-devil Kilroy had preceded them. Sometimes he left his mark on barracks and privy walls. At Tarawa, it is said, he had it printed neatly on a piece of cardboard nailed to a stick. This was stuck in the sand on a beach swept by Jap machine-gun and artillery fire. The boys that first crossed the Rhine bridge at Remagen in March, 1945, found Kilroy's name at the other end of it. He even beat the time of 3rd Army men to the ruins of Berchtesgaden. England had a share of him too, although he seems to have spent a longer time in the Pacific theatre of operations than in Europe.

There have been many theories about Kilroy. A superficial guess would have him an O.S.S. or hush-hush soldier—but such behavior for a soldier on secret duties is unthinkable. One explanation favored by infantrymen is that he was one of them who had gone A.W.O.L., and then spent the rest of the war trying to let his C.O. know where he was.



If Britain's Flywheel were to visit Canada, he would appropriately note the lack of shirts and soap chips.

Your Name Kilroy?

Researchers have even tracked him down to a real person by that name —a Sgt. Francis J. Kilroy of Evrett, Mass. Yes, the sergeant said he was Kilroy but not KILROY, although about three years ago he thought that a friend of his started scribbling the sentence as a gag.

Kilroy is demobbed now and before settling down is making his current Canadian tour. However, he was still in the U.S. army as late as last July. Out at Bikini, when observers of Test Able after an interval respectful of radio activity put back to the guinea pig ships to examine A-bomb damage, they found Kilroy magically had already been at the battleship Pennsylvania. He had risked dangers as of old, this time of atomic radiation, to write his untidy trade mark on the hull.

Although Kilroy seems to have had a predilection for getting around places in the Far Eastern war (probably noted his presence on Hirohito's palace walls), some ex-servicemen think that he was inspired by his English relative Flywheel. But while Kilroy is a bit of a braggart, content to merely sniff, "I was here", "I was there", etc., Flywheel leaves his picture and disturbing questions.

Flywheel is shown with an elongated, snooping nose peering over a wall, his hands resting on the edge. In his right and left eyes are plus and minus signs respectively. Above his bald head, like a kewpie doll's single curl, is a question mark. Below his picture is one of Flywheel's provoking questions.

When he was in the army, he kidded the officers and even appeared under bulletin boards of Daily Routine Orders. His beefs were many: "Wot, no beer?" "Wot, no leave?" "Wot, no sausage?" Now demobbed, he appears on vacant houses and closed shops in London and elsewhere with "Wot, no flats?" or "Wot, no fish?" or "Wot, no bread?"

Flywheel's Phases

Flywheel is more mature than Kilroy, as shown by his philosophical remarks. For Flywheel went through the callow youth stage of being satisfied merely to boast of his presence. Although some researchers into oddities suggest that Flywheel came into the armed forces about the fall of 1943, he really appeared at least a year earlier in North Africa. Then he was going through the stage Kilroy is at now, printing his name on walls in Tobruk and Bengazi.

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Once during an investiture at Buckingham Palace, Flywheel appeared on the steamed window of a reception room—"Wot, no V.C.'s?" Soldiers in Europe and the Far East were convinced that Flywheel or Chad was a Labor candidate in the elections of summer 1945. "Vote for Chad" appeared everywhere. Churchill should have announced him as a Conservative candidate.

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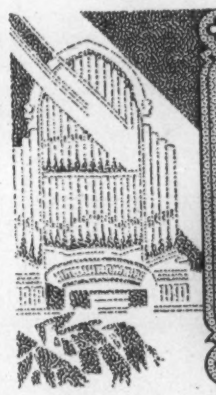

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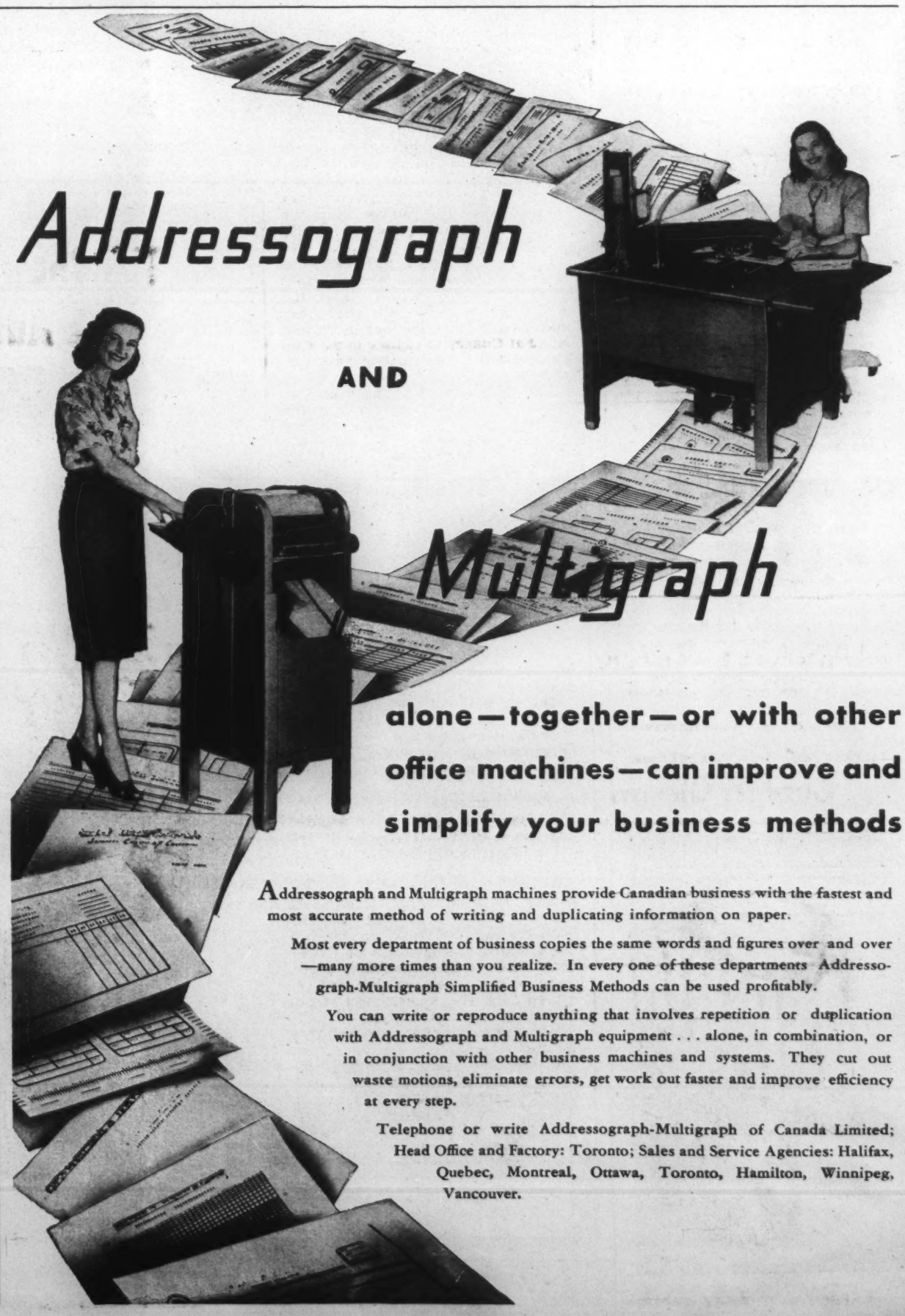

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

People Disagree with Prof. Diltz but All Agree He's Brilliant

By LUCY VAN GOGH

THERE is a story, quite probably apocryphal, of a distinguished educationist who, during the course of a nation-wide radio broadcast, having laid out with pungent wit and biting irony the opponents of his own educational theses, triumphantly concluded, oblivious of the fact that he was still on the air, with this full-voiced aside to the announcer: "And that will hold the so-and-so's for a while."

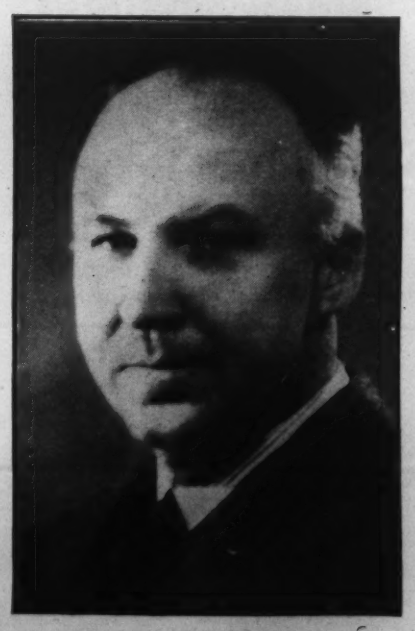
The educationist of the story was not the B. C. Diltz, Professor of Methods in English and History at the University of Toronto, but if it had been, few people who know him would have been surprised. There is some evidence to show that when Mr. Diltz has written the last paragraph of another of his delightful books on educational theory and method, he lays down his pen, leans back, rubs his hands, smacks his lips and remarks to no one in particular, "And that will hold the so-in-so's for a while."

For Mr. Diltz is a great proponent of the theory that human thinking advances through the medium of controversy. His motto might very well be "Where all men think alike, no one thinks very much." He expresses his own thoughts with admirable clarity and vigor, and he is disappointed if the statement of these thoughts is not immediately followed by loud and sustained argument. He is never happier than when he is in the midst of an intellectual brawl. It is no accident that somewhere in the course of a review on the latest Diltz book, some form of this sentence inevitably appears: "Not everyone who reads it will agree with Mr. Diltz's argument." It is only fair to add that the sentence usually concludes: "But none will fail to appreciate the brilliance of Professor Diltz's argument."

"Nailer for Argument"

Mr. Diltz, then, like a celebrated character of fiction, is "a nailer for argument." This is no accident: he comes of argumentative stock. There is even some argument about his name; old records show it spelled variously as Dills, Dils and Dilts. The first of his family to reach Canada arrived here as the result of a terrific argument which the Diltz of that day lost. During the American Revolution, the Diltz family were United Empire Loyalists, and at the conclusion of that fracas they retreated, still arguing, to the Niagara Peninsula where they settled and where, in due course, the present holder of the name was born.

His formal education was received at Trinity College, Toronto, Queen's University, Kingston, and Columbia University, New York. An informal, but no less thorough, education was added during the three years he spent in France as an infantryman in World War I. Professionally he has acted as head of the Department of English and vice-principal of the Collegiate Institute at Lindsay, Ontario, and instructor in English in the University Schools, Toronto. At present he is Professor of Methods in English and History at the University of Toronto where, it need hardly be said, not all of the students who attend his courses agree with the arguments he advances during his lectures. Few, however, remain unstimulated by these lectures, or fail to absorb Mr. Diltz's methods of instruction.



PROF. B. C. DILTZ

No Faddism

It is dangerous to try to oversimplify any philosophy, whether of education or of life. Mr. Diltz's field is literature. He believes quite simply that literature is life. He is opposed to faddism in anything, in education as in government, or even in life. He is not against progressivism in education or progressive movements as such. What he is opposed to, cogently and articulately, are the excesses that progressivism and progressive movements bring in their train.

His ideas on life and literature, illuminated always by his exposition of method, have been enlarged upon in a series of books. In collaboration with Honora M. Cochrane he has written "Sense and Structure in English Composition" and "Aim and Order in English Composition"; and with H. E. Cavell "Living English". To his own account, he has "Models and Projects for English Composition", "Poetic Pilgrimage" and the recently-published "Pierian Spring". His work in progress is tentatively entitled "Promethean Fire". Professor Diltz is having a great deal of fun in writing it. He is developing the theme begun in "Poetic Pilgrimage" and continued in "Pierian Spring", and he is tilting valiantly at the giants of pseudo-progressivism and the socialist-intellectual wolves. When it appears some critic will inevitably remark that not everyone will agree with the arguments advanced by Professor Diltz.

• •

PATIENCE, PLEASE

LET things work themselves out. The same order of nature that provides for fleas and for moles will provide also for men who have as much patience as fleas and moles to put themselves under its gouvernance. We get nowhere by shouting Gee and Haw.

—Montaigne.

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LONDON LETTER

"Britain Can't Get It" New Name of "Britain Can Make It" Show

By P.O'D.

London.

PEOPLE who go to the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum in Kensington with the idea that they will be shocked or dazzled by the modernity of the ideas embodied there, will probably be disappointed. So also will the people who go in the expectation of seeing the sort of thing they now can buy. Very little of the stuff displayed there will be available in this country for a long time to come. Humorists in fact, have taken to dubbing it the "Britain Can't Get It" Exhibition.

In spite of these disappointments, London seems to be taking a quite extraordinary interest in the show. Queues eight-deep stretching for a quarter of a mile or more are the impressive, but uncomfortable, evidence of this popular hunger for a sight, at least of the furniture and clothes and domestic equipment of the future.

As to the character of the designs displayed, there is little about them that could be described as revolutionary — nothing certainly that would seem so to Canadians or Americans, who are accustomed to a much more advanced modernity in such matters. English taste does not run very strongly to modernity in the things people wear and habitually use in their homes and offices.

No sensible person wishes to be surrounded by the sort of furniture that continually arouses his startled attention. But even in England taste changes, and this exhibition is interesting and important as an indication of the new trends. That is why Londoners crowd in to see it. They go back, it is true, to austerity and coupons and queues and queues and queues, but they may go more cheerfully, feeling that they have seen along the industrial horizon signs of the coming dawn. Nothing very rosy, but a few streaks of rather lighter grey.

No Changes Made

When the Conservatives held their Party conference at Blackpool recently, nothing came of the suggestions for a change of name. Probably very few people expected that anything would come of them. There may be objections to the label "Conservative," but it is, after all, a familiar one, with a lot of very respectable tradition behind it—and a fine record of achievement, too. To give all this up for some new-fangled title, kept deliberately vague so as to offend or exclude nobody, would have been bad strategy.

There was, however, one suggestion so obviously sensible that you might expect it to be carried at once without discussion. That was to standardize blue as the Conservative color. For some queer reason, which psychologists can perhaps explain, blue generally is the Conservative color—the color of the Right, let us say. And red—but we all know what that stands for.

Different divisions claim and exercise the right to select what colors they please. In most of them Conservatives wear some shade of blue. But there are divisions in which they wear pink and white, and in still others an unmistakable flaming red. As a result Party leaders at election time go about with a whole pocketful of assorted rosettes, and are always engaged in changing them.

There is something rather comic about this, though an earnest publicity expert would probably regard it as a tragedy of ineptitude. It is certainly bad advertising. But at Blackpool the motion to select blue as the national color for the Conservative Party was crowded out. Apparently not even the mover thought it of any real importance.

Beauty Set to Work

After all the talk about the beauty of Glen Affric—one of the most lovely in the Highlands—and all the protests against its desecration by commercial development, the hydro-electric scheme for the use of its water is to go through. The plan has been approved by the Amenity Committee, by the Fisheries Committee, and also by the Electricity Commissioners, who have passed it on technical and financial grounds. It is to cost nearly £5,000,000. All this may be sad news for beauty-lovers, though the usual assurances are given about the beauty of the Glen being entirely unaffected by these developments. This may or may not be true—one has grim doubts about it—but it is hard to see that any other decision was really possible.

Here is an area that can give an annual output of about 250,000,000 units; and here is a country with hardly any water-power and a constantly dwindling coal production. It is sad that beauty should have to be set to work, but hardly anything that can be made to work is really free of that compulsion nowadays.

Such Sensitive Fellows

It is amazing what sensitive fellows film-magnates are, how easily hurt, how bitterly resentful of any adverse criticism. But perhaps if you spend your days being pelted with rose-leaves, and then some critic slips a piece of brick into a nosegay and hurls it, the impact is all the more painful and upsetting. Certainly they do get upset, and they don't always display their resentment in a dignified and tactful way. Generally indeed the effect is rather like seeing a hippopotamus burst into tears and kick.

Miss E. Arnot Robertson is a novelist of skill and repute. She is also a film-critic—mostly for the B.B.C. Having listened to a good many of her broadcasts, it would certainly not have occurred to me that she was unduly severe—or even severe enough at times. But recently Miss Robertson expressed an unfavorable view of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, "The Green Years", and ever since the M-G-M lion has been roaring for her blood.

The M-G-M directors have barred Miss Robertson from reviewing their films—or "refuse to invite" her, which, in this country, amounts to the same thing. So far they are within their rights (though it is questionable just how sensible it is to exercise such a right). But they have gone further and asked the B.B.C. to bar her too, on the ground that she is biased and incompetent. And this is where they would seem to have gone decidedly wrong.

As they should have foreseen, the B.B.C. has politely advised them to go chase themselves, and Miss Robertson has taken legal action. M-G-M would seem to be in for a lively and uncomfortable time.

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PORTS OF CALL

Life in Mexico City Fascinating As an Arabian Night's Tale

By MARGARET MURPHY NEWCOMBE

Mexico City.

FABULOUS as an Arabian Nights story, Mexico City glitters like a monstrous star in the breaking darkness of Mexico's dawn.

Around it, in its incredibly blue skies, circle the buzzards of the south, volplaning in slow spirals, ever-present from the arid plains of Texas to the far tip of the Argentine.

Centering the great Mexican valley, the capital draws all Mexican life like a lodestar, and its fascinating mixture of old-world and new-world fact and philosophy make it an illimitable source of interest.

Here, the new philosophy, as represented in the political cultural and economic leaders, struggles against the barriers of religion and feudal tradition. Here the superficial culture of Hollywood clashes with the stately yet out-worn cadence of the Spanish hidalgos. Here the younger generation battles to bring out of the lazy chaos a national civilization that will be neither American nor Spanish nor Indian but a new and vital mixture of all three.

Tourists from the north have piled into the city in the first year of postwar travel to find that everything is here for the asking—at a price. It is they who have corrupted nearly every little street boy into a beggar.

The government has scaled some prices, notably in restaurants, and have kept down, to some extent, the price of bread and corn, bus, tramway, and railroad travel. But nearly everything else is in a gay, upward whirl.

Increase of employment among the Mexicans, pushed during the war years by exports to the United States, with a consequent influx of American dollars, has made the cost of living to the ordinary American or Canadian traveler on a par with the cost in any big city at home.

Ah, but what a fairyland of treasure runs over here! What brilliant sunshine, what clear air, what exhilarating atmosphere in which to play!

Down the great, four-road avenue, Paseo de la Reforma, which cuts into the heart of the city, pours a cavalcade of automobiles, day and night, incessantly honking so that it sounds like a continual New Year's Eve.

To a Canadian, fresh from wartime restrictions, all the cars seem new, opulent, expensive, being mainly deluxe models with white-walled tires and shining accessories. At first it seems a life-risking act to plunge across the wide streets, but soon it becomes apparent that these glittering monsters are well-leashed by traffic regulations, and a dented fender is seldom seen.

Paseo de la Reforma

The ill-starred Empress Charlotte is said to have designed this lovely boulevard, with its tall leafy trees and broad swatches of green separating the four lanes, with high-backed stone benches along the broad sidewalks, and the wide circles in the avenue itself, centered with little gardens and imposing statues.

Bordering it, and on Juarez Avenue and Madero, into which it runs, are modernistic office buildings, luxury hotels and apartments in the latest architectural style; gracious old Spanish buildings with their airy center foyer that reaches to the top story; purple-red bougainvillaea vines climbing spiked iron fences; tangles of crimson or pale yellow roses on thick stucco walls; precious little shops, their entire fronts open to the street; an amazing number of buildings under construction—all the fascinating hodge-podge that is Mexico City.

In the early morning, peons in faded blue overalls, pink shirts and straw sombreros, carry basketfuls of ivory calla lilies and rosy gladiolas into the little shops, where the windows display not only the heavy silver jewelry, worked in native designs around stones of green, of pink, of black, or blue, but the latest in exquisite diamond wrist watches, modern jewelry in expensive simplicity, Parisian perfumes, fine-drawn lace and intricately-worked leather.

Side-walk vendors spill out along the streets offering thin muslin blouses thick with rich embroidery; bright felt coats appliqued with native scenes; airy filigree in a chain of tiny, fairy-like sombreros or overlapping roses; linked necklaces of silver—and fountain pens.

Beggar women crouch in lovely, liquid poses, their bare feet drawn under them, a slim hand out, palm-upward, perhaps a baby tucked into the folds of the dark blue reboza drawn over their head and shoulders.

Florist's Shop

A florist's shop sends out a wave of cool fragrance. Its floor is tiled in pale pink, a delicate fountain splashes from a wall in blue, yellow and white tile, huge dewy bunches of plump garden roses, crimson, pink and yellow, vie with luxurious orchids, waxen camelias, violets, calla lilies, gardenias and over-size gladiolas.

The candy stores are like a Paradise where long-lost friends of childhood are again discovered—thin, bitter-chocolate "cat's tongues"; glistening sugar lemons, oranges and pea-pods; marzipan peaches and pears and little brown potatoes; pink and white almond drops, wrapped candies in gold and silver and colored foil; rich, mouth-watering chocolates—packaged in great satin bows, in little glass baskets, in carved wooden boxes.

Nylon stockings are plentiful, marked with the name of a well-known American firm, but they range in price from 19.50 pesos to 30, roughly from $5 to $7 a pair in Canadian money.

A square-necked cotton blouse, finely embroidered about the neck and shoulders, cost about 18 pesos,—(divide by 4.40 for Canadian price); wide, massive silver bracelets centered with carved jade, about 35 pesos; earrings of jade and silver, from 15 to 20 pesos; fine drawn handkerchiefs, about 5 pesos.

Food is plentiful and good—both Mexican and American style—but matches in prices about what a good class restaurant in Toronto would charge. Four pesos are equal to a Canadian dollar; four centavos to a Canadian cent. Therefore, by dividing any of the prices given below by four, you can figure their cost in Canadian currency.

Quoted in Mexican pesos, their dollar, and corresponding centavos, their cent, a sample of menu prices reads like this: ice cream, .60 centavos; Canada Dry .50; Coca Cola .60; anchovy canape 2.50 pesos; onion soup (dee-licious!) 1.25; two boiled eggs, 1.00, with bacon 2.00; filet mignon 4.00; two chicken tamales .80; asparagus, vignette, mayonnaise 4.00; cereals with cream 1.00; pie a la mode 1.20; sliced pineapple 1.00; coffee with cream .60.

Night Clubs

Night clubs and swank restaurants abound, with one famous one, well-attended by visiting Hollywood stars, charging 2.50 to 7.50 pesos for breakfast, 12.00 pesos for a "continental" lunch, and 20.00 pesos for a special dinner. There is racing on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, three flying trips daily to Acapulco, Pacific Coast resort, and, of course, the toros, or bullfights with the best of the *toreadors*, one of whom recently received $25,000 American money for his performance at the opening of the new, huge, circular bull-ring.

The well-to-do Mexican knows how to enjoy life—he has it with all the finest trimmings, rich food, wines, entertainment, music, flowers—and the wealthy tourist can enjoy it right along with him.

There is a marked national appreciation of art, the bookstores are overflowing with publications from all countries in the world; the streets and parks abound in statues; murals decorate not only the walls of public buildings but those of restaurants and stores as well.

Even the poor people participate in this to some extent. They gather in the green parks that dot Mexico City as night falls—the cool, clear brilliant night. Stars sparkle blue in the sky as the neon signs make fantastic splashes of color, throwing into convoluted shadow the sculptured walls of ancient churches, side by side with night-clubs.

Now the young girls go by, their black hair braided with vermilion and green and yellow wool, their silver-studded combs gleaming. A *caballero* stops to buy some of the brown sugar candies, thick with pecan nuts, sold on every street corner. Families relax on the iron benches to listen to the music of a street band. Perhaps a swarthy *charro* prances by, his saddle embroidered in cream leather, his horse a burnished chestnut color.

Cars swish by in the streets, their horns never still. Theatre marquees blossom with lights. The soft, lilting sounds of Spanish speech, the most courteous and romantic in the world, fill the night. A snatch of song, a whistle of melody from a boot-black boy. A huge moon slowly climbs into the sky. The night, which never starts until after 9 o'clock here, spreads out like a great mantle, hemmed in glittering lights, lined with exciting promise.

Buenas noches? Yes, truly, it is "buenas noches" indeed in Mexico City.

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CANCER?

Q. Are we winning or losing the war on cancer?

A. The news is good! The death rate from cancer of the stomach, skin, and mouth is going down. Among women the rate is being reduced for *all* forms of cancer.

Q. How is medical science attacking cancer?

A. Doctors are getting more patients in the early stages of cancer, when the chances of cure are greatest. Intensive studies now being carried on to determine the causes of cancer and to develop new methods of diagnosis and treatment, include research with hormones, and experiments with radioactive substances and certain chemical compounds.

Q. What should *everyone* do about cancer?

A. First, learn the *danger signals*. Second, when such warnings appear, *get medical advice immediately*, for there are only two ways of curing cancer: removal by surgery, or destruction by X-rays or radium rays. It is estimated that 30 to 50 percent of the deaths from cancer today might have been prevented by earlier recognition and prompt treatment.

What are cancer's "danger signals"?

1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast. 2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding. 3. A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips. 4. Noticeable changes in a mole or wart. 5. Loss of appetite or continued unexplained indigestion. 6. Any persistent changes in normal habits of elimination.

Important note: These signals do *not necessarily* mean cancer. In fact, 88 out of 100 women who came to one cancer clinic proved *not* to have the disease. However, the signals do indicate that something is wrong, which you should have checked by your physician. His examination will reassure you if cancer is not present, or, if it is, will permit prompt treatment.

To learn more about cancer, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "There Is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer." Address your request to Booklet Dept., 1 6T, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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Why There's No Statue of Laurier in Quebec

By F. D. L. SMITH

Here is a bit of unpublished history, which suggests that Quebec's attitude on some national and Commonwealth problems reflects not the natural wishes of the great majority but the minority views of quite small but exceedingly active groups of extreme clericals and political partisans.

IN contributions to the *Globe and Mail* early in 1944 I paid a tribute to that most distinguished of French Canadians, Sir Wilfred Laurier, because of his activities on behalf of the British Empire. He it was who established tariff preferences on British exports to Canada. He was one of the most brilliant personalities to grace Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. His silver tongue exalted England as the source of the wide freedoms enjoyed everywhere under the Union Jack. He advised Generals Botha and Smuts that the South African Union, then in the making, would have its best chance of freedom and progress within the British Empire.

A day or two after my tribute appeared, I received a letter from a clever French Canadian acquaintance stating: — "Quoting Laurier doesn't get you anywhere in the Province of Quebec. There isn't a single monument to him in the whole Province." He asked me if I didn't think that astounding. I did. A correspondent later wrote me that there is a bust of Laurier in his home village of Arthabaskaville; but I can learn of no other monument in his native Province.

About the same time I got a message from the sick room of the late Fred Williams, *Mail and Empire* historian, asking if I would be good enough to call upon him so that he might entrust me with important information which he did not wish to die with him. He had been an associate during the years I was chief editor of the *Mail and Empire* and I entertained a high regard for him as a competent journalist.

Mr. Williams had long enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux and other foremost Liberals. In response to his invitation I went to his apartment at 310 Wright Avenue, Toronto. That was on May 17, 1944, and I was accompanied by a stenographer, who took down the following statement from his lips, Mrs. Williams being present. Addressing me he said:—

Williams' Statement

"Your article in The *Globe and Mail* concerning the lack of Laurier monuments in the Province of Quebec has stirred old memories. In the thirties after Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux had been transferred from the Speakership of the House of Commons to the Senate, he came to Toronto and we had a renewal of a friendship which had extended from his student days. We talked over old times and incidentally I asked him what had become of the Laurier monument which was to have been erected in Montreal. His answer was that it was banned by certain powerful clerics.

"Before going any further on this point, it is advisable to recall the fact that from his very entry into public life Wilfrid Laurier was opposed by powerful elements of the clergy. He was one of the leaders of the Parti National which founded the Institut Canadien and was fought by prominent ecclesiastics when he was elected to the Quebec Assembly in 1871. He was thus opposed when he was elected to the House of Commons in 1874. When he went back for re-election in 1877, after being sworn as Minister of Inland Revenue he was again opposed by these clergy and defeated."

Mr. Williams continued:— "Returning now to Mr. Lemieux, he told me this story of the proposed Laurier monument. In May or June, 1919, (Laurier died in February 1919) a meeting was held in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, under the chairmanship of Mr. Dandurand and Lord Shaughnessy. It was decided to erect a monument to Laurier. Subscription lists were opened and in a short time $40,000 to $50,000 was subscribed. The committee commissioned L. P. Hebert, the celebrated French Canadian sculptor, to prepare a design for a monument to cost not more than $25,000.

"Some time in the fall, (September or October, I am not sure which), the committee met, was shown the Hebert design and accepted it with enthusiasm. It represented Laurier in a familiar attitude, in his frock coat, with his white plume, and his right arm extended in his favorite gesture. The committee decided that the design was too overpowering to be placed as originally intended on the upper part of Dominion Square. It would have dwarfed the Sir John Macdonald statue and been out of place near the South African monument. Then it was proposed to place the monument lower down on Dominion Square, Lord Shaughnessy promising to provide the labor and material for its erection. But that site lay in the shadow of St. James Basilica and the Bishop forbade its erection there.

Mount Royal Site

"Then an effort was made to obtain a site on the east side of Mount Royal. But in one place Brother Andre had already begun the erection of his oratory or shrine and the other half had been allocated to the University of Montreal for the erection of new buildings some time in the future. Then the committee went west and tried to get a site on the slope of the Mountain near Cote des Neiges but here again members of the clergy intervened, the site being next to that owned by the Order of St. Sulpice. There, so far as I remember Mr. Lemieux's story, the search ended. What became of the design I do not know and I am not sure whether or not it was used for the statue later erected near the East Block of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. It never got a footing in Quebec Province.

"An attempt was made to have it erected at the Western end of Dufferin Terrace at Quebec but this was prohibited by the Cardinal.

"In either 1936 or 1937 I went to Ottawa to attend a Press Gallery dinner. It so happened that Mr. (afterwards Sir) Arthur Doughty, Dominion Archivist, had on exhibition a large number of the Archive treasures — pictures, books, monuments and documents of all kinds. Doughty was naturally a great admirer of Laurier. It was Laurier who took him from a mercantile credit agency in Montreal and made him Archivist. He and I talked much about Laurier and he produced a large dossier containing documents of various sizes and shapes. I asked him about the monument and he said that he had the minute book of the Committee, the subscription list and some of the correspondence. He also told me he had prepared a special Laurier section in the Archives and invited me to spend a day going over it the next time I was in Ottawa but I never got back.

"Mr. Lemieux told me himself that he had been clerically castigated for having delivered the unveiling address at the Laurier monument in Ottawa.

"I should like to recall an incident concerning Laurier which is not generally known. He went down from Ottawa in October 1910, to vote in the Drummond-Arthabaska by-election, caused by the raising of Louis Lavergne to the Senate. Mr. E. J. Archibald, of the Montreal *Star*, and I met him at the Victoriaville Station and he invited us to drive over to Arthabaskaville with him to see his home. After dinner we went over to Laurier's house, reaching there just as Sir Wilfrid was coming out to go to the polling booth. We walked up the wooden sidewalk with him to the city hall and entered the polling booth. The returning officer extended his hand and was about to give Sir Wilfrid a ballot paper, when the scrutineer for the Nationalist Committee demanded that Laurier be sworn. The returning officer protested but the scrutineer, a young theological student from Laval University, said he had his orders and so Sir Wilfrid, white with anger, took the oath, marked his ballot and we walked home with him.

"The following Sunday (the election had taken place on Thursday), I went down to Laurier House in Ottawa, my custom on Sunday afternoon, to see if there was any news from the Saturday Cabinet Council. Sir Wilfrid drew me into a discussion of the recent by-election. I told him how angry Archibald and I had been at the compulsory swearing and Sir Wilfrid remarked laughingly that he sometimes wished he had been born a Presbyterian so that his religious duties and his political principles might have been more in harmony."

Looking back at the procession of events, it seems quite clear that Laurier was never forgiven by certain groups in Quebec for either of two things. First there was his attitude towards some of the clergy! The fact that he spent much of his youth in a Presbyterian household was held not to be to his credit. There followed his youthful quarrel with certain clerics. He won the general election of 1896 by leading the popular opposition to remedial legislation for the restoration or partial restoration of Roman Catholic separate schools in Manitoba. He seemed to make ample compensation for this "irregularity" by providing for separate schools in Saskatchewan and Alberta. This was in 1905 when he carved these two new provinces out of the old Northwest Territories and endowed them with their constitutions.

Nationalist Elements

Secondly, there were the growing Nationalist elements of the Quebec population which always resented Sir Wilfrid's contribution to the upbuilding and strengthening of the British Commonwealth-Empire. Those two elements are responsible for much that has gone on for years in French Canadian politics.

There is no real reason for a quarrel between Quebec and the rest of Canada. There would be no quarrel but for a limited group of fanatical politicians and racial and clerical extremists who are powerful at Ottawa. Senator Bouchard has called these groups "a hidden Government" which dominates the scene and inspires too many youths with nationalist, anti-Canadian and anti-British ideas much as Hitler perverted a whole generation of young Germans.

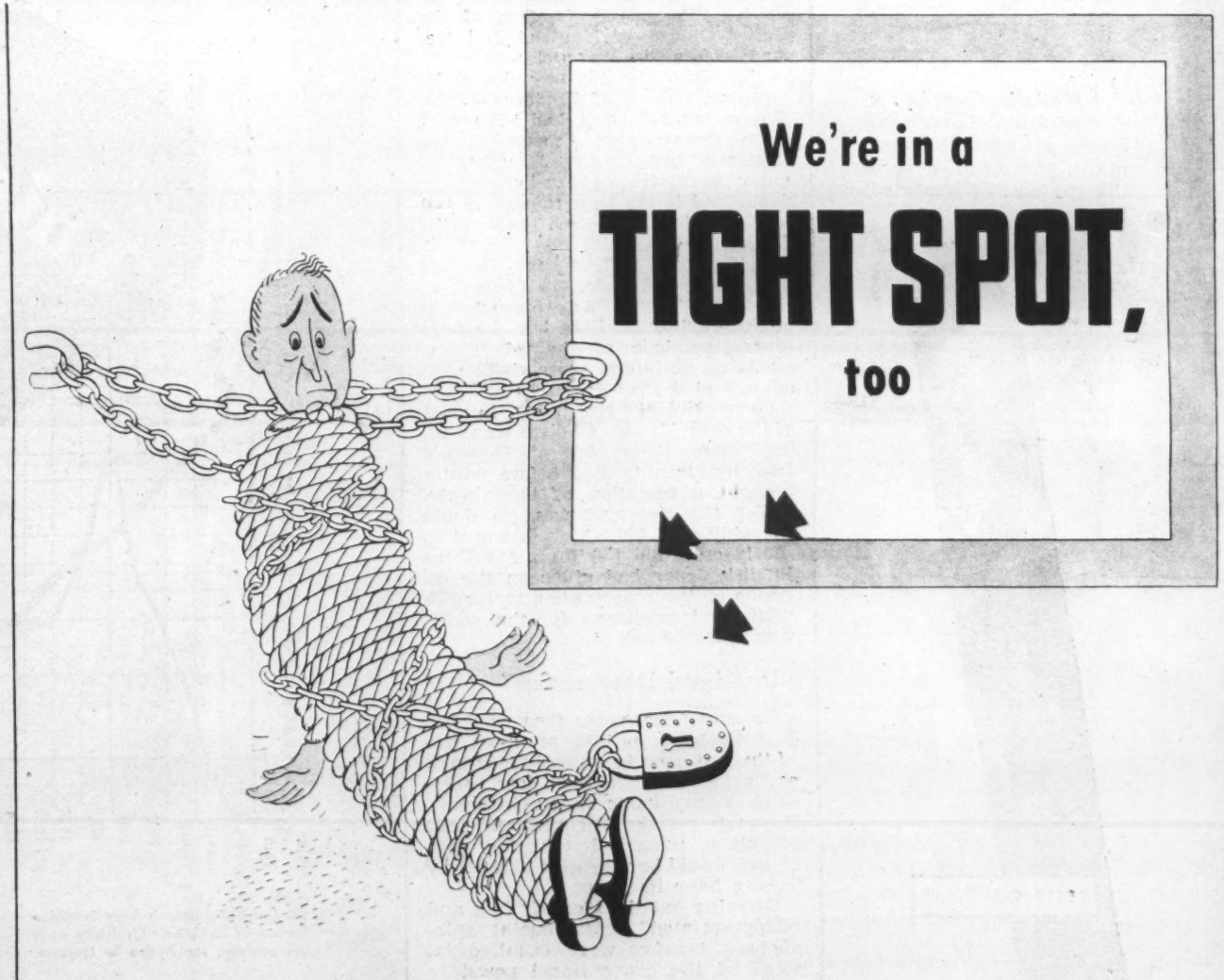
Jean Charles Harvey, editor and director of the now defunct French Canadian journal, *Le Jour*, condemned what he called the "Saboteurs of Unity," mainly clerics and partisans, for stirring up the isolationist elements in the Province and thus creating a spirit of dis-unity, which lately objects to "Dominion Day" and to the Union Jack.

• •

TEMPERAMENT

ARTISTS of a large and wholesome vitality get rid of their art easily, as they breathe easily, or perspire easily. But in artists of less force the thing becomes a pressure and produces a definite pain which is called the artistic temperament. Thus very great artists are able to be ordinary men — men like Shakespeare or Browning. There are many real tragedies of the artistic temperament, tragedies of vanity, or violence, or fear. But the great tragedy of the artistic temperament is that it cannot produce any art.

—G. K. Chesterton.



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Poor Man's Church Now Enters 100th Year

By ROBERT FAY

The Church of the Holy Trinity, buried deep in the heart of mercantile Toronto, begins this week-end its hundredth year of giving help to all those in need. The old church, hemmed in now by the temples of Mammon, continues to worship and to serve the one true God; it looks proudly back on its romantic past, rich in historical associations, and hopefully forward to another century of ever-increasing Christian service.

IN THE year of our Lord 1845 the Anglican diocese of Toronto was a mere infant—only five years old. Its Bishop, the Right Reverend John Strachan, was 67, but still bubbling with the same energy and enthusiasm which had made his name known throughout the English-speaking world and his influence upon the political, cultural and religious life of Upper Canada incalculable.

In that same year the Church of England in the mother country was in the midst of a great revival, in part due to the influence of the Oxford Movement. So it came about that in September Bishop Strachan received a letter from his brother of Ripon in Yorkshire. The letter announced, quite simply, that a donor unknown even to the writer had placed in his hands the sum of Five Thousand Pounds—in those days a real fortune—for the purpose of building a church in the Toronto diocese. The church was to be dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and—a surprising innovation—all its "sittings" were to be "free and unappropriated for ever".

Land, in a location most suited for serving "the poorer families of the United Church of England and Ireland residing in Toronto" was given to the Bishop for his new church by a retired Colonel of Engineers, John Simcoe Macaulay. It had been part of a Crown grant made to the Colonel's father, Dr. James Macaulay, some fifty years before; the donor had in the past refused to sell his land, but now "had great satisfaction giving it."

In October, 1847, on the vigil of SS. Simon and Jude, the Church of the Holy Trinity was opened and consecrated by Dr. Strachan. Its twin towers, symbolic of the two Testaments of Scripture, were visible for miles, and the people whose cottages they overlooked were greatly in need of the church's aid. Cholera was raging among them; 900 of Toronto's Irish immigrants died before winter brought a cessation of the plague. Under the circumstances, no doubt the additional £50 which (along with £50 in gold and £50 for a font) the English donor had given on the occasion of the consecration to furnish "gifts and rejoicings for the poor", was welcome indeed.

"Unmixed Desecration"

Toronto newspapers then were apparently much as they are now: one of them at once denounced the church as "a piece of unmixed desecration of the sacred name of the Godhead". So were certain Torontonians, one of whom remarked that his own church would be very glad to let Holy Trinity have its poor!

Carrying out the idea of "free and unappropriated" seats, quaint spindle-back benches were installed instead of the conventional pews, in odd contrast to the richly-carved stalls and altar: and the church began to grow. Ten years later, a wing was added to the southeast corner, the lower floor being used as a church day school and for regular Sunday School, and the second floor as a chapel, the only one known in Canada which carries out the Scriptural idea of the Upper Room in which the Last Supper took place—especially since it is used chiefly for early celebration of Holy Communion. A rectory was built in 1861, and the present Parish Hall in 1888; in 1901 Dr. Scadding, the first rector, died and bequeathed to the Parish the curiously-designed home he had long before built for himself. (Dr. Scadding, incidentally, wrote several books after his retirement in 1875; his "Toronto of Old" is an invaluable source book.)

In 1882 it was learned that the "unknown donor" had been a woman; the congregation stopped praying for its benefactor, began to pray for its benefactress, and placed a memorial tablet in her honor on the north wall of the church. In 1897, during the Golden Jubilee celebrations, her name was at last made public: it was Mary Lambert Swale, wife of the Rev. H. Swale, vicar of Ingfield in Yorkshire. Banners bearing the arms of the Swale and the Macaulay families were placed on either side of the tablet.

Holy Trinity's career of public service continued, under the leadership of distinguished clerics, including, from 1910 to 1914, the Rev. Derwyn T. Owen, now Primate of all Canada, and, some years later, the Rev. L. Ralph Sherman, now Archbishop of Rupert's Land. Then, with the 1929 stock market crash and the subsequent depression, came near-catastrophe.

Church's Boundaries

The boundaries of the parish were set in 1863, and are the same today. Queen Street on the South, University Avenue on the West, College and Carlton Streets on the North, Jarvis Street on the East—obviously, Holy Trinity was (and is) serving the poor of Toronto. Such a parish could itself be no great source of revenue; thus the church was dependent on its original endowment, with some accumulations. But owing to the character of the investment, the crash wiped all this out, and for a time bankruptcy seemed certain. Then, in 1937, an appeal was made, and doom staved off, at least for a time.

Providentially so, because the church's historic purpose was never better served or more needed than in the depression years. The parish had always been generous to its own poor; now it was called on to help the poor of a city—indeed, if origins are considered, of a province and a nation. In 1938 conditions became critical, and the Parish Hall was thrown open to transient unemployed who had flocked to the city and for whom there was no provision. Money and food poured in from the generous public; in time, with the assistance of Miss Judith Robinson, then of the *Globe and Mail*, a fund was established and a home leased on Sherbourne Street for the men—named the John Frank House, in honor of the present rector of Holy Trinity.

With the coming of war, the parish groups once more yielded up their working space and the hall became a servicemen's hostel as "Trinity Square Lodge"—well remembered by countless soldiers, sailors and airmen who would otherwise have been without shelter in overcrowded Toronto.

Since the days when its church school was founded, Holy Trinity has ministered to the social and cultural needs of its people, as well as to their material wants. For example, there is the Social Action Committee, led by and composed entirely of parishioners, which has played an important part in the life of the whole community, and even, in some ways, of the nation. An exercise in practical citizenship, the Com-

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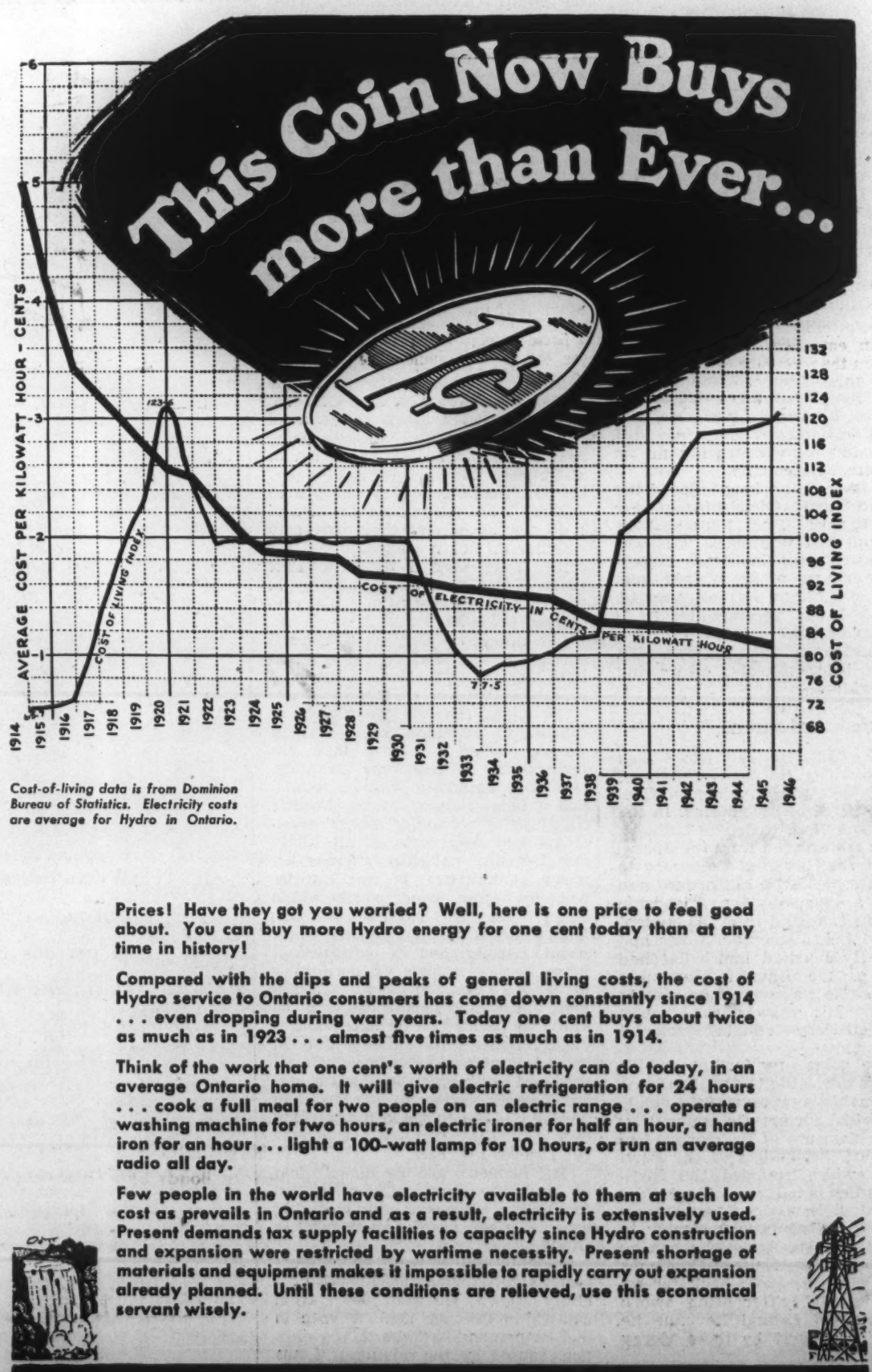

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THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

mittee discusses such assorted questions as old-age pensions, the care of children, juvenile delinquency, housing shortages, and the rights of Japanese Canadians; where possible, it acts on the problems it has discussed. The special value of such a group can be seen when it is remembered that Holy Trinity Parish is an excellent example of the Canadian melting-pot; the group illustrates how Canadians of varied ancestries and origins can live and work together—a lesson of vital importance to the whole country.

Another significant innovation is the religious drama group, which has been presenting the Christmas Story for eight years and the Easter Story for two. Director and producer is Patricia Frank, wife of the present rector and daughter of the late Rev. Pat McCormick, celebrated rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London. The casts are voluntary and anonymous, drawn from many creeds, races and classes; the sanctuary of the church serves as a stage, the nave as theatre. Contributions are accepted for the relief of English war victims and for the poor nearer home. Actors and spectators alike share an important dramatic and religious experience.

Dwarfed

The twin towers of the Church of the Holy Trinity, which, by the way, look more like twin chimneys to the modern eye no longer dominate the Toronto landscape; no longer are they visible from miles away. The old church, small by comparison with the buildings grouped round it, seems nowadays to huddle in its little square, a dwarf among giants. Ten- and twelve-story sections of the T. Eaton Company form a semicircle round it; the segment remaining is filled up with a parking lot, a factory, the rectory and Parish Hall, and the one narrow entry from Yonge Street which bears the same name as the Square.

Ironically, this one practicable entry (except for a lane leading up through Eaton's from Louisa Street) leads to the back, or blind side, of the church; the main entrance, now almost disused, is on the west side of the Square.

Under these circumstances, it is not unusual for the well-meaning to ask church authorities: "Why not sell the property, which must be very valuable indeed, tear down that old ramshackle place that's always in need of repairs anyway, and build yourself a fine new church somewhere else in the city? Other congregations have done that; why don't you? At least you'd be rid of money troubles!"

All this is true, of course; but there are many, many reasons why such a course cannot be followed. Some of them have been given: the historical value, actual and associative, of the old church itself; the fact that it is a church for the poor, and ideally located to serve them; the way it ministers to the material wants of its parishioners, and to their social and cultural needs. There are the regular parish societies, too, such as the Women's Auxiliary, the A.Y.P.A., the Girl Guides, Boy Scouts and Cubs, and so on, all more needed here than perhaps anywhere else in the city.

But more important than any of these is the spiritual work done in these rather sordid surroundings (among publicans and winebibbers, thieves and ladies of doubtful reputation, as well as among the honest poor).

None Turned Away

Precisely because the church is located just where it is, in the mercantile heart of Toronto, hundreds of strangers come calling at the rectory door each year. Because the church's ministry is intensively personal, none, whether their wants are spiritual or material (and a surprising number belong to the first category) are turned away without at least an attempt to help them.

Because the church is where it is, the dozen services held each week are well attended, not only by parishioners but by people from all over the city and by visitors from all over Canada and the United States. The same is true, in perhaps an even greater degree, of the Lenten noonday services, first instituted by the Most Rev. Derwyn Owen in 1909, which enjoy an attendance of 15,000 to 20,000 annually.

Because the church is where it is, and is kept open all day, it is in constant use. People of all faiths and conditions of society come to this friendly church for a few moments of peace and rest; often, they are people who fight shy of the stately magnificence of the nearby Cathedrals, but who feel at home in Holy Trinity. Shopgirls from Eaton's enjoying a few minutes' rest; salesmen bustling by on Yonge Street who drop in for a brief refresher; shoppers who want a little quiet; vagrants seeking shelter for a little while—they all come to Holy Trinity.

So this old church, with its romantic history, its present invaluable usefulness, carries on. On October 26, this week-end, it completes 99 years of service, and on Sunday, the 27th, begins its centennial year.

Suitable ceremonies will mark the occasion: the Primate, most Rev. Derwyn T. Owen, will celebrate at a Choral Eucharist on the Sunday morning, and a noted preacher, the Rev. W. T. Heath, of Buffalo, will speak the same day.

This hundredth year of zealous activity will be marked also by a new drive, this time for $50,000, for funds to be used in restoring the fabric of the church, its interior, and for similar purposes. The people of the parish itself, lacking in worldly goods as many of them are, have already pledged themselves to supply nearly one-quarter of the required amount. The rest must come from Holy Trinity's friends, old and new, throughout the city, the Dominion and the United States— from lovers of the historical and the picturesque, and from those who appreciate the work Holy Trinity has done in the past, is doing at present, and will continue to do in future.

Surely the old church deserves some sort of accolade for its long years of selfless, unstinting help for all in need; there could hardly be any better method of reward than the restoration of the old building to its pristine strength and beauty. Incidentally, by relieving the parish treasury of the constant drain caused by the regular and continuous necessity for minor and major repairs, this restoration of the church will enable the spiritual, social and cultural work carried on by Holy Trinity to be very considerably expanded.

It is devoutly to be hoped, then, that this centennial campaign will altogether succeed. In the meantime, the old church itself, its parishioners and workers, and the rectors, living and dead, who have given so much of their lives to its service, are offered this humble salute.

Maurice Evans, in the title role of "Hamlet", at the Royal Alexandra for week commencing Mon., Oct. 28.

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Professional Theatre Reviving This Year

By D. G. MARSH

Touring theatrical companies are on the road again in Canada this year, with limited schedules. This news has encouraged some hope in theatrical circles that there may be a return to the days when Mantell, Seymour Hicks and other greats regularly toured the country. This is not impossible, says the writer, though the lack of suitable available theatres is an obstacle. Although the moving picture interests are somewhat responsible for this, their reasons are not so malevolent as commonly believed. Toronto's Royal Alexandra has shown that a legitimate theatre can keep open and make money these days, through enterprising management.

THE legitimate theatre is coming into its own again in Canada. But many obstacles stand in the way of those who are working toward a return of the conditions under which the trans-continental touring companies of Martin Harvey, Robert Mantell, Seymour Hicks and others flourished a quarter of a century ago, and which brought to the Dominion in a previous epoch Forbes Robertson, Irving, Bernhardt. Indeed, it is questionable whether the great days of the trouper will ever return, but prospects are rapidly brightening.

Only slightly more than a year after V-J day, plans are being completed, and have already been partially put into effect, for the creation of a temporarily limited theatrical circuit, centred in Ontario and serving primarily Toronto, Montreal, in Quebec, and the Ontario cities of Hamilton, London, Brantford, North Bay, Kingston and Oshawa.

These places are fortunate in possessing, in varying degrees, adequate facilities for the production of stage shows. While such a limitation exists, theatrical promoters must moderate their ambitions, cut their coat to fit their cloth. But if certain developments occur, and if the bright promise of such theatres as the Royal Alexandra in Toronto is fulfilled, and spreads across Canada, then we may well witness a noteworthy theatrical renaissance in this country. Before speculating about the future, however, it would perhaps be wise to examine the present situation and its causes.

No Plot

First of all, one widespread illusion should be corrected. The closing of so many Canadian theatres, particularly in the Maritimes, the Prairies and the West, is not the result of a malevolent plot on the part of the large moving picture companies against the stage. It is true that, with very few exceptions (notably Toronto and London, Ont.), legitimate theatres are owned by one or other of the great film companies; but they are not kept dark primarily because of prejudice against, or fear of, theatrical competition. They are controlled in such a way as to prohibit rival film companies from setting up too effective competition. Persons interested exclusively in promoting legitimate theatre themselves explain their accommodation difficulties on this ground.

There is, also, the fact that many large theatres, particularly in the west, were crying for travelling companies, or stock, at a time when the supply had dwindled to vanishing point owing to the depression, and the owners were forced for their own survival to sell to the only available purveyors of consistent entertainment, the moving picture industry.

Thus, cinema control evolved out of a number of unrelated circumstances. Yet its existence does remain a serious impediment to restoration of the stage. Since films can be shown in theatres that once catered only to theatre audiences, and shown consistently and at reasonable profit, the present owners of these theatres are unwilling to forego their cinema revenues for one or two weeks in order to accommodate travelling companies.

Many of the older theatres in Canadian cities and towns have vanished, fallen into disrepair or been renovated as moving picture houses beyond theatrical redemption. For instance, Ottawa, the nation's capital, now has no theatre of reasonable size for theatrical production except the Capitol, a cinema equipped with a stage. One British company, shortly to visit Canada, found it impossible to secure the house for a Saturday night, and only with difficulty managed to persuade the management to let it at customary rates for the Friday evening, another time when picture revenues are high. Yet this company is headed by one of the three proclaimed leading British actors, widely known on both sides of the Atlantic.

Structural Differences

One more point that accentuates the gloomy side of Canadian theatrical prospects is the fact that a great many moving picture houses now being designed will be useless for the purposes of the legitimate stage, not only because they will not have sufficient stage depth, but also because they will be constructed in accordance with the acoustical requirements of recorded sound, and not of the spoken word.

The result of these various obstacles is that touring companies which in the old days could rely upon a tour of 16 to 24 weeks, with limited stop-overs, curtailed facilities and the prospect of one or two night stands, now regard a tour of six to eight weeks as the best that can be expected. Thus the incentive for these companies, particularly those from the United Kingdom, to make the necessary effort, and accept the risks, is correspondingly reduced. But now—to the bright side.

It is worth noting that, with the exception of theatrical centres such as New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, where long runs are commonplace, a Canadian city, Toronto, possesses a theatre which has remained open for longer continuous periods and has brighter prospects of continuous activity than probably any other on the North American continent. The Royal Alexandra, which next year will celebrate the 40th anniversary of its opening as Toronto's leading theatre, is, at the time of writing, entering upon its 56th consecutive week of production.

Several factors have made this possible. The first is that the house is owned by a Toronto group who have no cinema or other outside affiliations, and whose principal interest is not to protect their property from exploitation by rival interests but to ensure that it is kept as continuously open as possible. Any profit-paying production, even if it is financially "no great shakes," is better than a week of darkness. So the accent is upon productive enterprise. As a result the theatre manager, Ernest M. Rawley, who took over in 1939, decided to keep the theatre going winter and summer even if this policy entailed occasional losses. He inaugurated the summer season and he has made a success of it.

This, briefly, is how Mr. Rawley did it. He himself went into the business of production. He secured

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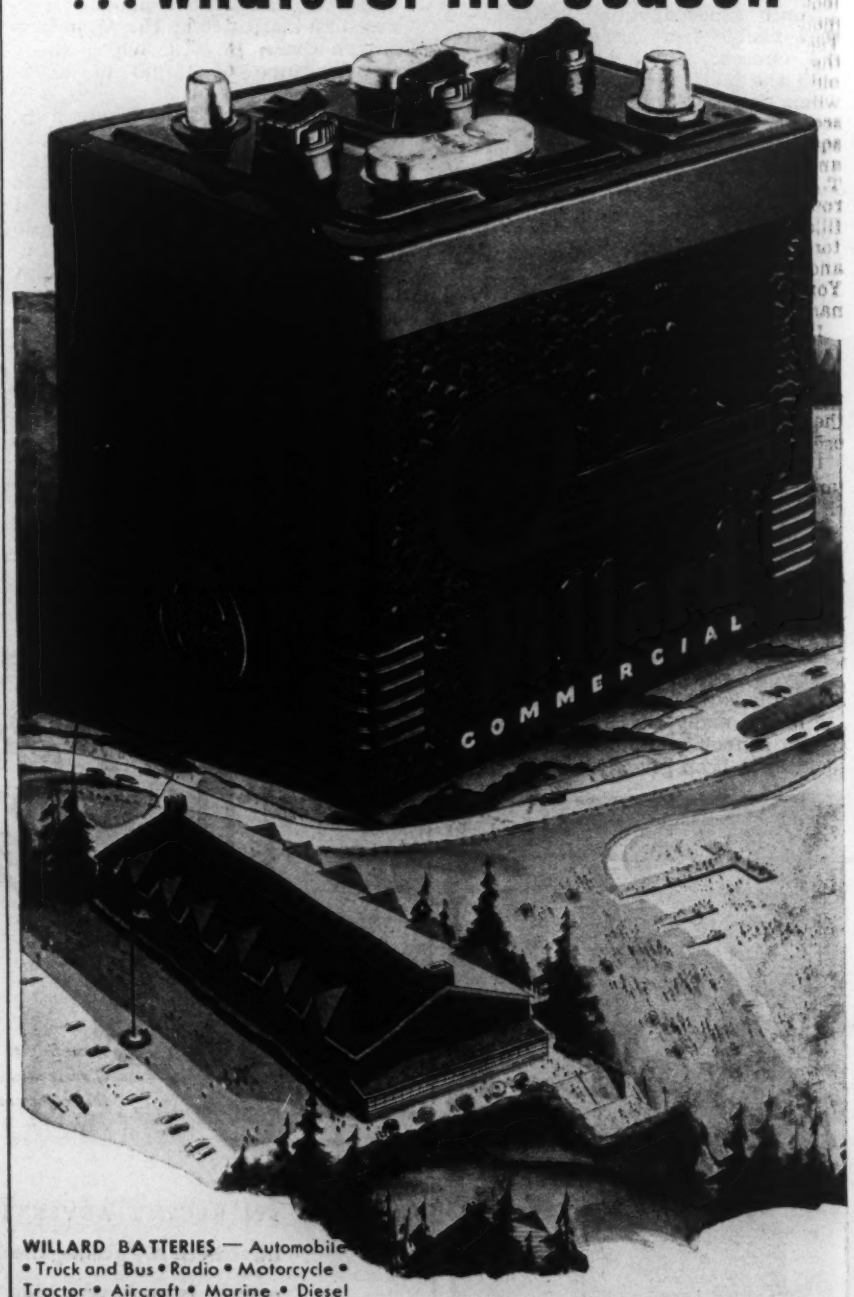

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the services of Robert Henderson, a competent stage director. He made acceptable offers to a number of stars and built adequate casts around them. He had a great deal of scenery made on the spot, in Toronto; other scenery he hired. And he kept the theatre "alight" during the summer, when most theatres find it extremely difficult to make ends meet. These locally financed and produced Toronto summer plays are to be differentiated from visiting winter productions, whose sponsors are financially responsible and who hire the theatre on a percentage basis. Yet the costs of summer production, as cited by Mr. Rawley, offer some clue to the size of the risks which theatrical impresarios must take. Here are some: for Tallulah Bankhead's "Private Lives", $10,000; for "The Desert Song", a musical $12,000 for the first week, $10,000 for the second; for "New Moon", $12,000, and, again, $10,000 for the second week; for José Ferrer's Shakespearean performance, "King Richard III," $9,000 for the first week, $6,000 for the second.

Edwardian Flavor

A third reason for the success of the Royal Alexandra is the policy of constant renovation (repainting and redecorating), which is based upon the theory that it is unwise to change the decorative motif. Original colors and designs are renewed, and the Royal Alexandra therefore retains its Edwardian flavor; just as the famous Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London, has remained the same these many generations, even though, in both cases, heating, lighting and other mechanical necessities have made constant modernization of equipment necessary.

So much for Toronto's leading theatre. But where else could the same story be told? Unfortunately, with the exception of London, Ont., in which the leading theatre is controlled by a powerful amateur theatrical group, the same incentive does not exist. The situation is unique in Canada. But those interested in the professional stage have high hopes for improvement, once the public appetite becomes whetted.

From the brief stands on the limited circuit already mentioned, it is hoped, there will spring a revivified professional theatre in Canada, catering to both stock and travelling companies, and fanning out westward as the movement grows.

Already such celebrated players as John Gielgud, the darling of London's West End, and Donald Wolfit, the "poor man's Hamlet", who stumped through England's shires throughout the war, blitz or no blitz, playing Shakespeare to community after community in the provinces, have been booked for the coming season—Gielgud to play "Love for Love" and Wilde's stylized comedy of manners, in which this actor excels, "The Importance of Being Earnest"; Wolfit in "King Lear", among other plays. Wolfit's "Lear" has been acclaimed as one of the greatest Shakespearean performances of this generation. Other plays are being selected, and companies booked.

Moving spirits behind the stage renaissance in Canada are Mr. Rawley of the Royal Alexandra and Brian Doherty, the Canadian playwright whose "Father Malachy's Miracle" scored notable New York and London successes. Mr. Doherty, who recently retired from the R.C.A.F., has undertaken to organize tours for leading British actors and companies, and later plans to enter the stage management field. It is owing to his efforts that Canada is to have the pleasure of seeing Gielgud and his company.

The accommodation problem remains, particularly as regards the prairies, where long, and at present prohibitively costly, hops are necessary; and the whole future of the professional theatre in Canada depends, evidently, upon the finding of some solution. One movement which is gaining popular support rapidly is for the establishment of community theatres as memorials for those who died in the recent war.

Cultural Centres

These theatres, it is argued, would serve a practical purpose, as well as being commemorative, and would be available for meetings, concerts, legitimate performances, amateur presentations, symphonies and the hundred other activities that enterprising towns and cities find necessary. The movement has the support of most amateur theatrical groups, which have kept the idea of stage drama before the public during the years of theatrical famine, and of many theatre managers. The latter realize that, while large theatres might lose the ballet, and perhaps opera, to such community halls, they would still be able to handle, when possible, legitimate drama on their own boards without hurting the community institution.

Such are the general prospects. One more point of particular interest should be mentioned. All Canada is looking toward Vancouver, where plans for a new legitimate theatre are reported to be under way. The reason is that if a travelling company could be able to count definitely upon a reasonably long run on the Pacific Coast, alternating (say for a fortnight, or longer) between Victoria and Vancouver, then it might be possible to make the long trans-continental trip and play prairie stops, such as Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary and Edmonton, Brandon and so on, wherever theatrical accommodation was available, en route. And Eastern and Central Canada would benefit also, since the inducements to English and American companies (though particularly the former) to play Canada would be greatly increased by the enlarged field and prolonged tours that would result. But a Pacific terminal theatre is an absolute pre-requisite.

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

New B.B.C. Show Has Intellectual Appeal but a Low Hooperating

By JOHN L. WATSON

IT is unlikely that many Canadians are vitally concerned with the program policies of the British Broadcasting Corporation except insofar as they affect the programs directed specifically to this country by transcription or short-wave. On the other hand, it is not outside the realm of possibility that the inauguration of the B.B.C.'s new "Third Program", representing as it does an entirely new concept of radio entertainment, may be of interest to some Canadians—especially those Canadians who read SATURDAY NIGHT.

For some years it has been apparent to the heads of the B.B.C. (as it has been to most Canadians who have made a habit of listening to British radio productions) that, in general, the programs offered by the Corporation's two networks—"The Home Service" and "The Light Program"—have had shockingly little to offer those of their listeners whose aesthetic appetites are not wholly satisfied by the fading voice of Richard Tauber or the adolescent banalities of Tommy Handley and his "Itma" crowd. Therefore, the B.B.C. has instituted a new network, called simply "The Third Program", dedicated quite frankly to the intellectuals, to the "alert and receptive listener...who is willing first of all to make an effort in selection and then to meet the performer halfway by giving his whole-hearted attention to what is being broadcast ... listeners who dislike being 'talked at', who demand 'performance' and nothing else, who find popular exposition often condescending and often irritating—highbrows is the name given them by their opponents."

It is refreshing to find someone who has the temerity to cater unashamedly to the highbrows in these days when the idea of an intellectual aristocracy is just about as great an anathema to the average man as the idea of a social or racial aristocracy.

The aim of the "Third Program" will be to provide, for six hours a day, the best in music, drama, criticism and the spoken word; and to present major works of art in their entirety, unhampered by the restraints occasioned by regular program schedules.

During the first week of broadcasting by the new network, listeners had an opportunity to hear, among other things, Bach's "Coffee Cantata" and the "Goldberg Variations", Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" and a new cantata by Michael Tippett; Milton's "Comus", Shaw's "Man and Superman" and "Huis Clos" by Jean-Paul Sartre—all of these *in their entirety!* —concerts conducted by Arthur Bliss, Zoltan Kodaly and Sir Adrian Boult, recitals by Schnabel and Szigeti and talks by Jan Smuts, G.D.H. Cole and Dean Inge.

Radio in Good Taste

Now, this may sound like pretty dreary fare to some people but it will come as an unmixed blessing to those men of good will (and good taste) for whom radio has heretofore been only a second best form of entertainment.

It would be very nice, indeed, if something of the sort could be done here in Canada. It would be a good thing for our musicians and poets and playwrights as well as for our more discriminating listeners. But no such thing is even remotely possible in the foreseeable future. Obviously, its "Hooperating" would be infinitesimal and, therefore, commercial radio wouldn't touch it with the proverbial ten-foot pole; nor could the C.B.C. conceivably finance such a venture out of public funds.

"What a howl there would be
Among the outraged bourgeoisie!"

Canada will, however, contribute to the "Third Program" and it is to be hoped that arrangements will be made to beam broadcasts to this country by short wave.

Canadians will soon have an opportunity of seeing some of the inner workings of their publicly owned broadcasting system at their local theatres. The National Film Board has just released a new documentary, entitled "Voice of Canada", in which Canadian radio gets a national pat-on-the-back from its sister industry. The film includes everything from a brief but highly reassuring glimpse of the Board of Governors in action to a shot of some energetic, but obviously unimpressed, young ladies sorting fan mail. It takes the audience backstage to watch the engineers at the controls; the panels, tubes and studios in operation; the transmitters and the policy-makers; the musical arrangers and the traffic controllers.

Weaknesses

In spite of its obvious sincerity, "Voice of Canada" is an extraordinarily bad film. Many of the scenes are too short to be easily comprehensible; bits of the narration have been lost on the cutting-room floor and too much of it is devoted to shots of studio broadcasts and too little to the actual behind-the-scenes operations. Nonetheless, it is an interesting film because it does paint some sort of picture, however inadequate, of that vast and complex organization which plays so large a part in our daily lives.

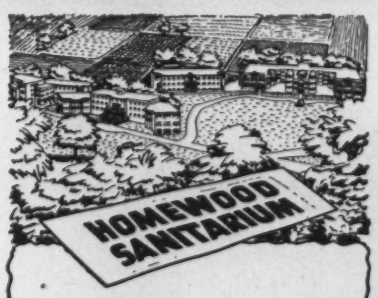
As listeners to station CBL are now painfully aware, the C.B.C. has begun operations from its new Frequency Modulation transmitter, VE9EV, atop the Bank of Commerce Building in Toronto. These palindromic call letters are as yet merely a voice crying in the wilderness, since no private citizen in Canada is known to be in possession of a Frequency Modulation receiver. An imported set was recently put on display in a local department store and gave promise of a new and better world to come. The day is presumably not far off when F.M. sets will be produced on a large scale.

When we discussed Frequency Modulation some months ago, we pointed out that one of its primary failings was its extraordinarily short range, a phenomenon caused by the fact that F.M. beams travel in straight lines and refuse to conform to the curvature of the earth. We ought to have mentioned that this very weakness can be turned to advantage. It means that powerful transmitters can be situated fairly close together, broadcasting different programs on the same wavelength without interfering with each other. This will mean that far more frequency channels will be available in any given locality than are available with our present system of amplitude modulation. Thus, F.M. will be a very great boon to the *local* station operator. It's an ill wind..."

As part of its tenth anniversary celebrations, the C.B.C. will present a series of talks on radio—what it has done, what it must do in the future—by a group of experts in various fields of broadcasting. Speakers will include Jack Gould, radio editor of the New York *Times*; Deems Taylor, composer and critic; Merrill Denison, Canadian playwright and author; A. W. Trueman, president of the University of Manitoba; Rev. Dr. J. S. Thompson, president of the University of Saskatchewan; Lyman Bryson of C.B.S.; A. L. Phelps of the C.B.C. International Service (whose stringent views on the function of broadcasting were so forcibly presented last Spring); Elmer Davis, newscaster and former O.W.I. head; and Charles Siepman, author of one of the few adult books on broadcasting, "Radio's Second Chance".

Tuesday, October 22, marked the opening of the 1946-47 series of programs by "Les Concerts Symphoniques de Montréal". The orchestra will be conducted by such notables as Wilfred Pelletier, George Enesco, Désiré Defauw, Igor Stravinsky, Charles Munch and Bruno Walter. Soloists will include Szigeti, Rubinstein, Grandjany, Serkin and Casadesus—Tuesdays at 9:00 p.m. EST.

Those unfortunate women whose husbands withdraw into a soundproof and impregnable shell every time a hockey game is broadcast will derive scant satisfaction from the announcement that all the Maple Leafs' home games will be aired over the C.B.C.—Trans-Canada. As usual, Maestro Foster Hewitt will report.



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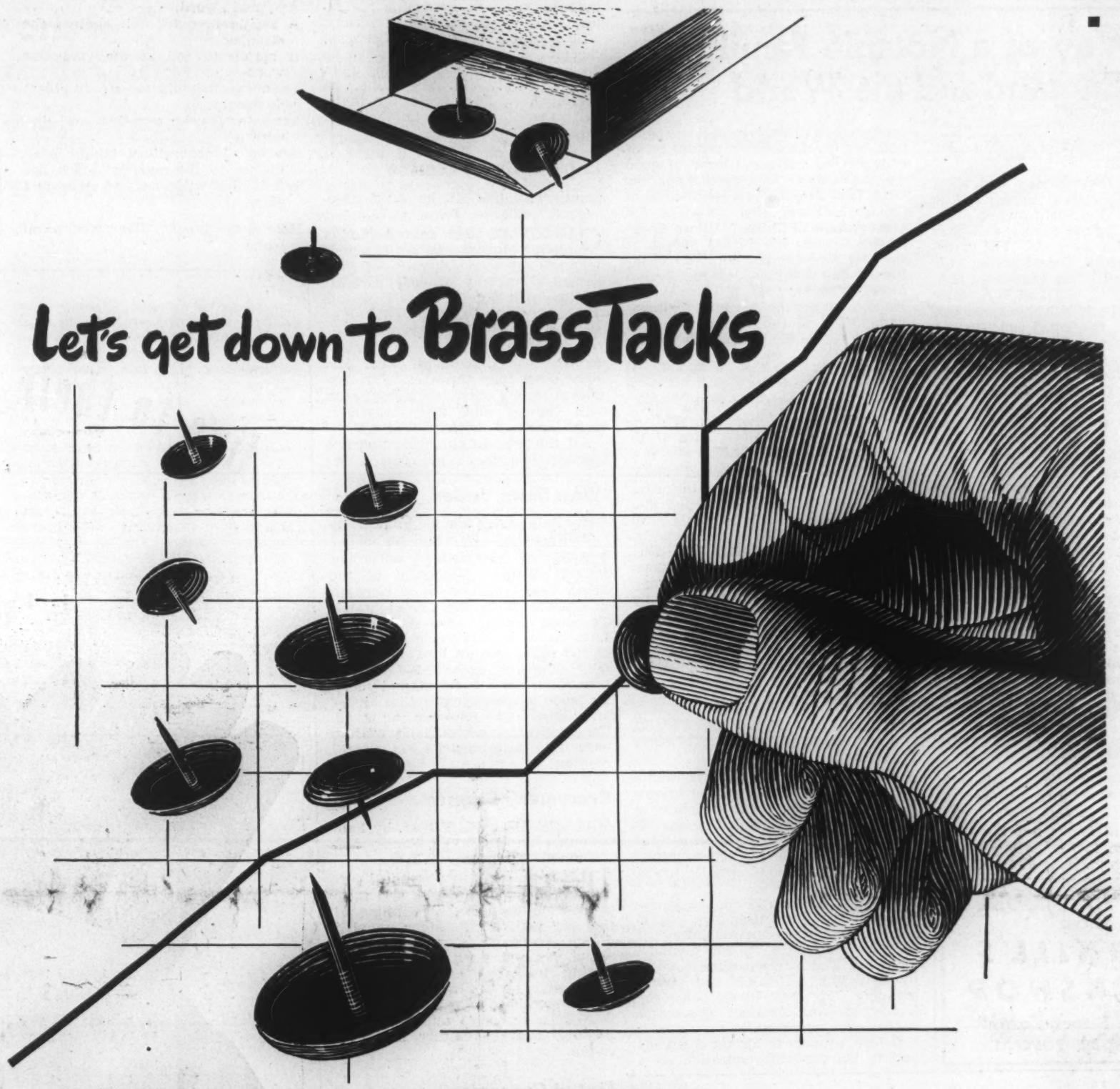

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

The Way of a Notable Family in New England and the World

THE LOWELLS AND THEIR SEVEN WORLDS, by Ferris Greenslet. (Allen, $4.50.)

VEXED by Ship Money and other grievous burdens "in good King Charles's day" Percival Lowle of Bristol, at 67, gathered family and gear and set sail for America. His great-grandson John, (new-spelling his name to Lowell) was graduated B.A. from Harvard in 1821 and M.A. three years later. In 1826 he was inducted as Minister of the Third Independent Parish of Boston. His son John was a famous judge and the progenitor of three notable family-lines; the Cabot-Jacksons, the Higginson-Amorys, and the Russell-Spences, all producing men of leading and character whose part in the making of New England and the modifying of the United States was exceptional. And time would fail me (See Hebrews) to tell of James Russell Lowell, and Amy Lowell, of Rev. Charles, and Augustus, of Francis Cabot, of Guy the astronomer, and of the prophets who through faith did exploits.

Fortunately time did not fail Ferris Greenslet. Here is the story of them all and more, written in an easy and alluring prose which of itself gives the book grace and distinction. Usually a family history is dull. But given a lively and original family and an accomplished historian, the result is outstanding.

•

Wild Creatures

ANIMAL TALES, An Anthology, Edited and Illustrated by Ivan T. Sanderson. (Ryerson, $5.50.)

HERE are thirty-one notable tales about animals from all parts of the world, each introduced by an informative and interesting introduction, for the Editor is a naturalist of eminence as well as a lover of good writing. Ernest Thompson Seton and Grey Owl are the representatives of Canada. Chiang Lee writes of the giant pandas of China, William Beebe of the strange life in the depths of the sea, Jean-Henri Fabre writes the life of the scorpion, Alden Stevens reports the way of a lion, W. H. Hudson ranges the Argentina pampas with profit. And so it goes. The book has more than 500 pages large octavo.

•

Losing The Soil

THE LAND RENEWED, The Story of Soil Conservation, by William R. Van Dersal and Edward H. Graham. (Oxford, $2.35.)

STARTING with a series of photographs showing some of the ways good arable land can be turned into useless desert, this book deals with preventive measures. Erosion can be stopped by proper drainage, by terracing, by cover-crops, by contour plowing. Dust storms in a dry belt may be conquered by strip-farming, by the planting of hedges of forest trees. The methods are clear. What is needed is an aroused public opinion to see that they are generally adopted.

•

Halcyon Days

MY BOYHOOD IN A PARSONAGE, by Thomas W. Lamont. (Musson, $3.00.)

LONG associated with the banking firm of J. P. Morgan and known as one of the most eminent financiers on this or any continent Thomas W. Lamont remembers with pride that his father was a Methodist minister, serving various small towns along the upper Hudson River. For both father and mother had the civilization that self-discipline engenders and a clear understanding of comparative values in the business of living. The children were warmed by unvarying affection and understanding. The best ideals ruled the household. And if money was scarce books were plentiful.

Before he went to Exeter Academy and to Harvard his education as a human being was not far from complete; at least if the psychologists are right. They say that a child's first seven years determine his future as a person tolerant of society.

So here is a series of recollections; cheerful pictures of a time when no mechanical gadgets had sprung up to distract family life. The scene was actually New York State, but it did not materially differ from the same period in Ontario.

•

English Short Stories

SELECTED TALES by A. E. Coppard. (Clarke, Irwin, $2.75.)

GARGOYLES peer from behind a flying buttress, lolling out their tongues at the dignity of the cathedral — and by very contrast making that dignity more imposing. The characters in Coppard's short stories all have a gargoyle quality, commoner than the common, more foolish than the foolish—and, possibly, wiser than the wise. For they take fortune's outrages calmly, even with humor, and their tragedies, large or small, with philosophy.

All the tales in this collection are worthy; four or five are remarkable.

•

'Way Down Under

NEW ZEALAND, Pacific Pioneer, by Philip Soljak. (Macmillans, $2.75.)

LACK of knowledge concerning this British democracy of the South Seas seems to be as constant in Canada as in the United States. To mend this unhappy state of affairs comes an admirable little book of 200 pages written by a son of the land who has travelled far as a newspaper correspondent and found his pride of country mounting higher and higher as he has seen the world. Canadian schools would do well to have it in their libraries for general reading.

•

Everyman's Science

SCIENCE AND FREEDOM, by Paul Conn, illustrated by Sandy McConnell. (Progress, $2.75.)

THIS is an easy, non-technical survey of new discoveries and their application towards the winning of the war and the hoped-for winning of the peace for Canada and the world. Every branch of Science affecting industrial and agricultural production is touched upon from synthetic rubber to television. There is even a section dealing—not profoundly—with psychiatry and education.

•

First of Cartoonists

YEARS OF WRATH, a Cartoon History, 1931-1945, by David Low, with Text by Quincy Howe. (Musson, $5.00.)

READERS of SATURDAY NIGHT need no instruction on the high merits of David Low. From week to week they see and must admire the biting irony of his cartoons and the skill of his caricaturing. Here is a collection of his drawings covering fourteen years of world unrest, together with explanatory text filling in political backgrounds. The book is a quarto of some 250 pages and at the end it contains a most useful chronology of the War.

•

Looking Back 200 Years

EXPLORATIONS; Essays in Criticism, by L. C. Knights. (Oxford, $3.25.)

MOST of these essays have appeared in English periodicals during the past ten years. The general theme is that a reader of Seventeenth Century literature, or that of any other period, will do well to let the text bring its own message to him, not allowing himself to be distracted by commentary.

•

Correction

THE RUSSELLS IN BLOOMSBURY by Gladys Scott Thomson. (Clarke, Irwin, $4.50.)

IN the review of this interesting chronicle of social history, which appeared in our issue of October 12, the name of the Canadian publishers was incorrectly given. This may repair the error.

ALLEY CAT

HERE is a whetted knife, a tempered sword;
A supple bow to arch against the stranger;
A spring to coil at the vindictive word—
These eyes contain the steady gleam of danger,
Yet we who pride ourselves on being wise
Beyond all generations, blindly pass,
Oblivious to the mystery which lies
Within this wilderness of stone and glass.

Here is the jungle. Even where you stand
The lion and the cobra take their prey
While love is smothered by a single strand
Of lust . . . . before the jackals have their way.
Thus, in the flattened ears, the jaguar-line,
Behold at once a warning and a sign!

R. H. GRENVILLE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.

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THE BOOKSHELF

The Red Cross Work in Ontario Through Two Wars and After

HISTORY OF THE ONTARIO RED CROSS, by E. H. A. Watson. (Ont. Div. Headquarters, 621 Jarvis St., Toronto, $1.25.)

ALL through the War of 1914-18 when the Canadian Red Cross Society came to full flower it was wholly national in organization. But in 1919 the Central Council recommended separate Provincial Societies. From that date the Ontario Society has had a most vigorous life. Its work in the field of public health and outpost nursing service has been phenomenal and the organizing of Junior Societies, which tend to create permanence of interest for years to come, showed results when the emergency of a new war was upon us. From 1939 to 1945 the Ontario Red Cross raised and spent well over thirty-three million dollars, besides the funds collected for normal peace-time activities.

Postwar needs multiply and general interest in the Society should not be allowed to flag. For that reason we urge the widest distribution of this book of about 100 pages. The public should know its debt to the men and women who by their labors at home and abroad have brought credit to the province and aid and comfort to thousands of individuals.

•

In No'th Carolina

SALVATION ON A STRING, by Paul Green. (Musson, $3.00.)

SOUTH and west of Raleigh, North Carolina, is a region of small farms, many held under rental. The people mostly are white, seven or eight generations from Scotch-Irish ancestry, cherishing the old ballads and making new ones as occasion serves; "short" on general education, but "long" on religious fervor of fundamentalist pattern. Naturally, by contrast, the sinners are exhibitionist in their ways, though not free from suppressed fears of hell-fire and witchcraft.

From time to time self-elected evangelists appear to stimulate quiet and worthy saints into hysteria and to scare the irreligious into short-term conversion. Naturally, some of these hell-shouters are crooks of the greasiest and most offensive kind, and their exploits lower true religion to the level of voodoo, shaming the honest members of the Little Bethel congregation and their regular minister.

At the same time they have a wildly comic effect on anyone who reads of them in the tales of Paul Green, the one Southern writer who does not exploit the white-negro situation. He writes of people. If they be black or white is of no consequence to him since he is looking past the skin into the recesses of the soul (which often are black and forbidding enough) and writing with affection and pity.

This book is a collection of short stories, which have all the qualities of his "In Abraham's Bosom." Some of them are tragic and deeply moving, but most of them blaze with comic indignation. One or two are singularly "improper" though by no means in the "modern" manner.

•

Danish Tale

MANDRAKE ROOT, a novel, by Janet Diebold. (Oxford, $3.00.)

A YOUNG American girl, is studying in Denmark, and comes under the influence of a retired diplomat, supposed to be an expert in constitutional law. His formal courtesy is the cover of a determination to marry her, although he is twice her age and a self-worshipper, almost to the edge of insanity. How she breaks away is the substance of the tale—which is marred by patches of dullness and a lack of clarity in characterization.

•

At a Girls' Camp

MYSTERY AT LAUGHING WATER by Dorothy Maywood Bird. (Macmillans, $3.25.)

A TALE for early-'teen-age girls of a North Michigan camp and the strange discovery of evidence touching the heroine's family. Romantically incredible but lively reading.

•

Antique Times

THE MERRY WIVES OF WESTMINSTER by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

IN many ways the England before 1914 seems as queer and distant as the Middle Ages. The way of the world was to be as stiff and tinkling as the tunes from a music box. The fires of the soul were damped down. People were offended at "unpleasantness" in fiction and unaffected by the scrofula of real life. The social set, the Parliamentary set, sitting on the edge of a volcano, merely remarked on the pleasant warmth of their position.

This is the world described with vivacity and charm by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. She had the entry into all high circles. She kept a diary, and more than that, she was a novelist of parts, and naturally observed people with the intensity of a hawk. So her sketches of all the political and literary sacred cows of her long life are vivid and alluring. Gossip of a half-century ago, pleasantly recalled by a social veteran, is by no means a bore, since it throws light on a time when all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

•

The Shining Past

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF GLASTON, by Eleanore M. Jewett, illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

A WELL-BUILT story of mediaevai England and the manuscripts of Glastonbury Abbey. The hero is a crippled boy befriended by the monks. The writing is admirable in taste and feeling and can be heartily recommended, for young people especially.

VERSE OF TODAY

Now Is The Season

NOW is the season
the nights are cold
and waxen Indian Pipes
rise, pale or pink,
from the moist leaf mould
in the wood,
where the scarlet toad-stools,
the yellow, the white,
color the floor of the forest,
garish as parasols gay
brightening the beaches
in summer.
This is the season
the crickets chirr,
when sings no bird
and far away
the sound of the woodsman's axe
is heard,
breaking the silence.
This is the season
the butternuts fall
when nights are chill
and a shawl of mist
covers the mere
in the morning.
Now is the season
the ditches and fields are daubed
a frosty blue
by the wild asters' brush
and sentinel maples in fear
burn their fiery beacons
on every hill
warning of winter's
invasion.

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

TEMPERAMENT

I WOULD walk in the streets of the city
With measured gait;
I would watch many children at leisure,
And contemplate
I would dream of deep peace in the twilight,
And waking, give
Of that dream to the eare-maddened millions
Shouting to live.
But I darken the day in a godless Despondency;
Or I burn on a pinnacle clutching At ecstasy.

ELFRIEDA ENNOCK

POET'S PATH

I KNOW you walked this grey and grudging street,
Saw all the calm of city and sprawling lake,
Knew the trim wood, the passive gardened earth:
How can they bear no traces of your going?

I, incredulous, find no trails transfigured,
Who would have suffered less astonishment
Had the cool arching elm, the docile apple
Over your path flung eager applauding boughs
Skyward, fir-straight! Or the tranced water wakened
To ardent tide-breath, drawn by your crescent power;
Or all this placid flat Ontario land
Peaked up fantastically in bright and sudden crests
Along your way, your brave and brilliant way!

Yet I have found these tokens of your passing,
As faces have turned to the sunlight of your name:
I have heard salt-tides in the voice, seen eyes lift
To some inner height; heard on a warm Pacific gale
Echoes of words you have written and spoken here.

ELIZABETH K. CAMPBELL

ROWAN TREE IN AUTUMN

O WIND, you thought
When you plundered the gold
From the slim russet limbs
Of the rowan tree,
That she would be less fair.
But ah, behold the gypsy queen
Silhouetted against a gray-green sky!
Clasped within her brown fingers,
Are luscious scarlet berries.
At her feet, white as a swan's throat—
A coverlet of snow.

ETHEL ERROLL BOYD

FOR THIS (RENTED) HOUSE

(with apologies to Louis Untermeyer)

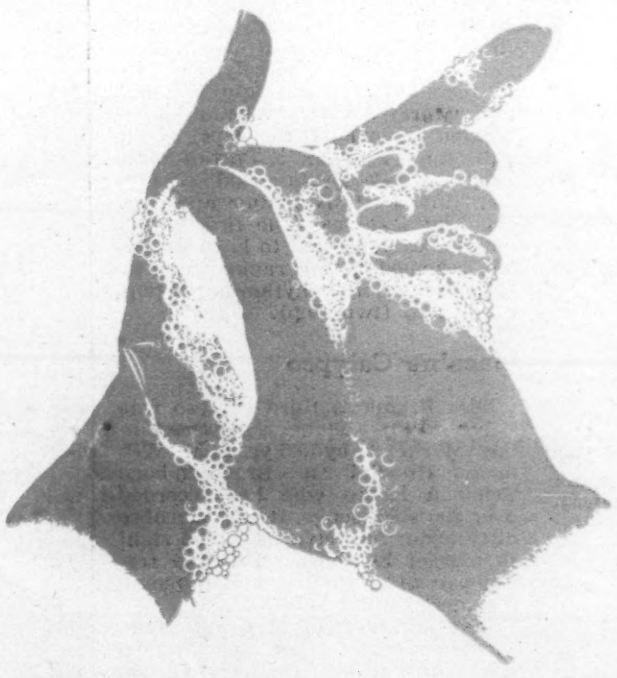
MAY nothing evil cross this door,
And may house-hunters never pry
About these rooms, to make us sore
Afraid they'll buy.

And if they should intrude, may we
Possess the wit such tales to spin
That they will leave more rapidly
Than they came in.

Give us the skill to lie about
The furnace, rafters, walls and roof,
That we from every housing-scout
May dwell aloof.

And may the landlord — he who makes
Us feel so safe and warm within—
Smile in forgiveness as he takes
It on the chin.

J. E. PARSONS



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Because the Star Weekly blankets this rich buying audience, successful advertisers of all types of products and services throughout the Dominion point with pride to thriving businesses built, to a great extent, upon Star Weekly advertising.

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MUSIC AND THEATRE

Blues, Ballads and Calypsos Are Auditorium Recital Material

By JOHN H. YOCOM

The little man felt ill at ease,
And said, "Some bread, sir, if you please."
The waiter's voice roared down the hall,
"You gets no bread with ONE MEAT BALL!"

SO RAN the lyrics of one of Josh White's songs last week at Eaton Auditorium, the first program in the Musical Arts series. The stocky, young Negro minstrel of the blues, work songs, ballads and Southern folk-songs was assisted by Josephine Premice, talented West Indian dancer and singer of calypso songs.

The popularity of "One Meat Ball" last year raised White to prominence in the U.S., and what he does to that 80-odd-years-old ballad, and others like it, is a good sample of how he performs generally.

But first, what about the song itself? The plaintive ballad of the Caspar Milquetoast with only 15 cents for a meal was well-known in Boston in the 1850's. George Martin Lane, a shy Latin professor at Harvard, tried to buy one fish ball in a restaurant, was embarrassed to tears when his order was yelled out by a surly waiter. Lane put his humiliation into a song which *Harper's Monthly* published in 1855. Harvard collegians, Boston Irish societies and Union soldiers made it popular*. Then it faded from attention, buried in the musical stacks of reference libraries. Last year White revived it, edited the lyrics and discarded the original bouncy music for a minor-keyed tune.

White similarly interpreted other old numbers: "Lass With the Delicate Air," an old English ballad; "The Riddle Song," a 300-year-old lullaby; "Ration Song," a traditional from Carl Sandburg's "American Song-Bag." More recent compositions sung also had ballad motifs: "Evil Hearted Men," a vivid account of getting fed up with a sepia mistress; "Water Cress," based on a legend that cress improves the vitality of anyone contemplating a love affair; "Strange Fruit," a gruesome tale of lynched and burned Negroes hanging like fruit from a tree.

White's *ad lib.* treatment of melody and strange distortion of tone and phrasing were employed in the old and new. His baritone voice leaned heavily on falsetto, often with dramatic intimacy whispering into the microphone. Another device for effect, deliberate flattening (or sharpening) a quarter or half tone commonly came at the end of a held phrase, always on the song's last note. However, anxious to put across story values, White watched his diction.

He expertly accompanied himself on the guitar; with neatly modulated harmonic introductions and breaks, his slender fingers worked rhythm accompaniment and counter melody in the same operation. For a ground bass rhythm effect he irritatingly tapped his foot on a stool.

Almost every number had a heavy coating of some sentiment or other which White peeled off: primitive *joie de vivre*, torrid love, tears, laughs, and moods suggesting bizarre Latin-American excitements.

With lithe black body and flashing eyes, Josephine Premice does the type of dancing made famous by such people as Katharine Dunham, in whose group she once performed. Monotonous yet unpredictable body contortions and contrasting energetic movements are done with snake-like mobility to drum accompaniment.

For many in the audience the calypso songs by Miss Premice, also to the drum, were a new experience. Popular in Haiti, Trinidad, certain U.S. night-clubs and on records, calypsos are handled gingerly by the radio networks because of general lustiness. In a vocal style sometimes harsh in quality but with a simplicity and on-key intonation in noticeable contrast to White's singing, she did three calypsos. Two of them, "Marry an Ugly Woman" and "Marry a Pretty Woman," were written by one of the tops in the cult, Rupert Grant, a Port-of-Spain Negro whose professional title is Lord Invader.** His "Rum and Coca Cola" of last year, the first widely popular calypso, had to have its lyrics scrubbed-up for radio presentation. Traditional rhythm is the popular *pasco* (two step).

Macabre Calypso

Miss Premice's third calypso was a recent hit—"Stone Cold Dead in the Market," by 45-year-old Wilmoth Houdini, a Brooklyn-born Trinidad Negro who has recorded over 800 such songs. It is a macabre ditty about an outraged wife's right to murder her husband with a frying pan after finding him pursuing a comely vendor of spices.

Like minstrels of long ago, Trinidad composers toss off musical comments on local topical gossip or world affairs. Port-of-Spain's calypso carnival on the two days before Ash Wednesday is now a major tourist attraction.

Calypso singers particularly and the new vogue ballad singers generally made early contact with their New York sycophants in the smoky night-club of Manhattan's Café Society Downtown. Owner Barney Josephson, an impresario in his own way, has introduced such people as "git-tar" strumming ballad singer Burl Ives, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and White.

Several times White has recorded his music for the Library of Congress. He was a frequent guest performer at the White House and last week sang a favorite of the late F.D.R. — "To My Comrade," a nice enough song but not helped much by blues treatment.

If all the Pops in the Toronto Symphony Orchestra's series are as entertaining as last week's, there will be few kicks. Sir Ernest MacMillan conducted. From the first number, Dvorak's "Carnival Overture," with the brilliant and spirited opening theme, to the popular "Orpheus in the Underworld" by Offenbach, the orchestra handled itself, excepting three or four instances, so ably that one might have thought this was the season's last concert instead of the first. There were two orchestral highlights, totally unlike each other yet both revealing comprehension in direction and execution: Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and a symphonic collection of ten nostalgic Jerome Kern tunes, done by ultra-imaginative arranger Robert Russell Bennett. A trifle languid in spots was the playing of the lovely Bach-Walton Prelude, "Sheep May Safely Graze"; mainly color and noise were in Guarnieri's Brazilian "Savage Dance."

Guest-soprano Helen Jepson, one of the ten best dressed women in 1945, looked like a 1946 eligible too. In her first group she sang the expected arias (Massenet's "Adieu" and "Gavotte" from "Manon") with an all-round tonal richness and impressive presentation; in the second, Liszt's "Oh, quand je dors" and Lehar's "Merry Widow Waltz," the latter with more artistry than we usually hear.

On October 28 Toronto music lovers will have to choose between (1) virtuoso-violinist Yehudi Menuhin at Massey Hall, (2) brilliant young pianist Phyllis Knight at Eaton Auditorium, (3) Dr. Edward Johnson's address at the Toronto Conservatory of Music presentation of diplomas at Convocation Hall, and (4) the Prom Ball at the Royal York.

The limitations of such an art are narrow. It cannot attempt the suggestion of personal tragedy. Its dramatis personae are masks, not individuals. The audience does not feel with them, it merely reacts to certain general ideas which they represent. Usually those ideas are satirical, but they may be purely comic, as in "The Seven Heroes" and "Sailor's Fancy,"

of "The Green Table," where the satire depends wholly on the suggestion that the diplomats are merely puppets going through a rehearsal routine.

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"Green Table" Is Still Devastating

By LUCY VAN GOGH

THE characteristic quality of the Jooss Ballet is its resemblance to a collection of mechanical toys all operated by the same machinery, and consequently synchronized to perfection. The performers seem to be all wired together. They are more like the figures that come out at the hour on a mediaeval clock. Their art (one must speak of a ballet as "they," but one should really say "it" in this case) reaches its apex in the opening scene

Worth his weight in gold! The province of Ontario, profits to almost the same extent from tourist business as it does from the gold mining industry. It is up to each of us to see that it goes on growing.

This diagram, shows how everyone benefits from the Ontario tourist income. Every dollar is shared in this way . . . 1. Hotels; 2. Stores; 3. Restaurants; 4. Taxes, etc.; 5. Amusements; 6. Garages.

Let's make them want to come back!"

Labatt's

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*An Italian translation of it was an aria in an opera coauthored by James Russell Lowell.

**Other calypsonian titles: Lord Executioner, Lord Beginner, Senior Inventor, King Radio, Attila the Hun.

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WHAT CAN I DO?
The answer is *plenty!* Here are some of the things anyone can do. The suggestions come from a well-known Ontario hotelman:
1. Know the places of interest and beauty spots in your district and tell people about them.
2. When you write your friends in the States tell them about the places they would enjoy visiting.
3. Try to make any visitor glad he came.
4. Take time to give requested information fully and graciously.
5. In business dealings, remember Canada's reputation for courtesy and fairness depends on you.
6. To sum it all up, follow the "Golden Rule."
IT'S EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS . . . it's good business!
It works both ways! They treat us royally when we visit them . . . we can't do less than return the compliment. Remember that it costs money to take a holiday . . . so let's see they get a good return for every penny they spend.
TUNE IN "ONTARIO HOLIDAY"
CFRB, 10:30 p.m.; Thurs.; Fri.; Sat.

or gently parodic and nostalgic as in "Old Vienna," or mildly sentimental as in "The Big City"—which to this reviewer appeared decidedly thin as to content.

But within those limitations the art is extremely powerful. Few things more devastating than "The Green Table" have ever been seen on the stage, and to sit through it during the week of the opening of the United Nations Assembly of 1946, Bikini Year, is enough to send shivers down the spine. It obviously offers a minimum of opportunity for solo work, the whole effect depending on ensemble, and the only part which stands out at all is that of Death in "The Green Table," taken sometimes by Kurt Jooss himself and sometimes by Rolf Alexander.

The genius of the thing is in the choreography, which is completely original and owes hardly anything to the old ballet tradition. Even the "Ball in Old Vienna" is much more of a parody on the old movements (just as the Shostakovitch "Polka" is a parody of the old music) than a continuation of them. It is tremendously stylized very angular, and sharply accented, and needs music written to fit; the original compositions of F. A. Cohen are perfect, but the Cohenized Purcell of "The Seven Heroes" is less in character and becomes monotonous.

It is significant of the achievement and also of the limitations of the Jooss method, that its most effective scenes are those in which the interaction of the dancers is most close and their individual freedom the slightest — the great opening and closing scenes of the diplomats, the street crowds in "The Big City" and the rebelling husbands in "The Seven Heroes." The art has not developed in the years since this company was here at Massey Hall, but it shows to more advantage at the Royal Alex.

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THE FILM PARADE

Though Not at His Best, Disney Is Better Than Anyone Else

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THERE is a Frank Stockton tale about an author who wrote a short story so sensational that everything he afterwards submitted to an editor was discredited simply because it didn't compare with his masterpiece. In the end the unfortunate writer had to adopt a pseudonym and start his career all over again.

There are signs that Walt Disney is suffering from the same sort of prestige-trouble. Disney pictures are rarely praised for being better than the work of other Hollywood screen cartoonists; but they are quite frequently criticized for not being as good as Disney. "We expected something better of Disney" is the usual stern critical comment, even when Disney is clearly doing his best, which is miles ahead of his nearest screen competitor.

There is a great deal that is lively and charming in the latest Disney film "Make Mine Music"; and it seems quite possible that if Disney had produced it under any other name than his own he might have been highly praised as at least the equal of Disney. Instead he has been pretty generally rebuked for not coming up to the Disney standards. Maybe Disney did himself more harm than good in thinking up Mickey Mouse and those three little pigs in the first place.

A mixed musical program, consisting of ten numbers, "Make Mine Music" is a popular and simplified Fantasia, with none of the pretentiousness and overreaching that marred large sections of the original Fantasia. The best numbers are an animated arrangement of Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf," a lively and imaginative animation of the musical instruments in Benny Goodman's orchestra, "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet," the romance of a couple of hats, sung, with surprising moderation, by the Andrews Sisters, and the grand finale, "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met." The latter has Nelson Eddy (off-screen) singing grand opera in three or four registers simultaneously, and is an astonishing piece of technical ingenuity as well as quite a vocal tour de force on Mr. Eddy's part. Altogether "Make Mine Music" is worth seeing; for even if it isn't first grade Disney, even second-grade Disney is better than the work of any of his rival animators.

Along Comes Jane

There is probably nothing in "Holiday in Mexico" that you haven't seen before, except Miss Jane Powell, a new starlet with a considerable soprano and big blue eyes as round as saucers. She plays here the daughter of the American Ambassador to Mexico (Walter Pidgeon), who is in love with a Hungarian singer (Ilona Massey) under contract to Xavier Cugat (Xavier Cugat.) Pianist José Iturbi is also involved, as Pianist José Iturbi. Miss Powell sings, Miss Massey sings, even Mr. Pidgeon sings, and when they quiet down Xavier Cugat comes to the rescue with a rhumba or Mr. Iturbi fills in at the piano; so that there is always plenty of talent around to avert any threat of silence on the sound-track. Most of the screen space however is devoted to Jane Powell, and to her romance with Roddy MacDowell, who wanders about looking oddly mournful and celtic in the midst of so much high spirits. Everyone else, however, is filled with energy and amiability, so I can't explain how it was that with so many gifted people working so tirelessly to be entertaining, I should presently have found myself drifting outdoors. There was no particular reason for leaving, but there didn't seem to be any particular reason for staying either.

A Case of Paternity

"Rendezvous With Annie" is an unpretentious but often quite funny comedy about a homesick American air force corporal who hitch-hikes by plane to New Jersey to visit his wife and is back in England in three days, without either the authorities or his fellow townspeople being any the wiser. When he returns to America nine months later he discovers that he is the father of a son and his pride and joy in this event are naturally a cause for considerable bewilderment among his fellow citizens.—"You're not as bright as you look and you never looked very bright," one of them remarks sourly. The rest of the picture deals with the hero's efforts to clear his paternity and since Eddie Albert is the corporal involved the foolery is disarmingly managed. There's an air of cheerful nonsense about "Rendezvous with Annie" that makes it acceptable if not exactly credible.

SWIFT REVIEW

HENRY V. Laurence Olivier's beautiful and imaginative production of the Shakespearean historical drama.

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU. As a concert performance by Artur Rubinstein (who dubbed in the piano parts) this picture is fine; but as a study of another frustrated lady pianist it is pretty foolish. With Philip Dorn, Catherine McLeod.

SMOKY. Screen version of the Will James novel, starring Fred MacMurray and the handsomest horse you ever laid eyes on.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA. Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh in Gabriel Pascal's version of the Shaw play. The Shaw dialogue has been retained and comes through effectively in spite of competition from a million dollar's worth of fancy Egyptology.

Platina-Dyed Fox

. frosts a wonderful winter suit of smoky blue wool. The boxy swirl of coat, the belling fullness of sleeves, point up the sleek, slim lines of the skirt.

ST. REGIS ROOM, THIRD FLOOR

Simpson's

WORLD OF WOMEN

There's Another Florida Behind Gold Coast's Gilded Facade

By ANN C. B. MILLAR

ALREADY visitors are arriving in Florida by airplane, bus and train. Other sturdy folk are taking a chance on the eight-year-old car and are driving south. These form the vanguard of the vast army who yearly come to the state seeking pleasure or looking for warmth, sunshine and health.

Perhaps these early arrivals are the wise ones, for autumn is one of the loveliest seasons of the year in Florida. Outside my window the hibiscus is in bloom, with its coral chalices lifted open to the sun. But if a heavy rain should come and fill their fragile cups, the life will go out of them and they will hang limp and crumpled like an airman's discarded parachute. Outstretching them toward the sky are the poinsettias which in another few weeks will be flaunting their crimson stars and signalling the arrival of Christmas. The magnolia trees, clean and gleaming, are awaiting the return of the birds. Already some have arrived and there is a mighty twittering and singing in the trees as these excited returnees from the north get together to swap yarns and to relate experiences. Early this morning a jay and a crow fought over priority in housing accommodation in a nearby palm tree.

Down here, autumn is not the end but the beginning of growth in nature. Only a few trees shed their leaves and settle down to rest for the winter. Most of them change to new garments merely by pushing off old shrivelled leaves one by one as new ones are ready to take their places. Florida women are now starting their autumn gardens. Those who pride themselves on having a "green thumb" love the earth and all it produces and they spend long hours working in their little gardens. Florida is still a "Land of Flowers" as Ponce de Leon called it when first he saw it some four hundred and twenty-five years ago.

To most northerners, Florida is a luxury spot, a land of endless vacation. Few stop to consider that there are two Floridas, separated by a gold curtain. In front of this curtain is the Florida of fabulous orange groves, long white beaches, ocean sunsets, horse-races and millionaires at play. Behind this glittering barricade live the year-round inhabitants of the peninsula state. Draw a line from St. Augustine on the east coast across the state to the Gulf of Mexico to a point a few miles south of Tampa. Before 1880 only a few scattered settlers lived south of this line. Today it is the Florida which every tourist knows, the playground of the continent.

Quebec And Florida

North of this line is the oldest settled part of the United States. Nearly a hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, Florida was explored and the oldest city in the United States was founded. Florida's St. Augustine and Canada's Quebec have much in common. These two places saw the earliest settlements of white men in America. The atmosphere of ancient Latin civilization still lingers in the old fortress, the churches and convents of St. Augustine, as it does in the stone monastries, the forts and the churches of Quebec.

Several novelists have lifted a corner of the curtain to give glimpses of Florida's inhabitants. But the folk of "South Moon Under," "Cross Creek" and "Colcorton" are no more representative of the majority of the two-and-a-half million Floridians than the people of "Maria Chapdelaine" are of the rank and file of Canadian citizens. Little has been written about the fine folk who live in the little bungalows and those who dwell in the stately homes of Florida which dot the countryside and which bear little likeness to the marble, glass and frescoed mansions of Miami and Palm Beach.

Today in the forests of northern Florida are centred vast pulp and lumber industries. Here are large turpentine developments. Driving along the highways, everywhere you see pine trees, tapped and with little buckets hanging to their sides, just as in the Canadian woods in early spring you see the maple trees tapped for sap which becomes maple syrup. In northern Florida, tobacco is grown and during the last weeks of August and early ones of September, fine crops of the golden leaf are brought in and the loud cry of the tobacco auctioneer is heard over the noise of the market place.

In this northern section of the state you find an intense loyalty to old southern traditions. So southern are we here in the land of the "Suwannee River" (did you know that that famous river is in Florida?) that the state sets aside as holidays the birthdays of those southern heroes of the Civil War, Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis. We still follow the southern tradition and Florida's young ladies attend "The Florida State College for Women" at Tallahassee and the men go to "The University of Florida" at Gainesville. There lingers, too, the idea that it is not quite proper for a woman to be out at night without an escort.

Having hailed from Canada, I am not hampered by any such ideas, and one night I had been visiting a friend at the hospital and was leaving at nine o'clock. Waiting at the entrance I found a robust lady of sixty-odd. "May I walk with you as far as the bus?" she asked. "My husband is sick in the hospital and I have no one to come for me." So, although she towered above me, I duly protected her and put her on the bus.

An Old Southern Custom

All southerners are great sticklers for family distinctions and the local library sets aside a special room for genealogical collections. And, of course, we are so southern down here that the thirty-three per cent of our population which are colored must obey Jim Crow laws. Colored folk must take special seats in buses and trains. They have their own schools, hospitals, churches, movies and libraries. They must observe notices over drinking fountains which read "Colored" and "White."

The women of Florida are fine cooks and of course follow southern taste. Here you get fried chicken and fish fried in deep fat. Rice is served as a vegetable. You get sweet potato pie, which is not unlike Canadian pumpkin pie. You are served with vegetables cooked with fat. You eat hot breads and rolls, as light as a feather and which melt in your mouth. You may have coffee and doughnuts and grits for breakfast. And of course there is fresh sea food. It is a common sight to see husband and wife coming home from an afternoon of crabbing with a big bucket of crabs. These crabs are put alive into boiling water and boiled for fifteen minutes. Then the meat is picked out and turned into devilled crab, crab salad or any one of many other delicacies. Shrimping is another favorite sport and the catch makes wonderful eating.

In politics, Florida is classed with the solid south wing of the Democratic party. Since reconstruction days after the Civil War, only once has Florida voted Republican. The south is a stronghold of religion. Sunday after Sunday, all over the state you will find that churches are filled to overflowing. Most of the people are Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians or Catholics. Here, there are few of the cults and new religions which abound in California.

Most southerners are intensely pro-British. They have also a great interest in Canada and an admiration for Canadians. "Canadians are so law-abiding," they exclaim. Or they remark enviously, "Look how well Canada has managed her price control." Canadians who come to Florida and who become acquainted with the real Floridian can be assured of a warm welcome.

• •

CREPUSCULE

MIST came down from the evening sky
And settled over our rooftop with a soft greyness.
Arc lights swam like blue flowers in the blurred night.
There was a quietness . . . a peace,
A sort of hushed tenderness
That crept under doorways
And into people's faces.

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Why I Can't Bear Those Awfully Gay Carefree Cocktail Parties

By CAY MOORE

THE person or persons who invented cocktail parties must certainly have also patented the hotfoot, chain letters, and that cunning form of telephone salutation known as "Guess who this is". Most people dislike cocktail parties. Yet a great many people continue to give them, and a greater number still continue to go to them. Why?

A cocktail party is a gathering where too many people stand around too few chairs with a glass in their hands and "hello" — dry or sweet — on their lips. When the phone rings and you're tendered an invitation to one of those snares and delusions described as "having some people in for cocktails", it wouldn't occur to you to say "No". It wouldn't occur to you to plead a sick headache or a date with the dentist.

That's too much like crude masculine logic—"I hate cocktail parties so I won't go to them." I mean, it's not womanly to figure that way. Besides you might miss something if you turned down an invitation. You might miss winning the Irish sweepstakes, or finding Your Own True Love.

Conversational Level

Conversation at cocktail parties is like the child's parlor game in which you push a peanut across the floor with your nose. The first guest says brightly "Glug, glug", and the second guest pushes that remark back and adds "Yes, isn't it?" and so it goes. Don't try to get your teeth into a real conversation because no one will listen to you. It's just "Hello, I haven't seen you for ages!" "You look wonderful." "I love your new hat." "So nice to see you!" "We have to meet again . . ."

You chat and chat until your teeth fall in and your muscles sag. And when your eyes go glassy, you look across the room and wonder what that group over there is talking about. They look as though they are having fun. The group across the room always seem to be having a dandy romp. Why don't you just walk over and barge in? Anything to get away from the tadpole your hostess has wished on you. Of course, they'd love to have you. They have never seen you before and they don't care if they never see you again, but after three drinks, why can't all you nice people be friends?

Oh, that makes you sore too. You resent the premise all cocktail parties are based on — that if guests rush into a room and drink three drinks fast enough, they'll all be crazy about each other. You'll even be loopy with joy to talk to that tadpole the hostess must have borrowed from the zoo on the theory that anything wearing pants is an Eligible Bachelor. After all, you and the tadpole are both drinking rum, so that's something in common.

Try A Canape

Remember, you are invited to have a gay, carefree time, and so you'd better be gay if it kills you. Oh, it is killing you? Find a chair and sit down, and try to see through the smoke. But of course — there are no chairs. All elbows and no chairs. You're expected to stand till you drop, like a marathon dancer.

Oh, lookee. Here comes a kindly soul nudging through with a fresh tray of hors d'oeuvres. Take one, do. After you've eaten the canapes, try to forget that you want your dinner, and that if you don't soon get it, you'll have a headache. But on account of this is a cocktail party, you can't do anything so simple as saying goodbye to your hostess and clearing out early. Why no, my dear, don't be quaint. Get that gleam in your eye and look over the male guests to see who would be a likely prospect to buy the dinner.

Pick that attractive officer, who admired your hat. He seems to be on the loose. Pick him and you'll be sorry. Two minutes later a bristling blond will come charging across the room, give you the good old glare, and you'll discover that she is just his wife. How were you to know he's married? Just another of the minor pitfalls of *big* cocktail parties—nobody knows who goes with whom.

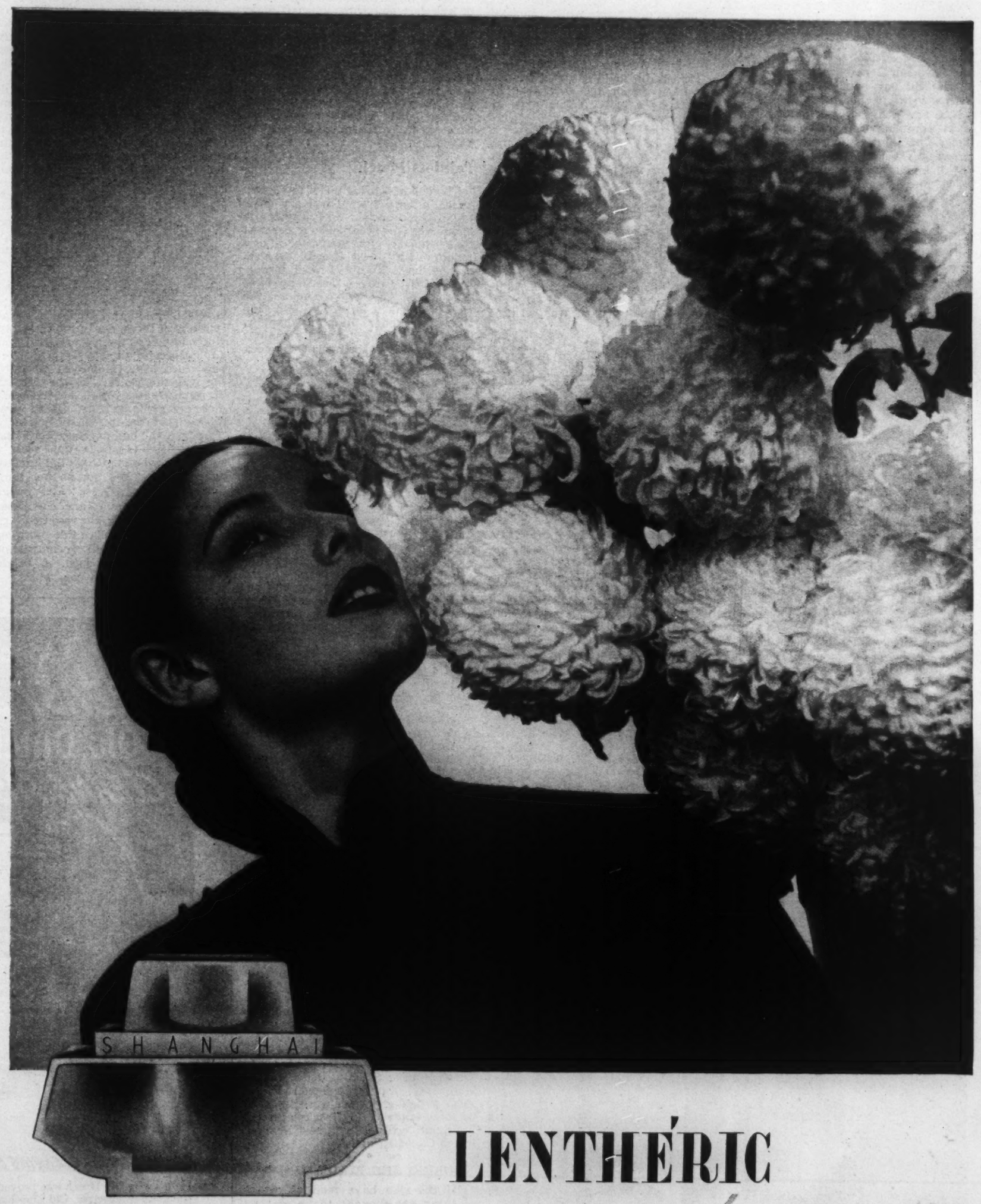
Well, where's your adventurous spirit? Just say you are too hungry to care. Then edge toward the door, but don't let your hostess know your plans, as she will bring up that tadpole again. Leave her smiling—tell her it's been too marvellous. She has troubles enough of her own. Soon she will be left alone with nervous exhaustion and cigarette butts.

Soon I will be breathing clear fresh air again and muttering "never, never again"—but don't ask me to put it in writing.

THE VETERAN SPEAKS

THIS tough old cloth I now discard, to wear
No more. Pray God I may not live to see
A third world war, nor may my grandsons share
The perils which my two sons shared with me—
Perils that got the best of both of them.
Both copped the bullets I in my time missed.
The branches gone, still stands the gnarled old stem.
The lonesomeness is cruel to resist.
The army life, of all life, is the best.
Of money, food and clothing there's no lack
For men who will to fight and then go west.
The catch is for the fellow who comes back.
So now I put my uniform away.
"Old soldiers never die" still "goes" today.

J. O. PLUMMER



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Royal Winter Fair; Bijouterie: A Red Feather; Way of Decoration

By BERNICE COFFEY

IT IS pleasant and rather reassuring to find ourselves welcoming the return of many of the big annual events of pre-war days. This fall the Royal Winter Fair again resumes operations in Toronto from November 12 to 20. It will be formally opened by the Hon. Ray Atherton, United States Ambassador to Canada, and the Governor General and Lady Alexander will pay both formal and informal visits to the Fair.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Knutsford, the most prominent of English horse show judges of hunters today, will soon arrive in Canada to be judge of Hunter Classes at the Royal. In addition to judging at leading Horse Shows of the south and west of England, he has a uniquely interesting association with the sport of fox-hunting for the past forty years, and is regarded as one of the most charming raconteurs.

In the International Army Officers' Competition, teams are coming from Mexico, Peru, France and the United States, to compete for the International Cup.

Told In Pageant

Facts and figures, while effective enough in themselves, are apt to lack color and drama. As a convincing answer to the question "Why give," the United Welfare Chest Campaign, its symbol the Red Feather, has been bulwarked during the past week in Toronto by a most unusual type of stage presentation.

"Banners in the Field" is a pageant of unusual beauty and effective presentation, which calls forth from the past diverse figures such as Queen Elizabeth, Charles Dickens, Pericles, Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, to depict the efforts made through the ages to help humanity to progress. The beautifully mounted episodes were portrayed by means of a revolving stage. The pageant, presented at Eaton's College-Street store and produced by members of the T. Eaton Company staff, was written by Patricia Card.

Fabulous Looking

Today it isn't necessary to be the Duchess of Windsor to have a jewel box brimming over with splendid gewgaws. To be sure, instead of diamonds there'll be rhinestones for glitter, and any self-respecting oyster would shrink back into his shell in a state of sulky frustration after an astonished gasp at the size of some of the "pearls," but whether it is dramatically over-sized, or small and dainty, much of today's finest costume jewellery is artfully and beautifully contrived. There is the further consolation that while it isn't cheap, it isn't likely to tempt some daring fellow to shinny up an outside drainpipe and make off with it. Ingenuity and fashion-sense are the only limitations on the many ways in which it can be used to heighten the effectiveness of almost any costume.

Not long ago we saw a fashion show featuring Coro jewellery and Criterion belts, scarves and gloves—all the accessories with which to ring the changes. For instance, belt and beltlets (wrist straps) of wine snakeskin matched a scarf tucked in the neck of a grey wool dress. . . . Safety pins come out of the nursery and, studded with fake jewels, are worn in a trio of graduated sizes on a suit jacket.

Examples of good teamwork—grey dress, silver jewellery, blue gloves and wide blue belt . . . . pair of snowflake rhinestone clips, one fastened on each of the lapels of a black dress suit . . . . topaz, about which the Coro people are making a great to-do this fall, in clips fastened to the push-up sleeves of a black dress . . . . Victorian cameo-set chatelaine to outline the base of a U-shaped neckline, or swung watch-chain fashion across the waist. . . . . silver "moon-and-lamp-post" chatelaine, on a green suit. A hand-painted tissue square scarf was tucked into the neck of the jacket and one corner brought over the lapel. There it was fastened with the half-moon from which a chain swings over to the other side to a tiny lamp-post with a ruby "light."

Thirty-inch strands of pearls, beads, jet, have a new look, and you'll need an armload of chains dangling with discs, plaques, coins, mixed with wide cuffs and thin bangles, to cover the bare expanse of arm between glove and elbow.

Painless Match

The end of tearing about town, material in hand, trying to find a chair to go with drapes or floor covering to blend with the wallpaper, is forecast by Wishmaker—the name for a new foolproof way to keep home furnishings in tune. Result of research during the past two years on the part of a group of American designers, the new Wishmaker, introduced into Canada by the Robert Simpson Company, is an open stock home furnishings scheme, much the same as open stock sterling or china. If your bank account can stand it, you buy enough Wishmaker to do a whole room. When it can't, you buy one piece today, go back later for another.

Colors of all pieces in each particular style, and there are three, are in perfect harmony, one with the other. Furniture lines are scaled to keep the design of original models, still of size appropriate for the smaller home. Yet because of style and pattern variety, two homes furnished with Wishmaker could scarcely look as alike as could their respective owners.

Styles from which to choose are Traditional, Contemporary Modern and Colonial Maple, the latter not obtainable here until next year. They are carried through in the furniture, fabrics, floor covering, lamps, pictures and wallpaper.

Colors, dramatic and Chinese sounding, are mist mauve, Chinese lime, Sung green, celestial blue, bamboo beige and light cherry. Traditional colors are laurel green, wedgwood blue, charcoal grey, gull grey, empire gold, chartreuse and DuBarry Rose.

Furniture of the modern style is sleek-appearing, in limed oak, natural walnut inlays. The Chinese influence can be seen in ebonized bases and pagoda-shaped pulls. The traditional ensemble, on the other hand, is in mahogany, decidedly high styled, and designed from original pieces made by American cabinet makers of the early 19th century. Small desks and drum top tables have tops of hand-tooled leather.

Fabrics of the modern kind have a tropical look. Woven fabrics to go with traditional pieces include rich damasks, matelasses and antique satin. Wallpapers, Wishmaker style, begin a new trend by blending with furnishings in most amazing manner. Traditional floor covering is wool broadloom. If your taste is modern, it is thick-piled wool.

Talented Canadians have come forward and the designs for lamps, pictures and small accessories that add the distinctive finishing touch to the Wishmaker display. Twisted rope and sedge grass lamp bases were designed by Paul Johns . . . . attractive matching prints created by Albert Franck, Dutch-Canadian artist.

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THINKING AND READING

THOSE who have read of everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what is read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections. Unless we chew them over again they will not give us strength and nourishment.

—John Locke.

Still Another Remembrance Day for Miss Gallie, Career Woman

By MARJORIE WILKINS CAMPBELL

MISS Gallie looked down from her office window. Though it was 10:50 in the morning Eaton's and Simpson's had not yet opened. Several offices obviously were remaining closed for the Remembrance Day service. In front of the City Hall detachments of troops formed an open square about the cenotaph, leaving only two gateways through which bandsmen were marching slowly, Highlanders on one side, air force and a naval band on the other. The crowds surged forward until, had it not been for the troops, they would have snuffed out the point of flame which was the center of their surging.

Any moment the sky promised to fall from its foundation atop the tallest buildings, completing the threat to blot out visibility and sound and reality. It was November at its dreariest. The world was numb. Could even the cold, cutting notes of the bugle shock it into realization, she wondered, or the "Last Post" impel that vast shiver of real remembrance which time and living had pushed aside.

Miss Gallie saw the wreaths which had been laid at the cenotaph at the stroke of midnight. But she wasn't thinking of them, nor of the comrades who had placed them there with fond and respectful though slightly beery reverence. Miss Gallie was resenting the way the years take the life out of remembrance until it becomes a mere symbolic gesture. Each year it became harder to remember clearly.

And yet she had to remember. That was what had made her such a successful woman. It was the impetus which had started her on her long, hard career as a lawyer. And though it was unreasonable, and she hated being unreasonable, she resented Mrs. Snell being in her office this morning. How could any woman concentrate on remembering with such a bright young war widow so close?

The window was angled open so that the murky light outside and the bright lights in the office made a mirror of it. Miss Gallie looked at her upswept hair. Not a sign of grey showed in the reflection. She studied the lines of her expensive suit, blue because Ralph had liked her in blue. But she couldn't really remember Ralph. Instead she kept seeing the reflection of the girl typing at the small desk. The light fell on her tawny head and her bright green suit, making her vital and very, very real. She was there whichever way Miss Gallie looked, the diamonds glinting in her slim wedding ring.

Her Secretary

Not that she wasn't glad to have engaged Betty Snell, of course, even though she had just completed her business course and had none of the experience which Miss Gallie had always insisted upon in her secretaries. Women, especially a professional woman such as she was, had to take the lead in employing other women; it was their duty. And Miss Gallie felt it was especially apt that she engage a young war widow, some one who had suffered as she had suffered in the last war. Only the girl didn't seem to have the slightest notion that her employer had ever suffered.

What would she say now if Miss Gallie should turn from the office window and tell her she was trying to remember a lover? Would she believe it possible? Or would she think of Miss Gallie as always being her present age, deferred to by other members of the Business and Professional Women's Club far more for the LL.D. after her name than if she had the letters Mrs. before it? Miss Gallie suspected that Betty Snell actually felt superior on account of that more or less accidental prefix which had changed her name. She'd

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never think of associating an LL.D. with love.

Yet it was love which had been responsible for the LL.D. Ralph had just finished his law course when he enlisted in 1915. But though they had been terribly in love, she was only nineteen and her family had been inflexibly against getting married before a man went overseas.

"You never know . . ." they had said.

No, you never knew, thought Miss Gallie, looking beyond the window and the wreaths beyond. Probably 1946 was like 1918 and women would continue to sublimate their love in a career, just as she had followed the career Ralph might have had.

The uniforms had been different in 1917. The puttees remained clear in her memory, though other details faded. Puttees seemed to be one of the few real differences. How Ralph had fussed that morning putting his on. But then he had taken them off in such a hurry the night before, without thinking to roll them. She hadn't even known that soldiers rolled their puttees when they took them off, not until next morning.

Almost Thirty Years

Now, at forty-nine she knew she had acted on a mad impulse, nodding her agreement when Ralph had mentioned the week-end because her throat was too tight for words. Afterwards, of course, she had felt she couldn't ever marry any one else.

"I'm an old fool," thought Miss Gallie, "a middle-aged fool. Just a woman who was married and never churched, and it all happened thirty years ago!"

She knew now that it would have been all right to have married someone else. But when she was young enough to have the opportunity she was much more spiritually tied to Ralph than their brief physical union had warranted. It was that she couldn't remember clearly. Ralph putting on his puttees in the hotel bedroom, dark because he hadn't pulled up the blinds. She could see that now. But she had no remembrance of even having him in her arms. Nothing of ecstasy remained.

Suddenly the struggle to remember became too great.

"If only the sun would shine!" she cried, turning from the window and seating herself at her desk. "Is that brief completed yet, Mrs. Snell?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Gallie. I made a mistake and had to re-type a couple of pages."

"Really . . ." thought Miss Gallie, as the bands started to play.

She noticed that the girl was unusually pale. Even as she watched her the last color drained from her face and her chin sharpened as though a skin-tight mask had been pressed against all her young freshness. Miss Gallie had heard the hymn so often that it had no special significance now. But the girl's eyes dilated and her fingers stumbled over the keys.

Oh God, our help in ages past,

"Do they always play that?" she cried.

"I think I've heard it every year since 1918," said Miss Gallie.

The young widow looked at her then.

"You've — listened, each year?"

"Yes."

"But, it's almost thirty years," breathed the girl.

"Yes, almost thirty years," said Miss Gallie, turning to her desk.

To Remember

In the office jerky typing and the occasional swish of a page were the only sounds. "She can't imagine me being in love," thought Miss Gallie, trying to read the pages before her. Outside the singing was replaced by a deep rumble of prayer which sounded like an oncoming train always remaining at the same distance, its monotony only slightly varied by coughing and throat clearing.

Miss Gallie was conscious of none of the words she was trying to read. "I can't bear this much longer," she told herself. Yet it was not the pain of remembering which irked, but her own inability to remember. It was irritating not to be able to recall events as she had trained herself to do with fair success. Had she actually felt as emotionally numb on other Remembrance Days? Or had she too completely sublimated all emotion in her determination to become a recognized lawyer? Could it be that the presence of this girl, so comparatively recently bereaved, had stirred the long latent memories, making her aware of her own numbness?

From habit Miss Gallie tried to analyse her thoughts but, as had not happened for years, she realized that feeling and intuition were taking a hand. She realized, too, that she was longing to recapture some of the ecstasy she had known with Ralph, that it was emotion and not fact which couldn't be remembered. Yet that was strange, because emotion, such a wonderful, vast ecstasy had driven her onward all these years. Oh, it was maddening not to be able to recapture it!

The rumble of prayer stopped and left a little period of nothing before band music again filled the office. Miss Gallie noticed, as she noticed the change in sound, that the uneven rhythm of Betty's fingers on the keys had become still more uncertain. She had refused to stop working. Now she typed as though she feared to stop lest stopping mechanical activity would mean a break-down of her emotional control. The sounds pushed up through the thickening fog and seemed to expand in the brighter, better air of the office. No one, having heard them so often, could miss the words: *Oh valiant hearts who to your glory . . .*

It was too much for the girl. Stumbling up from her chair she crushed out her cigarette, caught up the washroom key and plunged out of the room. For a moment her words hung on the air, like an echo.

"I can't stand it," she cried. "You—you don't know. We sang that at high school—together."

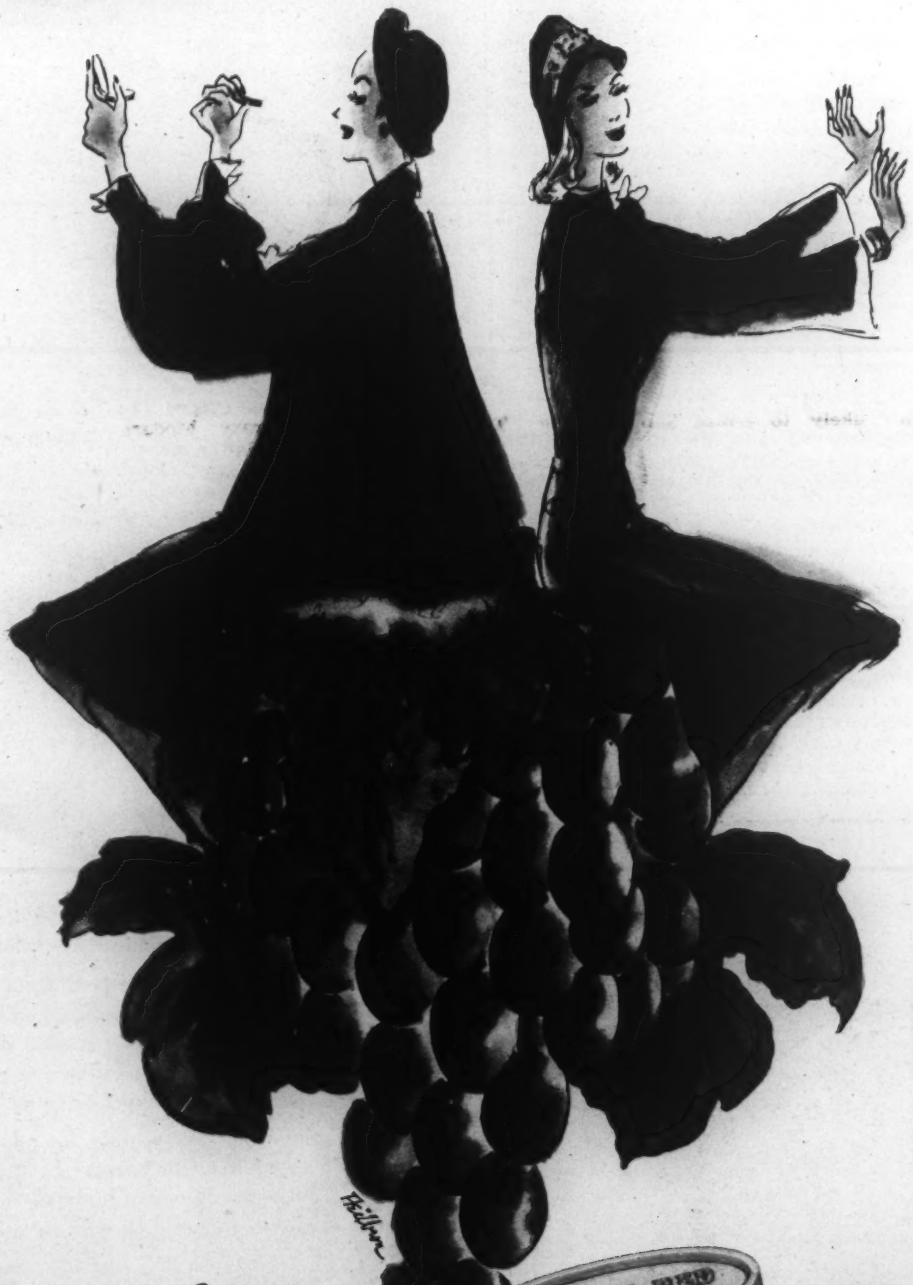
Miss Gallie had risen to her feet, too. Now she leaned against the window. "I suppose all the washrooms are full of women who can't stand it today," she thought.

The singing must have stopped. Gradually she was aware of the hush. Through the fog the bugle shone, bright like the point of flame before which the tall young bugler stood. His head was high and proud as he sounded the salute to all fallen comrades.

There was no echo. The "Last Post" stopped as it had started, sharp and clean-cutting. Miss Gallie turned briskly from her window. Again her mind was clear. The old, familiar urging was within her, slower perhaps, but by no means stilled as she remembered the girl in the washroom, her secretary.

"The poor kid," she thought. "She's going to need a good lunch. I'll take her to the King Edward. There's nothing like food and the presence of a few men to make life seem normal."

Vintner Red from Dorothy Gray



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Good Buymanship Can Add Thirty Per Cent to Your Dollar's Worth

By LILLIAN D. MILLAR

THE chief aim of the sound buyer is not to get the most goods for the least money. It is rather to make the available money buy the things which will bring not only the most lasting benefit but also the greatest satisfaction.

The first cold morning in the autumn, Mrs. Black dashed down town and bought a winter coat for $60. While it had no particular claim to style, it fitted her, was warm and would give her good service for years. Mrs. Smart also needed a new winter coat. As soon as the winter goods appeared in the shops, she started to look around. Finally she was able to find a coat for $60 which was just as durable as Mrs. Black's but which was also attractive and becoming. Obviously Mrs. Smart is the more astute buyer because for the same amount of money as Mrs. Black paid she got not only the benefit of a warm, properly fitted coat but also the satisfaction of knowing that she will appear at her best whenever she wears it.

To become a discriminating buyer requires a lot of study and plenty of experience. But the time and effort which are expended, pay big dividends. It has been estimated that the woman who knows what, where, and how much to buy will be able to get from 20 per cent to 30 per cent more for her money than the woman who buys haphazardly and carelessly. There are no hard and fast rules by which the value of any single purchase may be measured, for buying must be tailored to fit individual needs. What may be a wise choice for one person may not be at all suitable for another. But there are a number of problems with which every consumer is faced. Let us look at some of the most important of these.

First, what to buy. This is at once the most important and most difficult of all purchasing problems. What you buy, how you spend your money, determines not only your mode of life but also to a large degree the measure of your happiness and security. With so much at stake, no one can afford to buy carelessly or thoughtlessly. No matter how small the outlay, each purchase deserves consideration.

Do you need it? No article should be bought if you have no special use for it. At times, one is tempted to buy something she doesn't need just because it is such a bargain or because a salesman is too persuasive. When your spring cleaning is done, do you find articles, gadgets and ornaments which were used only a few times and then were relegated to the top shelf of a cupboard, in a drawer or in the cellar to be out of the way?

Income—$75,000

Can you afford it? You may need a certain article but there is something else which you also need. If you buy this, you cannot purchase the other. So you have to decide which you want the most. No matter how large your income may be, it will not buy everything you need or desire. "The most difficult case I ever had was that of a family of two who could not keep out of the red on an income of $75,000 a year." So said a budget advisor who had planned 30,000 family budgets. Constantly you must make decisions as to what you will buy. The only way to make your money cover the things you need and those you want most is to have certain goals and then have a plan of spending—a budget—to help you to attain them.

But even with your budget before you and a clear idea of what you want to buy from a wide variety of goods offered for sale, you have to pick the ones which most nearly meet your individual needs. No person requires the highest quality in everything which is bought. The task is to decide the quality which you need and then to find the item which promises to satisfy your requirements most exactly. You can do this only when you know values.

Cheaper quality may be the wise choice for you when you purchase certain things. For example, the ultimate aim when buying food is to provide a well-balanced, palatable diet. If you know food values, you can attain this end and at the same time save money, for you know how to replace high-cost foods with low-cost ones and still provide appetizing meals with the same food value.

The highest quality may prove to be sound business when buying other items, such as those which must be used for a long time. Suppose you plan to purchase a chesterfield which will get hard wear and which you will want to last for years. If you buy one of poor quality, the springs may soon sag and the upholstery may quickly become soiled and threadbare. It may be sound economy to pay more for one which is well-built and well-proportioned and which is upholstered with an attractive and sturdy material. Not only will it give you the satisfaction of having a good-looking piece of furniture but the extra cost will be more than offset because it will last longer.

Where to buy is the next problem. An identical article may be sold at a different price in each store in the community. These differences in prices are due largely, though not entirely, to the type of service which the various stores provide. You buy not just the article itself but the article plus certain services. The needs of no two persons are the same. Your problem is to decide which store most nearly meets your own particular needs, taking into consideration both price and services.

"I deal at the corner grocery," says busy Dr. Helen Brown. "Indeed, Mr. Gray and I are good friends. He looks after me and keeps me supplied with almost everything I need, even meat and milk. All along I have had little worry about shortages, for when he receives supplies he calls to ask what I need. I rarely go to the store for he now knows just what I like and I merely telephone and give the order. When I arrive home at night, everything is waiting for me. Once a month I receive his account and I send a cheque."

Dr. Helen's food bill is considerably higher than it would be if she bought everything in a cash and carry store. But to deal at this type of store is an economy for her, for the service she receives saves time which she can devote to her profession and which nets her much more than the extra outlay.

Mrs. Johnson's circumstances are

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quite different. She must make a small income cover the needs of her family of five. She shops at cash and carry chain stores. Here she waits on herself, carries the goods around the store, stands in line to get them checked and wrapped, pays for them in cash and carries them home. Of course this store can offer lower prices than the one where Dr. Brown deals. There are no delivery costs, the staff required is smaller in proportion to turnover, there are no monthly accounts and no bad debts. Shopping is an important part of Mrs. Johnson's job as homemaker and she uses her time and effort to provide the best she can get for her family.

Prices not only vary between types of stores but they are not the same on all goods in the same type of store. A store which sells a large variety of articles is likely to be higher on some and lower on others than its competitors. One store may offer low prices on staple groceries and high on canned goods, or another may have low prices on vegetables and high on flour and sugar. Mrs. Johnson doesn't deal at one store. She has shopped around until she has found just where each article can be bought at the lowest price.

The Time To Buy

Knowing when to buy is another factor in good buymanship. Often a saving may be made by purchasing at the opportune time. Prices of many things vary at different times of the year. Fresh fruits and vegetables are an outstanding example. There is a certain season when each of these is plentiful. During this season there is a short period when quality is best and price is lowest. This is the time to buy for canning and preserving.

Another example is style merchandise, such as clothing. Such goods are often priced higher in the early part of the season than they are later on and those who do not demand the very latest in style, can often make important savings by purchasing at these later sales. In normal times, many stores have sales of particular lines of goods at regular seasons of the year; for example, January whitewear sale, February furniture sale, and so on. The housewife who has a budget not only knows what she needs but has the cash with which to take advantage of such bargains.

There remains the problem of the proper quantity to buy. Often a substantial saving, not only of the household money, but of the housewife's time and effort may be made by quantity buying. Cost to a merchant of selling five pounds of potatoes and of selling one hundred pounds may be almost the same. Therefore a hundred-pound sack likely will be sold at a price considerably lower than twenty times that of a five-pound bag.

But quantity buying may not be practicable for you, or the saving in money and time may be offset by other factors. It is foolish to buy in quantity if you have no place to keep the goods. Storage space in most of our houses is both inadequate and badly equipped and many families are not in a position to take advantage of quantity buying. Then there is nothing to be gained by buying a large quantity of any item if you cannot care for it properly.

One year we got a barrel of apples at a much lower rate than the price we would pay by the basket throughout the winter. But the only place we had to keep them in was an open room in the cellar. We never did find out just how those apples disappeared, but at least one-third of them never reached the table. It is no economy to save twenty per cent on your winter's potatoes if one-third of them go bad before they can be used because you have no proper place to keep them.

Moreover there is no advantage in buying in quantity if you are tempted to be more lavish or more wasteful when there is plenty on hand than you are when you have only a small amount.

Many families cannot buy in quantity because they are not in a position to pay out the cash involved in the purchase. But if you have a budget, and this purchase is included, you will have planned ahead to have the funds to cover it.

Reward for Virtue vs. Design for Glamour in Printed Word

By LOUISE STONE

CURLED up on one end of the chesterfield, Ellen reached for another chocolate without raising her eyes from the newspaper.

"'*She turned briefly and smiled at the press*'," Ellen read aloud. "'*She turned, and her sullen, dark-browed face sparkled for a second. When she spoke, she kept her head bent slightly forward and to one side, looking up with her large dark eyes through long dark lashes*'. Do you think the press would make me that glamorous if I were on trial for murder?"

Ellen's friend, Marion, had made herself comfortable on the other end of the chesterfield. "You might have a few handicaps," Marion said.

Ellen went on reading: "'*She smiled, indicating a narrow strand of pearls around the neck of her modish black dress. She regarded her questioners with glances soft and sidelong. With her head half turned*'."

"'*Half turned*' did you say?"

"'*With her head half turned, she smiled and showed her white teeth and her dark sultry eyes—the smile which has fascinated those who have seen her*'."

"Nice going," Marion said.

"Imagine," Ellen said, "getting written about like that for merely suspicion of murder."

"Don't be fat-headed," Marion said.

"I'm not fat-headed. I'm broad-minded," Ellen said. "And I've always wanted to be glamorous."

"You'd better stick to the rewards for virtue," Marion said.

"Don't be stuffy," Ellen said. "You're as bad as Henry. When he read the evening paper he threw it down and said, 'That's the last straw. Here we have a murder trial, the gravest thing in our civilization. A life is at stake. The only question to be considered is the guilt or innocence of the accused. And what do we get? A revolting display of puerile sentimentalism'."

"Men like Henry are the backbone of the nation," Marion said. "What else did Henry say?"

"He kept getting madder and madder. He said a man could stand just so much. 'Stop delivery of the paper', he said. 'I'm through with it'."

"So you stopped the paper?"

"No. When the morning paper came it was just as bad. I asked Henry if we'd stop both papers and he said a prayer. He quoted Disraeli about the public mind being the creation of the Master-Writers and he said 'Heaven help the public mind that is the creation of the master-minds of the torso murder'."

"The back-bone-heads of the nation?" Marion said.

Whose Torso?

"Henry said that writers depend on public gullibility for commercial success."

"If you ask me," Marion said, "it looks like a vicious circle."

"And some people confuse the glamorous with the good."

"Go on," Marion said.

"Henry said, "Whose torso are they supposed to write about, anyway. Hers or his?"

"Uh-huh?"

"And Henry said that judging from what he had heard by word of mouth, the accused's glamour was certainly over-rated.'"

"Then there's a chance for you," Marion said.

"That's what I figure," Ellen said. "Provided the murder is horrible enough. By horrible I mean ghastly."

"Naturally."

Ellen turned to another page in the newspaper. "A-a-ah—listen to this: '*Her smile flashed on and off. She turned half turned from the courthouse so that instead of presenting her back to the judge she presented a profile view. Her frequent smile gave to the whole scene an unbelievable, macabre air*'." Ellen helped herself to another chocolate. "Crime—it's wonderful," she sighed.

Fur pieces with split personalities can adapt themselves to almost every time, place and occasion. This brown squirrel stole with slit cape sleeves can be worn with a suit in the daytime, assumes a gala air for evening formality. Shown at the fashion show held in Toronto recently by Fairweather, Limited.

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Ardena Velva Cream Mask (approximately four months' supply in the large jar), 5.75
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THE LONDON LETTER

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Dingy teeth...smoke-stained teeth...neglected teeth . . . can sparkle again in just three days. That's the promise Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder makes. Try Dr. Lyon's for just three days and see the difference it makes in your smile.
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DR. LYON'S
TOOTH POWDER

FEMININE OUTLOOK

Are Broken Marriages Cost Paid for Peace-at-Any-Price Policy?

By POPPET SMITH

THESE days, many people seem to forget that marriage is not just another Houdini box but a serious contract. In business or professions, breaking of a bargain usually entails a heavy loss in finance and prestige. In bridge, contract breaking always involves a partner; this is only a game, but getting nearer home. In marriage, failure to keep the bond is the most fatal of all, often affecting more than two persons.

It is a startling fact that in the last ten years divorce has trebled in Canada. Due to increased demand, Canadian officials reckon on a full six months' period before present divorces can be handled, during which time, they hope for a reconsideration by both parties, and an amicable resumption of married life. On close observation of current affairs, this optimism looks a little unfounded. Of Toronto's 631 divorce cases, in the first three months of 1946, a returned serviceman figured in every one, starting a divorce boom, unparalleled in Canadian history.

Britain's vital statistics for 1945 disclose the largest number of marriages since 1940. How many of these will still be intact in 1950?

Looking into the reasons for increase in divorce is very much like comparing the records of prevalence of cancer years ago and today. Then, many deaths from this obscure disease were incorrectly registered by baffled physicians under the guise of a more familiar name. The early and frequent diagnosis of modern clinics makes an old complaint appear more common.

Years ago, when divorce was unknown, reticence compelled people to endure their lot, take a leaf out of Henry VIII's book, or become characters of doubtful repute. History records the hazards of the marriage contract, and, in breakage thereof, cannot provide one really tangible excuse, even for a royal personage or a genius.

Today, reticence is thrown to the winds. The cards are put on the table in a too premature analysis and, due to existing laws, one party is able not only to ditch the other but, legally, to undertake other contracts, with fullest press publicity.

Few people realize that about seventy-five per cent of marriages are worked out on a basis of natural affection, biology, and finance. The other twenty-five per cent are made in Heaven, and do not concern these mundane paragraphs.

Searching for actual causes of divorce itself produces some fairly commonly known facts. A Canadian lawyer sums up one of the chief of these by speaking of "many preposterous marriages, contracted by young people, because death was whispering in their ears."

War conditions, including an excess of ready money, incessant danger, and elegant uniforms, threw young people off balance and, no doubt, inviting separation allowances and pensions were part of the calculations of the less scrupulous.

Pre-war times, involving world depression and poor living conditions of parents were a bad prelude to the great contrast of war days.

Long separation often changes young wives and husbands, and due to the nature of man, the difference in the unwritten moral laws for men and women respectively, can be cause for much bewilderment and grief. Unfortunately, the good judgment exercised by young service officers, in dangerous situations, is unsuited to the stolid, back to earth environment of everyday married life.

Housing conditions constitute one of the biggest menaces to the married

CONCERNING FOOD

October Is the Month to Enjoy the Matchless Canadian Apple

By JANET MARCH

IF the world had been going longer than a day or two, and there had been time for the apple crop to fail there would be more justification for the generally accepted idea that it was an apple which Eve used for her tempting. Everyone in these parts made dives for the first apples this sason, and after the apple famine of last year, nothing—not even the threat of the knowledge of good and evil—would have stopped them from taking that first bite. The apple is just about the best fruit there is, and it was probably a man who circulated the rumor that Eve gave Adam one, for there is nothing in Genesis to prove that it wasn't a pomegranate, or indeed even a lemon. Masculine pride may have liked to imply that only the finest fruit would have tempted the first man.

Mark Twain did not accept this idea for he says, "Adam was but human—this explains it all. He did not want the apple for the apple's sake, he wanted it only because it was forbidden". I don't believe, unless the climate has changed, that McIntosh Reds do very well in that bit of the Middle East where learned people have decided that the Garden of Eden lay. Perhaps the climate wasn't as hot in those days, even if they did get by in fig leaves, and so some kind of apple ripened there and looked so delicious that it just naturally tempted Adam itself.

At the moment Snows are in every shop and you can make lovely pink apple sauce by leaving in the skins while cooking and then rubbing it through a sieve. If you are an ardent canner it might be as well to do some Snows for the later apples are not as plentiful. This year of bumper fruit crops the mere mention of canning makes most women look weary, and storeroom shelves are full. In time we will be grateful, but we are still too near the hours of stirring and straining and skimming to realize our blessings. If you can face it, here is a good

Apple Chutney

12 medium apples
2 cups of mild vinegar
1½ cups of sugar
1 onion
2 teaspoons of ground ginger
1 tablespoon of salt
3 red peppers
a pinch of cinnamon
Juice of 3 lemons
1 cup of raisins

Chop up the onion, apples and peppers and then add the vinegar and simmer for an hour, then add the lemon juice, raisins, sugar, ginger, cayenne and salt. Simmer another hour and bottle.

Apple Cake

3 medium apples
¼ cup of shortening
2/3 cup of milk
1 egg
2½ teaspoons of baking powder
2 tablespoons of sugar
½ teaspoon of salt
a pinch of cinnamon
2 cups of flour

Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder together and then rub or cut in the shortening, then add the milk and the egg, well beaten. Pour the batter into a shallow pan and arrange apples, which have been peeled and cut in pieces, on the dough pressing them in slightly. Sprinkle with the sugar and cinnamon and bake in a hot oven for about half an hour.

Date And Apple Pie

There is nothing like a deep apple pie, but you need a change sometimes so try lining a pie plate with pastry and filling with a mixture of finely cut apples and chopped dates. Add sugar, cinnamon and a little water, put on the top crust and bake in a moderate oven.

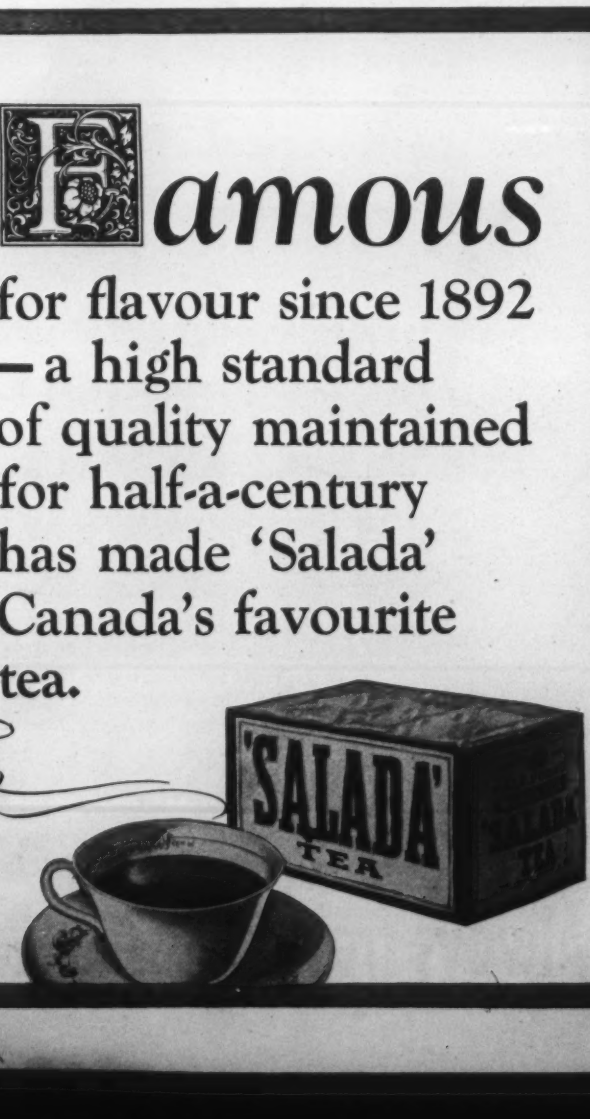
Everyone knows the classic dish of apple pie and cheese, but did you ever think of putting the cheese in the pastry instead of just serving a square with the pie?

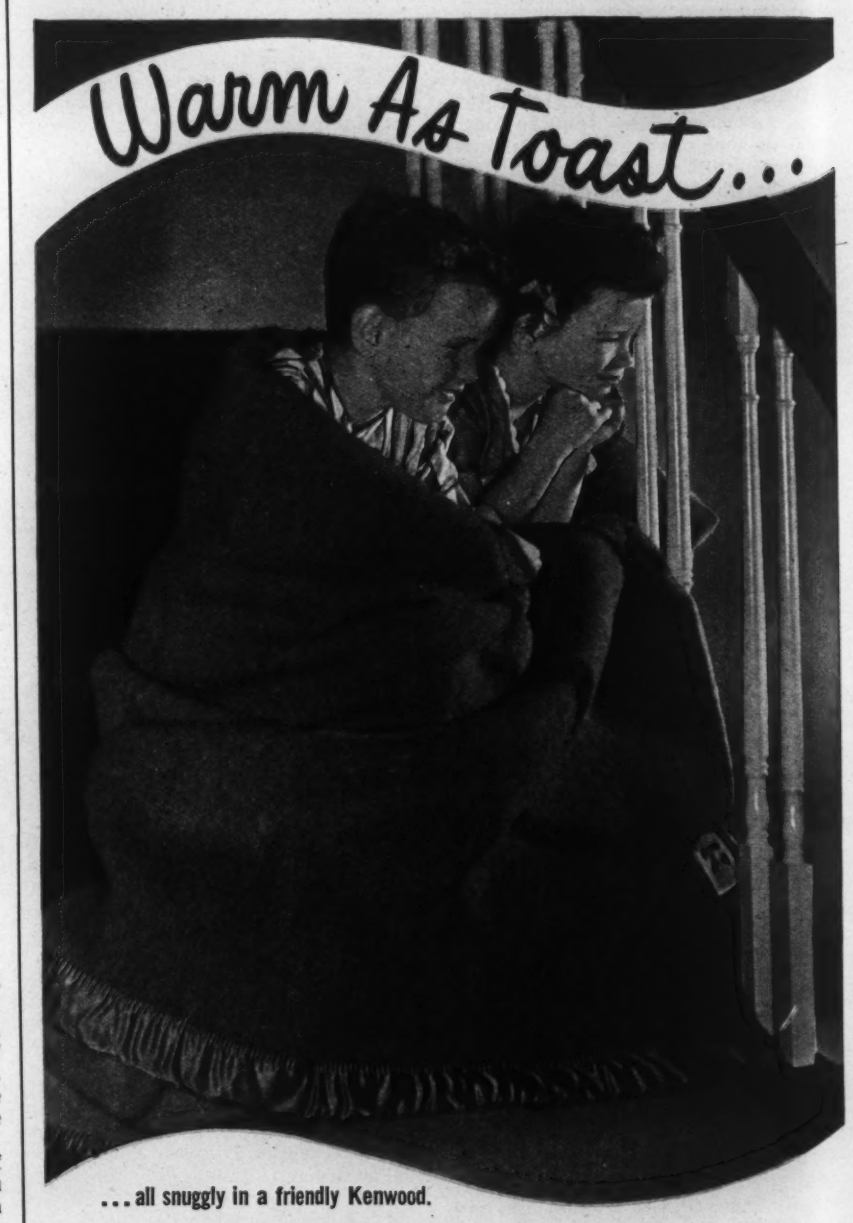
Apple Pie With Cheese

Line the pie plate with pastry. Peel and core and cut finely enough apples to make a thick layer. Mix 6 tablespoonfuls of sugar with ½ teaspoonful of cinnamon and sprinkle over the apples. Dot with as much butter as you can spare. Grate ½ cupful of cheese and roll into the pastry for the top crust. Put on the crust and bake in a hot oven (425°) for fifteen minutes then reduce the heat to 325° or 350° and bake another half hour.

Apple Fritters

These are favorites with most people but of course you have to have enough fat for deep fat frying which isn't easy these days. Make the batter with 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoon of sugar, a dash of salt, 2 tablespoons of butter, 2 eggs and ½ cup of cold water. Separate the egg yolks and whites. Melt the butter and add it to the egg yolks with the salt and sugar, then add the flour slowly and last the water, a little at a time. Mix well and let stand, and just before using fold in the whites of the eggs beaten until they are stiff. Pare and core three medium apples and cut in slices. Heat the fat until a square of bread browns in it in a minute. Dip the slices of apple in the batter and fry till brown. Dip in sugar and serve.





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After a war holiday the famous Kenwood floral-tint blankets are here again, with their soft warm texture and pleasing, two-tone floral colours. Illustrated above is the Wood Rose, below is the Juniper Green . . . other shades are Zinnia and Larkspur.

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state: "It is impossible to study in our room," complained a veteran university student, "If we put the light on, it wakens the baby, and if we put a cover over the crib, it is too hot, and she howls. I've tried studying in the bathroom." A university survey showed married students also find it difficult to keep their families on present government allowances; homes are broken up, and divorces impending. Living with in-laws is another major headache for both parties. A new daughter-in-law is a slightly suspicious character to the kindest of mothers-in-law.

As the divorce rate of childless couples is known to be several times greater than that of parents, it should be remembered by most wives eligible that, although a man is reputed to be partial to the clinging vine, he usually prefers his vines to bear those tender blossoms and fruits, so essential to the survival of his race and country. However, sometimes families are the cause of strife and, on reading the few advertisements of accommodation, the sign "No Children" being all too apparent, on this score, brings forth little sympathy.

Rearmament

The most important reason for divorce today, may be found in examination of the war weary parents, who reared this generation. After the struggle of 1914-18, peace, at any price, reigned both internationally and in private life. Disarmament in discipline took place. Old methods were scrapped along with majestic battleships, and an ultra-new psychology appeared. None seemed strong enough, individually, to withstand this too rapid swing of the pendulum, or were ridiculed in their efforts to do so. Now, it seems rather late for re-armament; the generation is grown up physically, but not always emotionally and spiritually. To its great credit can be claimed the amazing power of endurance shown by a so-called decadent race, which alone for so long, rode out the furious Nazi storm. Had today's children lived one hundred years ago, there would have been no cause for "The Song of the Shirt", and "The Cry of the Children" would have re-echoed as "The Cry of the Employers", after incurring the wrath of present day youngsters, whose older brothers stoutly and successfully revolted against transportation on "sardine ships" through a submarine-infested ocean.

From such causes comes the final deduction that divorce is not as curable as disease, and is even better treated by preventative medicine.

It is plain that little can be done about a generation that, on the whole, has lacked teaching in proper restraint and stability, and, in addition, has suffered the crushing blow of war. As a virtue, fidelity has slipped from its pedestal. "Nelson's Lady Hamilton died in poverty—what a shame!" says the modern miss, reading a book of history. "Why shouldn't she? She stole someone else's husband," is a middle-aged woman's rejoinder.

Frequently, a young voice can be heard exclaiming: "But, Mother, you don't understand. Young people don't do things that way, nowadays." To which the reply need never vary: "To the best of my knowledge, the Ten Commandments remain today, as they were thousands of years ago, when God handed them to Moses, on a tablet of stone."

It would seem that only a better example by parents (particularly in the matter of drink), a close, but respectful relationship with children, a general tightening up of discipline of the still very young, and wiser dispensation of privileges to teen agers can result in the desired change. Along with these might be an eternal stressing of the fact that marriage is a long service test, involving tolerance, and strict application of the Golden Rule, with promise of priceless dividends to come.

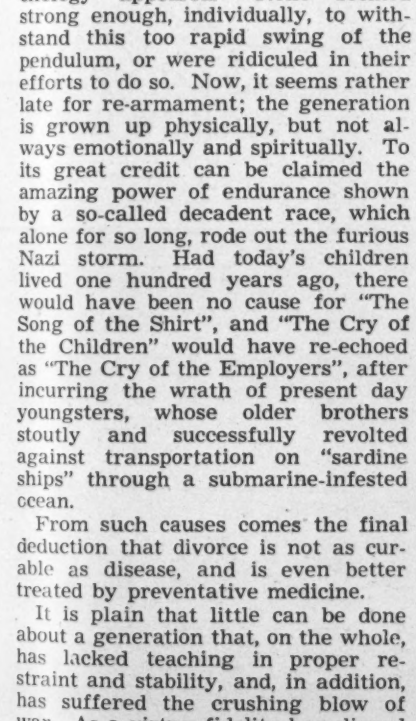
Many marital quarrels have petty origins, as shown by results of a recent poll, where the chief married male grievance was "nagging" and the chief female one "lack of consideration". Undoubtedly, the wife, who with a minimum of complaint daily goes on hanging up husband's pyjamas and the husband who cheerfully endures some resultant moans, have a good chance of steering clear of the divorce court.

An added remedy could be greater tuition on the subject of sex. According to an article in *Colliers,* at the University of California a class on sex and marriage, for sixteen years and over, where students can ask questions privately, and be sure of unevasive answers, was started six years ago by an enterprising professor. Here we are told that, of the ten thousand students, passing through this course, which includes films on childbirth, one gave his opinion thus: "Such education would have prevented my parents' separation, and my sister's divorce."

Let us hope that, later, he and many others may be found with hands firmly on the matrimonial plough, and with no desire to turn back.

• •

CANADIANS are asked only to share their abundant food supplies with the starving of the war-torn countries. They *must* share, if peace is to endure. By avoiding all waste, by substituting vegetables and fruit for bread, cake and pastries, every individual can make a personal contribution toward increasing Canadian shipments of wheat and flour to the hunger areas overseas. This is a practical way to work for enduring peace.



This cutaway topper in French frosted fleece has curved pockets repeating the cutaway line of the front. Worn over a suit of imported beetle-nut brown tweed. Both by a leading Canadian house. Joan Rigby.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

But Passementerie and Rose Silk Are Not for the Likes of Mary

By DOROTHY HOWARTH

SOPHIE FOSTER counted the six one-dollar bills into Mary's hand. It was a generous week's wages for the year 1890.

"Well, Mary," she said, "What are you going to do with your first month's pay?"

"Oh Ma'am," breathed Mary, "buy myself a silk dress."

"And will Mr. Riley be agreeable?" asked Sophie.

"Sure and he'd better be. It's my own money earned with my own hands, is it not?"

Sophie laughed at her bristling part-time maid. "Not all husbands would be so agreeable, my girl," she said, and for a moment envied her servant's independence.

Mary's lively face softened. "My Dave's the best husband in Toronto, and the best dockhand on the lakes," she boasted.

"But doesn't he earn enough, Mary? I know Mr. Foster often hires him."

"Well, Ma'am, 'tis more than we ever had in the old country, and 'twould be enough if I didn't hanker for all the extras anyone can have in this grand new country," replied Mary.

Sophie examined affectionately the ambitious Irish immigrant she had hired but a month ago. She noted the shining black hair springing back from the velvety white brow. She watched the flickering gas light flatter the brilliant eyes and warm the already warm red mouth.

"Get along home with you then, and get your paragon's supper," she said indulgently. "I'll put the children to bed."

"Thank you, Ma'am," said Mary, wriggling out of the white apron with shoulder frills like butterfly wings. She turned to the hall mirror, adjusted her black box cloth cloak and settled her black hat with its one wilted plume, on top of her mound of curls.

She stared at the reflection she made; a proper servant, seemly gowned in good black cashmere serge, and her heart longed for color. Half closing her eyes in the uncertain hall light the obliging mirror, aided by an Irish imagination, gave back herself gowned in scarlet silk.

On her afternoons off, Mary haunted the stores, wandering among the stuffy-smelling dry-goods aisles, fingering materials, pricing them but refusing to buy.

It was a long time before she had courage to confess to her mistress "Mrs. Foster, Ma'am, I'm a bit befuddled."

Knowing how much the dress had come to mean to Mary, Sophie inquired anxiously, "I do hope nothing's happened to change your plans?"

Silk Deep And Rich

"Oh, no, Ma'am. It's just that—would I be asking too much if I asked you to help me choose my silk, Mrs. Foster?"

"Why, Mary of course not!"

"I'll be bringing you samples then after my day off?"

"No, Mary, I'll take the afternoon off too, and we'll both go down town to select your material."

Mary could scarcely believe her mistress would accompany her on a shopping tour, but when the off-afternoon arrived, she found it was true.

It was in Timothy Eaton's imported silks' department they found it. It was standing upright in a partly unrolled bolt, as if a panel of rose petals had been carelessly flung across the mahogany counter. As Sophie and Mary drew near the material, they saw it was the deep rich color of the very heart of a rose.

Each woman touched an edge gently savoring its silkiness, testing its weight between thumb and forefinger, mentally computing the price versus years of wear. They looked at each other, Mary with the reflection of the silk plain in her eyes. Sophie looked away, down at her own respectable second-best dark gown of Imperial Luxor silk.

Eighty-Five Cents

How many years had she worn it? Three! "Wear Guaranteed" had been stamped on the selvedge. When had she last dared to wear so bright a shade on the street? When had she, mother of four, wife of a wealthy ship-owner, last been able to indulge her craving for fine clothes? Sophie hesitated no longer.

"Mary this color would be extremely becoming to you," she said.

Mary let out her breath in a long sigh. "Oh, Ma'am, I was praying you'd say that. I knew I had to have it. It's so beautiful. Never in all my days have I ever had anything like it!"

The clerk, dignified in tail coat and side whiskers, approached the customers. "English Empire silk," he stated. "Fine cord, beautiful bright finish, only eighty-five cents a yard."

"We'll take it," said Sophie, and the clerk measured out ten burnished yards.

As soon as they reached home, the women unwrapped the parcel spilling its contents ostensibly for the children to see. When Sophie examined the material again, its surface lighting the sombre room with its sheen, her heart misgave her. But she buried her uneasiness in Mary's radiant plans.

Mary had already arranged to sit nights with the dressmaker's children to help pay for the making of the gown. So that night both she and her mistress took the bundle to Mrs. Palmer's house. The little seamstress did her best to look pleased but she could not resist, "Don't you think, Mrs. Foster, I mean. . ."

Firmly Sophie cut in. "Mrs. Palmer, Mary earned this dress and I think we should give her all the help we can."

Mrs. Palmer was proud of her distinguished clientele, but with the support of the substantial Fosters she could afford to humor their serving maid. She brought forth her latest issues of fashion magazines and the three women bent over them happily.

A Pattern For Mary

"Look!" cried Mary, "there's the bank manager's wife. I saw her in church last Sunday in that dress."

"And this one," pointed Sophie, "is the minister's wife."

"With modifications," admitted Mrs. Palmer modestly. "American patterns are a little too advanced for us here, don't you think Mrs. Foster?"

Mary, grown uncommonly brave with excitement, cried "No, I don't! I think they're wonderful and I want my dress made like this one."

"That pattern, Mary," said Mrs. Palmer coldly, "has already been chosen by the lawyer's wife."

"Oh——. Thank you, Ma'am," said the subdued Mary.

The women finally settled for a composite pattern that followed none of the dresses but combined small features of all three. Mary was in a fever until the gown was finished. Sophie was with her at the final fitting, almost as eager as her maid to see the finished product.

Mary slipped the shimmering folds over her tall, rounded body and stared hypnotized in the full length mirror. Above the dainty pinched-in waist, a froth of tiny cream lace ruffles swelled across the high breast and up the boned collar of silk beneath her chin. The skirt swelled to the floor in smooth elegant folds, fullness fashionably to the back and flushed into a slight train.

The sleeves, puffed out in silk from shoulder to elbow, finished to the wrist in cream lace and silken cuff. Circling the collar, the gamp, and the cuffs were scrolls of jet passementerie that continued in a panel down the front of the skirt and around the hem to the train. On the vivid, full-bosomed Mary it was magnificent.

Mary woke early Sunday morning with a trembling in her stomach. This was the day! This was the day to wear the dress. She got Dave's breakfast in a flurry, hurried through the dishes and rushed to dress for church. She put on a starched chemise that reached to her ankles with a wide frill. Over that went her best cambric petticoat, deep umbrella frill, three clusters of tucks, rows of pink ribbon insertion, and all. Lastly, the dress was settled into stately place over its base of stiff starch and tightly corseted Mary.

As she was tucking up her masses of heavy hair, Dave roared from the kitchen, "For heaven's sakes, Mary, hurry! We'll be late for church." Using two hatpins, Mary swiftly anchored her new Leghorn straw hat, trimmed with pin ostrich tips and purple ribbon, and was ready.

Sophie, in her best black silk, was already settled in the family pew with her husband and children. "Either Mary's late, or she's not coming," she fidgeted. After the first hymn, she gave up her vigil and as she was composing herself for the sermon she sensed a change in the shuffle around her. She did not dare look around.

Ecclesiastes

The heavy hush was broken by the unmistakable crackle of firm new silk. The nape of Sophie's neck began to crawl. She was conscious of faint gasps from feminine throats. What she had feared, but refused to recognize, was happening. Then Mary swept by.

The. Rev. Dr. Cookston, nose in notes, looked up. He stared at the latest member of his congregation. He cleared his throat.

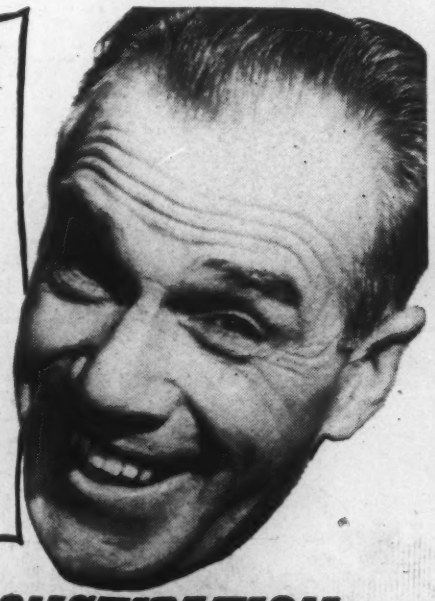
"My dear friends," he said. "I had planned to build today's sermon around a text from the first epistle of Paul the Apostle to Timothy—but I have changed my mind." Pause. More clearing of throat. "Instead, I shall speak on the well-known text from Ecclesiastes, Chapter 12, Verse 8." He paused again. The congregation waited.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity." The sonorous words rolled off his sounding tongue like a trumpet, and none doubted to whom they were spoken.

Fierce anger welled into Sophie's throat. She caught her breath.

Don't be SLUGGISH

Be BRIGHT



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"Hypocrites!" she screamed silently. She hated them all—minister, church, friends, herself for daring to believe she could defy them and most of all Mary, suffering in the front pew.

Years passed before the sermon ended. Sophie and Mary heard little of it. The congregation broke into friendly chattering groups, but none spoke to lovely Mary. Head high, cheeks burning the color of her dress, she moved down the aisle beside her bewildered Dave. Sophie started towards her but felt a hand upon her arm. She looked into her husband's stern bearded face.

"No, Sophie," he said.

Monday morning Mary arrived for work but she no longer sang. She was listless and too quiet. Neither woman brought into the open what lay closest to their hearts.

Early in the afternoon the doorbell rang. Sophie knew the second act of the tragedy had begun. It was the bank manager's wife, Mrs. Gordon, and her spinster daughter, Hazel. Sophie received them graciously, ordering tea served in the drawing room.

It was only a short time until the bell rang again and Mary ushered in the minister's wife. The ladies sipped their tea and touched delicately on every subject but the one each knew the other had come to discuss.

Sophie disliked the plump, smug Mrs. Gordon, done up today in dowdy snuff-brown taffeta. She disliked even more the thin vinegary daughter, addicted to too many bows and frills. She had never noticed before the sharp vindictive quality of fluttery little Mrs. Cookston's voice.

Homely Hazel was the first to unleash her venom. "That was a handsome gown Mary wore Sunday. One of your old ones I presume, Mrs. Foster, though I must say it looked brand new to me."

"Here it comes," thought Sophie mentally bracing herself for the attack. "No," she replied, "it was not one of mine."

"A gift of a dress length perhaps?" fished the rector's wife, unwilling to believe a servant could be so forward.

"No," answered Sophie flatly. There was a small silence. "It is neither a gift, nor a castoff. It is Mary's first silk dress, purchased with her own money earned working hard for me and helping cheerfully in your homes after hours, when you needed extra help," she said.

Matter Of Taste

Hazel assumed as pitying a look as her long face and glittering eyes would permit. "Poor girl!" she sighed. "No taste—and certainly no discretion. But we mustn't be too hard on her. After all, she hasn't been with us long."

"No taste, Hazel?" queried Sophie. "It was I who selected the silk for her and advised her on the pattern."

There was a disgusted snort from Mrs. Gordon. "Well, really, Sophie" she rumbled. "Then the girl is not to be blamed. If she does not know her place it's her mistresses' fault."

"Yes," agreed Sophie calmly, "it's my fault."

"How could you allow your own servant to be better dressed than you are, better than any of us here, in a dress deliberately copied from mine?" squeaked Mrs. Cookston.

Sophie examined the dull blue faille and realized that it was similar to Mary's pattern. There the resemblance ended. She looked straight into the sallow face above the unbecoming color and opened her mouth to quote "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."

Fortunately Mrs. Gordon broke in. "And her husband. He works for Mr. Foster, doesn't he? What could Mr. Riley be thinking of to allow his wife to appear in church decked out like that. What is this world coming to when not even servants know their own place."

"I see no reason why Mary should not wear the dress wherever and whenever she wishes. She earned it. It was her money. She is an honest, a good girl, an excellent and intelligent servant—and my friend," finished Sophie fiercely. White with anger she rose, almost upsetting the tea things. "Humph!" grunted Mrs. Gordon. "Better she give her money to her husband as a wife should, than spend it so foolishly."

Sophie remained standing. There was nothing for her disgruntled guests to do but put down their cups and retire before their hostess' cold wrath. At the door they pointedly ignored Mary's crumpled face.

When the door closed Sophie dropped limply into her chair. "Mary," she called.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Mary, waiting tensely beside her mistress.

"Mary—I don't know how to say this. I think—"

A Symbol For Mary

"Oh, Ma'am" cried Mary, dropping to her knees and hiding her face at Sophie's knee. "I heard them. They're cruel, cruel. I hate them. Old and ugly and mean. I will wear it. I will! I will!" she sobbed into the cool satin of Sophie's skirt. "But thank you, Ma'am. It was kind of you to take the blame."

"There, there, Mary. It's time we cleared away the tea things," was all Sophie said.

That night Mary lay beside her sleeping husband and knew she was beaten. She could not live and work, nor could her husband live and work, without these women. Even the Fosters needed them.

She crept out of bed and lit the kerosene lamp. She took the dress from its hanger and, dropping to the rag mat beside her bridal chest, she let the gleaming silk folds settle around her.

Huddled there in the cold quiet night, all the slow inexorable customs of a century beat in upon her. She ran her hands hungrily down the heavy material, making it whisper in the stillness. Through her roughened, still sensitive fingertips came hope; hope that some day women would have a right to earn their own money, to spend it as they pleased.

Hope that someday there would be no barriers of style, that servant might dress like mistress, mistress like servant and none would care.

She unlocked the bridal chest and raised its heavy lid, releasing a whiff of mothballs. Parting the tissue inside she saw her wedding dress. She pulled it out and dropped it to the floor. The rose silk dress she laid at the very bottom of the chest. Two tiny dark spots on its pure bright surface caught her attention. She touched the fresh marks. They were wet and salt-rimmed.

Mary folded the tissue tenderly over the dress, placing her wedding gown on top. She closed the chest, locking it on her few moments of courage and freedom, locking it on a bit of herself and a bit of every woman everywhere. Blowing out the lamp, she climbed cold and shivering and sleepless into her bed.

• •

SOLID CLICHES

WEEKENDS in the country, during interludes of cutting wood, say, are perfect for dogmatic dissipation. We even made a small list a few weeks ago when some of us were sitting one out with a cross-cut saw. This list purported to contain phrases we hoped never to hear again, among them such stand-bys as "the sunshine of your smile," "the wrath of god," "the magic of the theatre," and various other butt ends of our language. But like all good anti-dogmatists we retired to the cross-cut when someone showed us up, telling us that for the rest of our lives we would hear about the "magic of the theatre" and with good reason—because it was magic and because you couldn't say it any other way.

—From a Henry Holt Advertisement.

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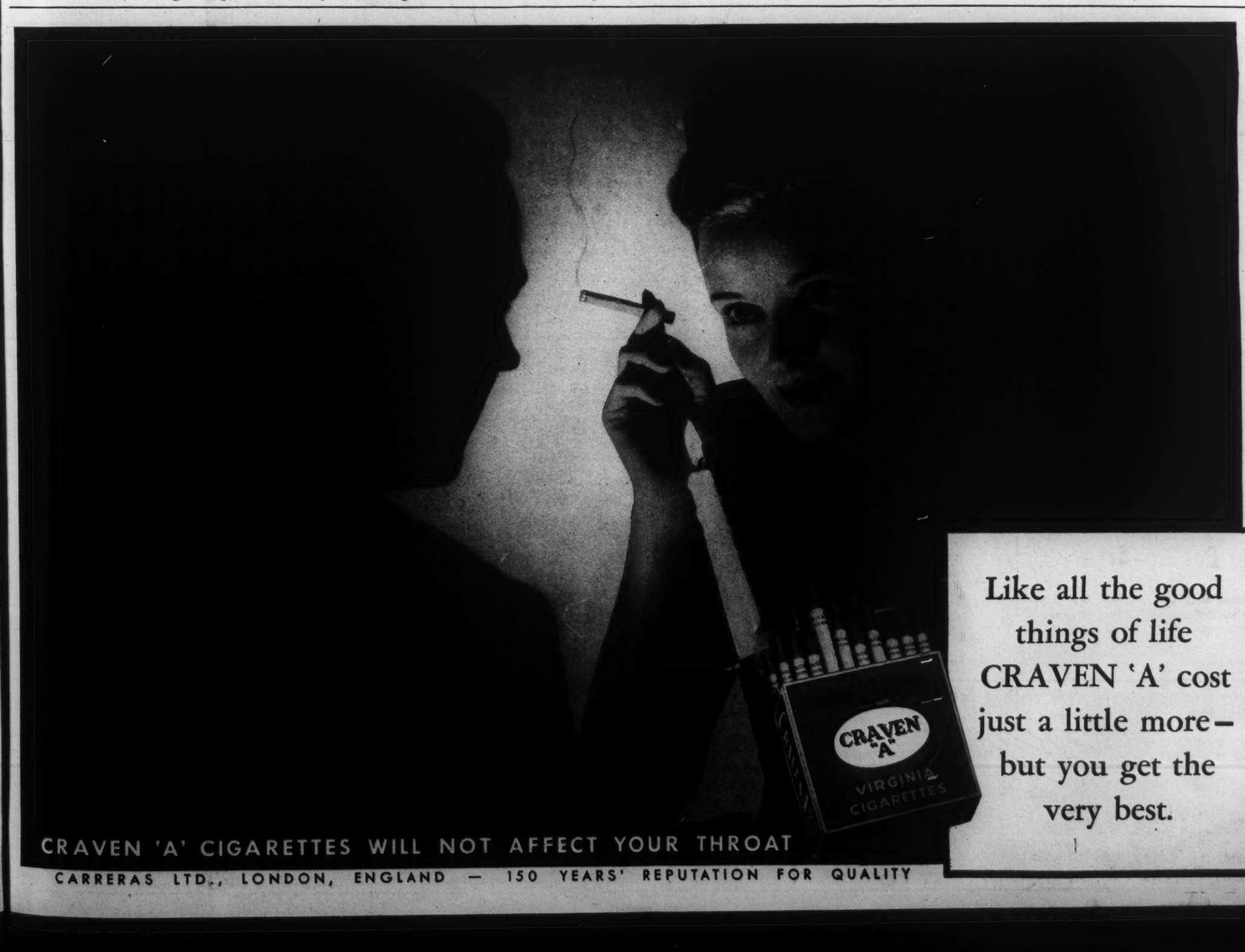
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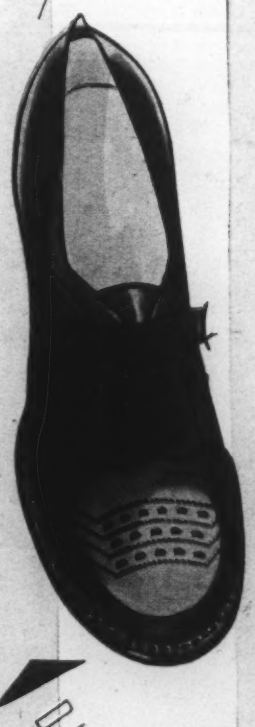

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THE DRESSING TABLE

Towel Tricks for Beauty's Sake Prepare You For the Gala Look

By ISABEL MORGAN

SKIRTS are still short, sleeves are still short, shoulders and arms are bared in the formal fashions of the season and, these days, even midriffs may be bared to the public gaze. Split evening skirts draw attention to the legs. There will be a lot of you showing even through the winter months if the fashion designers have anything to say about it. You must pay attention not only to your figure, but your skin must be smooth and clear. With so much of it visible it must not be blotchy and rough. To achieve that smooth, clear look is, primarily, a job for good sturdy turkish towels, soap, and a wash cloth, plus good hand lotions and creams. Here are some of the things you can do for your skin with a maximum of benefit and a minimum of effort and expense.

Look Backward

Is your back smooth and fine of texture? Better not be too positive in your reply until your mirror has confirmed it. Hasty showers and tub baths often mean that the neglected area between the shoulder blades develops minor blemishes. But regular brisk toweling with plenty of soap suds will soon correct this unsightly condition. Before the bath or shower, take a coarse turkish towel and wring it out of warm, soapy water. Now twist it ropewise and hold each end of the towel while alternately pushing and pulling, working the towel back and forth and concentrating on that area between the shoulders. Rinse well and dry carefully with a clean, dry towel. Remember that careful drying is important, even in the warm weather, so that the skin does not become coarse and rough. Check this treatment and its progress in the mirror—and don't forget that others can see your back in an evening dress even if you can't.

The legs are another place where towels can help. Thighs have a way of getting bulgy. If even a trace of this is apparent, better get to work with a few exercises. Those who believe that they haven't time for special, corrective exercises will find it helpful to practice one of the towel tricks to trim that extra fraction of an inch. After the bath or shower, dry the body briskly and thoroughly. Then twist a bath towel into a tight rope and get to work on the areas that need firming and slimming. Pull the towel rope back and forth with vigor and speed. It helps to count while doing this, and make fifty or one hundred times your goal. Not only will you find that toweling helps firm the skin and trim off flabby fat on your hips, thighs, and legs, but it does wonders for the upper arms. In addition, the abrasive action of this treatment flakes away the hard discolored surface skin and increases the rate at which the fresh smooth underskin is revealed.

Unless you are another Trilby, the chances are that your bare feet are not very pretty, and the chances are also that they are going to be showing in the new evening shoes and house slippers. But you can do a lot to make them look more presentable, and comfortable too.

Much of the unattractiveness of feet is due to rough, coarse skin, callouses, corns and unkempt nails. If there is anything definitely wrong with your feet treat yourself to a trip to the chiropodist. For simple unattractiveness the treatment is up to you. A tip worth remembering is that the best time for a pedicure is at night after your bath. Use a brush on the feet for a thorough soap and water scrub. Push back the cuticle gently too. Now give the feet a brisk towel rub. Fold the towel into a sling and rub the soles back and forth briskly. Then make a tight rope of the towel and work on those heel callouses. Use vigorous action as you seesaw back and forth. The friction will slough off the dead cuticle, flake off the dry skin and leave the feet pink and polished.

Hands And Face

Of course you wash your hands several times a day. But do you do it properly? Scrub the nails with a brush. This gets them really clean and makes cleaning with a hard stick unnecessary. Incidentally, did you know that cleaning with a sharp instrument roughens the under side of the nail and makes it accumulate dirt more readily. Do rinse and dry your hands well after each washing to keep them from chapping. At night before you go to bed wring a wash cloth or towel out of hot water and wrap your hands in it to open the pores. Dry them and then apply your hand lotion. This will make the lotion work better and give smoother finish to the hands.

Last but not least, towel tricks can help your face. Now and then give the face a thorough cleansing with soap and water — as well as with cleansing cream. With a well lathered wash cloth and warm water, go over the face using an upward and outward movement. Now rinse off the soap and lather a second time, giving special attention to those crevices at the chin, the nostrils and around the hair line. The friction action will stimulate the circulation and thus help the pores throw off impurities. Top it all off with a dash of icy cold water, not only to pep up the skin but make you feel fresh and alert.

• •

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64A

THE OTHER PAGE

London Rising Again

By HARWOOD STEELE

"RAT—TAT-TAT!"

The Judge's Usher, banging lustily on the door of Court No. 1 of the Central Criminal Court of the City of London—still, popularly, the "Old Bailey"—announced not only that the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor himself was demanding admission but (at least to me) that, as a gallant war-song said, "London will rise again!"—was, in fact, already rising. And what followed confirmed my view.

The door swung open.

The little procession—Judge's Usher, Under Sheriff, City Marshal, Sword Bearer, Mace Bearer, Junior Sheriff, Senior Sheriff, Lord Mayor, Recorder and Senior Alderman—all in their imposing robes or uniforms—marched through.

"Be upstanding in Court!"

The crowd in Court upstood.

The Lord Mayor and his chief supporters took their seats under the great Sword of Justice. The crowd sat down too. Then the Court Usher declared the Court open.

So the monthly session began, with the Recorder announcing that juries for the impending trials would now be selected and those persons in Court whose names were called for that service must answer, though they could if they wished appeal for release. The Lord Mayor next retired leaving the Senior Alderman in charge. The drawing and calling of names proceeded.

Suddenly—"sensation in Court"—John Smith had failed to answer.

"John Smith, answer to your name! Come forth and save the fine of one hundred shillings and issues!"

The black-robed Jury Bailiff repeated this cry three times, to make sure. The Court Usher also repeated it through all the Old Bailey, then reported:

"No answer outside, sir!"

"County of London officer, did you serve the summons?"—Again the Jury Bailiff, in his awful voice.

"I did, personally, on the 9th of this month; and there is no reason he is not here."

The Clerk of the Court turned to the Senior Alderman:

"John Smith is not here! He has been properly summoned. Shall he be fined?"

"Fined one hundred shillings!"

Just like that—

The potential jurymen shuddered; and so did I. Outside, one-third of the City, that mile-square heart of Greater London, lay ruined by enemy air action; and VE Day was only one year old. Yet here the awful majesty of British law spoke literally as if nothing had happened. Yes, official London, at least, was undoubtedly rising.

Rising too in the enormous, modern County Hall of the London County Council, principal administrator of Greater London, where I found thousands of workers turning from Civil Defence to making bricks without straw, to rebuild their capital on lines suggested by the immense County of London Plan. Rising at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's residence, where I saw nearly a thousand brutally-taxed diners at an austerity banquet subscribe twenty thousand pounds to a great charity in twenty minutes. Rising at the Guildhall, headquarters of the Corporation, administrators of the City, still functioning, though its Council Chamber and Art Gallery are destroyed and no one could tell me when the saved art treasures will be on view again. But rising even more obviously at 26 Old Jewry, since the most important features of official London are its public services and 26 Old Jewry is the headquarters of that supremely important service, tracing its origin to the Norman Conquest, the City of London Police.

Here again is a building half-wrecked by Hitler's Hell, yet full of men facing present and future in the London "Spirit of '46". At their head the Commissioner, Sir Hugh Turnbull, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., J.P., plans night and day: Plans to recruit to his normal 1,200—to improve training—to beat the crime wave—and the traffic problems—plans, plans, plans—and acts—.

NO EASY task. For if Greater London bore the brunt of the blitzes, the City bore the brunt of the brunt. Casualties and war-time enlistments in the fighting Services removed experienced officers. Not merely headquarters but every City police station was hit—one was completely destroyed. The crime wave, though not so great as in Greater London, is great enough; and P.C. Onslow, recently springing unarmed on an American gun-man in defiance of a hail of bullets and, with P.C. Wardrop, taking him alive and kicking, can testify that it is also dangerous.

The traffic problem, thanks to narrow, congested streets, is terrific. At its focal point, the Bank of England, at a peak hour—noon—I watched nine men control 4,000 vehicles an hour, converging from nine thoroughfares—as tough a traffic job as any in the world—and learned how Sir Hugh will soon confide it to traffic lights alone, a bold, far-seeing step for sorely-stricken London but typical of the man who in 1932 installed the first traffic lights in Europe.

Official London rises yet more obviously in the work of the Metropolitan Police, if only because of the larger scale. From his imposing headquarters in New Scotland Yard, off Whitehall, Sir Harold Scott, K.C.B., K.B.E., directs 23 divisions (normally 19,000 men) policing 12 million people, equivalent to Canada's entire population, in an area of 700 square miles, only four times the size of Greater Montreal. Since VE Day, 12,000 applications to join have been received and veterans loaned to the fighting Services during the war are slowly returning; but the ranks are still seriously depleted.

Yet they must grapple with the worst crime wave London has ever known, caused principally by juveniles and Allied deserters. They are doing so—successfully. I saw three of their strongest weapons at work: the Information Room at headquarters—C Division, covering London's busiest area—and the Thames Division, covering "the river".

The Information Room maintains constant, instantaneous communication by teleprinter with all police districts and divisions, by private line with 178 stations and 650 call boxes, by radio with some 70 patrol cars and 36 motor launches, as well as with the cars of "Q" men (of the uniformed force but in plain clothes), "Flying Squad" and C.I.D. Including "999"—emergency telephone—calls from the public, the Information Room dealt with over 5,000 calls in March '46 alone.

The results are impressive. At 9.17 one night a "999" call reported a suspect on private premises. At 9:25 the suspect was in custody. Another call reported the theft of an Austin 12 saloon. A "Q" car with Police Sergeant Drinkwater in charge sighted the Austin, gave chase. The Austin took to the sidewalk for 300 yards at 70 miles per hour and still at this speed drove blindly into the river. Two men jammed upside down in the rear seat were hauled out by the pursuing police just before the Austin sank, two more who swam away were overtaken. Before receiv-

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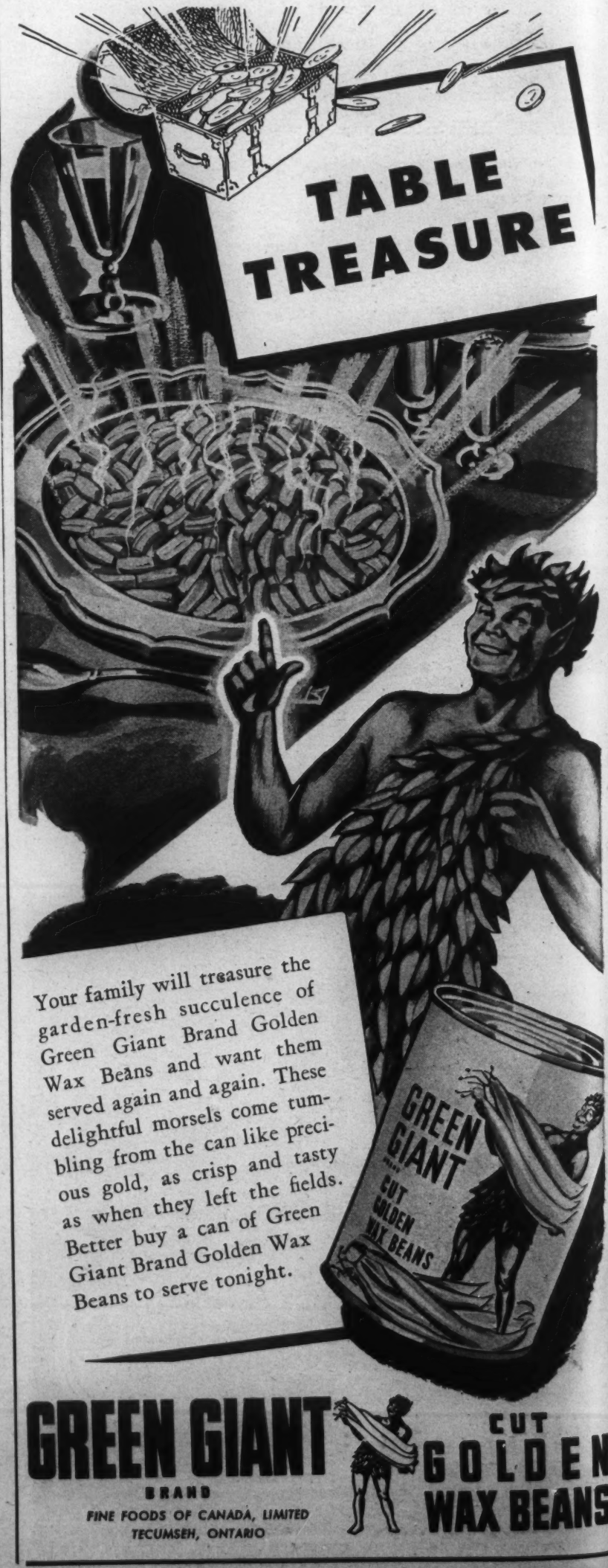
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ing sentence, the driver thanked the police for saving them.

"C" Division (normal strength 650, including 40 C.I.D. and 22 women) polices most of the West End, the heart of the crime belt. It booked 17,000 prisoners last year. Among the charges were 3 of murder, 18 of keeping gaming houses, 1,400 each of drunkenness and prostitution. Raid after secret raid, arrest after arrest, Edgar Wallace style, keep the Cypriot and Maltese gamesters and their sporting, boiled-short patrons on the run, as many as 60 persons are taken at a time and one recent raid found £3,200 in chips on the table.

"Oh, for the nice quiet war!" sighed my officer-guide. And he gazed affectionately at the inscription scratched enormously on the door of the ladies' cell in Savile Row station:

"Down with the police! Up with the Yanks!"

Souvenir of great, grim days—

The chief duties of the Thames Division (normally 200 men) responsible for everything below high-water mark on the 40 vital miles from Teddington to Dartford Creek, are the same in peace as in war—to prevent crime, round up craft broken from their moorings, rescue the perishing and recover the dead. The blitzes greatly multiplied their work, for "When it comes to slaughter, you will do your work on water" is as true of police work as it was, though in another sense, of Gunga Din. Therefore, the transition period, free of bombs, has eased the strain on the Thames Division. Yet the hope of making fat profits by robbing the vast cargoes crowding the Port of London and selling the haul in the Black Market greatly tempts the river rats and calls for constant vigilance, resulting in "very little crime".

Peace has even more radically affected the London forces of the National Fire Service. To quell the infernos of World War II the regular Fire Services of Britain had to be augumented eightfold and it was found necessary in 1941 to centralize control. Now the menace has gone. So the auxiliaries have gone too. And, as the smoke and censorship lift, to reveal a record of heroic sacrifice matched only by that of other London defenders, the much-reduced London forces turn to reorganization and re-equipment with war-proved devices (including "walkie-talkie"), return to an improved form of "local authority control".

As magnificently modern as their Albert Embankment headquarters, which fought Metropolis-wide blitzes as Monty fought the Bulge, these forces know well that peace holds no terrors for them.

That may stand for London's services. Now for its official lodgers—those institutions which govern not London but all Britain. Buckingham Palace shows few scars, the Victoria Memorial before it, is ringed again with flowers. "Peers' Entrance!"—the superb order which sent my taxi to the rendezvous appointed with Sir Henry Badeley, Clerk of the Parliaments, also revealed that both Houses are doing very nicely, thank you. True, the stone devices on the outer walls—the portculli and roses, the fleurs de lis of Royal France (and Canada)—remain blitz-battered. The Lords occupy the King's Robing Room the Commons, the House of Lords, from which all the stained glass has been blown, never to be replaced. But the death warrant of Charles I and other priceless documents are intact and construction of the new Commons Chamber, on the site of the one Goering destroyed in 1941, has begun.

The Tower was hit; but the political prisoners have gone and many relics like Wolfe's cloak have come back. The Mint was hit but carried on and is now turning out the decorations and medals awarded for war service, though its fascinating collection of older coins and medals will not be seen again for some time. St. Paul's too, is in that curious state of "business as usual during repairs." It is full of scaffolding; but the bust of Sir John A. Macdonald, the lovely Kitchener Chapel, with its memorial to the Royal Canadian Engineers of World War I, and many other "sights" are unharmed and on view.

Then Westminster Abbey and a tour personally conducted by the Dean. Blast shook the ancient building badly. Picking my way through props cramming Henry VII's Chapel, its crowning glory, I learned why the Chapel will not be re-opened for years. Yet the Unknown Warrior lies miraculously unscathed, the memorial window to Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal still glows above him, Wolfe's flag-draped monument still rises dimly behind its gates and the Stone of Destiny, hidden throughout the war under the Islip Chapel—a secret specially confided to Mr. Mackenzie King—is back again in the Coronation Chair.

The mounted sentries, though not yet in scarlet, are back at the Horse Guards too, most popular of all symbols of official London's rising.

"Where Did I See You Last?"

By JOHN BELKNAP

WHEN George Harris got on the Church Street car he was pleased to see that it was only half filled. Usually he dreaded the ride; it made him hate people with a dull, irritated hatred. He loathed the people who forced themselves so insolently through the crowded cars, and particularly the ones who started to wedge past him and then stopped—pressing into his back and canting him forward uncomfortably.

He was a little tired, but no more than he usually was on the way home from work. There was a seat beside a window and he sat down thankfully, looking out without seeing anything, trying merely to put himself in some sort of coma against the tedium of the familiar ride.

At the next stop a man he recognized got on. He was dressed in shabby, miscellaneous clothing. Not particularly poor looking, but rather as though he wore old clothes at a job where he might get soiled. He had on a khaki shirt, which was common enough, but he also wore a greasy Canadian Army beret, which annoyed Harris unreasonably. Why in God's name would anyone want to wear a khaki beret, he wondered irritably, knowing that the man had seen him and was intending to sit beside him.

"Hullo," the fellow said with a faintly patronizing air, obviously trying to remember where they had last met.

Harris knew exactly where they'd last met. It had been in Holland, and the fellow had been objectionably drunk. He'd never known him well, nor had he liked him even before that last meeting. He said nothing to help, except to return the hello.

"You still down at the DVA?" the fellow asked, looking for an opening.

"No," said Harris simply. "I never worked there."

The other man looked puzzled. He looked at Harris sideways, on the seat beside him. "It must be your brother then," he said at last, satisfied.

"I have no brother."

"Isn't your name Marshall?"

"No. Harris."

"That's funny," the fellow said, looking at him again. "I was getting you mixed up with Ted Marshall, I guess." He sighed, concentrating on the problem. "It was in Holland," he said suddenly. "That's it, it was in Holland. In that big field just outside Breda." He looked much happier now that he remembered the occasion.

Harris' thoughts turned inward, hopelessly. Why couldn't he be hail-fellow-well-met with these Army acquaintances he ran into so often. True he had never been a friend of this man, never even liked him the once or twice they'd met. Why was he suddenly supposed to be a close friend just because they had been two out of over half a million men in the Army together.

"I go east here," the other man said as they approached an intersection, "See you again."

"Cheers," said Harris cordially, turning back to the window again.

The man got up and stood at the door waiting for the car to slow down and stop. Suddenly he turned and came back, pulling out a pencil and paper.

"Say, what's your number?" he asked. "I'll give you a ring some time soon." He looked pleased, and hopeful, and a little like an insurance salesman if it hadn't been for his clothes.

Automatically. without conscious thought, Harris went on the defensive.

"At the office or at home?" he asked, as though it made a great deal of difference.

"Home . . . anywhere," the other man said, pencil poised.

"It won't do much good to give you my home number," Harris said, trying to sound concerned, "I'm moving in a couple of weeks."

He was thinking hard, waiting to parry the next question. And even as he did so, in the back of his mind he was wondering why he was being such a fool; what harm would it do to give the fellow his number?

He needn't have worried. The man put his pencil away. "Oh. Well, okay." He went back to the door. When the car stopped he got off and hurried into the crowd—inconspicuous, shabby, and a little bit pitiful.

Harris watched him moodily from the window, feeling no relief now that the man was gone. What a miserable—of a —I am, he thought, wondering what the fellow's name was.

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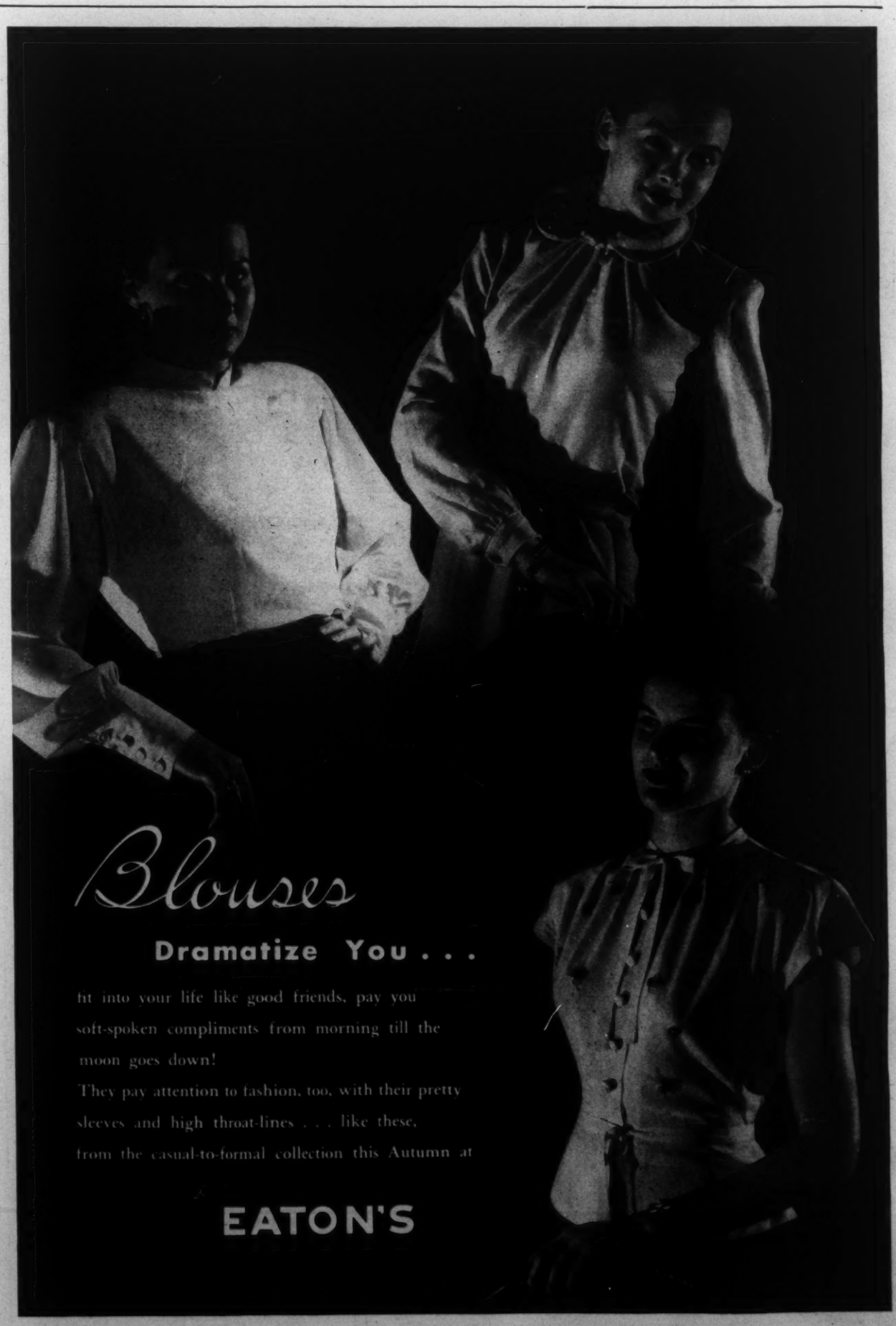
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Britons Won't Lend as Interest Forced Lower

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Examination of Britain's investment scene, says Mr. Marston, reveals that the Government, in order to support the gilt-edged market, has been borrowing more from banks than was needed to finance excess of expenditure over revenue and that over £500,000,000 has been expended in this manner in less than a year.

It is obvious that the public—as interest rates are forced lower — is becoming increasingly unwilling to lend money either to the Government or to industry, and the inflationary possibilities of so much idle money are ominous.

London.

The rate of interest in London seems to have reached approximate stability. After the long decline beginning with the War Loan conversion of 1932—but interrupted by the period of comparatively active trade in the middle '30's, and then again between Munich and the outbreak of war—something like a limit to the downward movement seems to have been reached, at 2½ per cent.

Yet, paradoxically, the whole investment scene is in a state of flux. There have been phases recently when apparently all faith in ordinary shares was lost, and the investor was willing to accept a return on Government bonds not much more than half of the yields that sound industrials would offer, only to feel that his capital was more or less free from the risk of depreciation.

There have been other phases when it was felt that gilt-edged values had reached their peak and must sooner or later decline, sufficiently, perhaps, to wipe out years of interest at present modest rates. It is a fact that only continued pumping of new money into the system has kept money plentiful and cheap, and that if the high level of gilt-edged prices is to be maintained the Chancellor will have to put so much cash into the hands of the public as to stimulate the inflationary movement which he is trying to check.

Behind the facade of rising gilt-edged prices a strange process has been going on. The October issue of *The Banker* has investigated it in some detail. The Government is known to have been borrowing considerably more from the banks than it needed to finance current excess of expenditure over revenue—the previous Government was doing likewise; and the purpose of this extra borrowing has been to support the gilt-edged market.

In other words, the Government has had to buy its own securities on a large scale to satisfy the public's demand for liquid funds. *The Banker* calculates that a sum of more than £500 million has been so expended in the 11 months of the latest cheap-money phase by direct purchases through the market or by subscriptions to the "tap" issues.

Reconversion Failures

There has been in recent months an almost unbroken series of failures of conversion operations designed to bring all Government and municipal debt charges down to 2½ per cent. The terms have usually been attractive enough to entice only about a third—sometimes less—of existing holders to convert, and the Exchequer has had to nurse each successive Colonial or Corporation loan for weeks or months, feeding it out by slow degrees to the market.

In every case, ultimately, the National Debt Commissioners have been able to sell the residue at a profit, for they have been operating on a rising market. But it is clear that stronger and stronger resistance is being encountered from the investing public as interest rates are forced lower.

What, one wonders, does the Treasury intend to do now? There

(*Continued on Next Page*)

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

A Recession in 1947?

By P. M. RICHARDS

THOUGH the rise of cost and prices has been more restrained and orderly in Canada (because of better planning, better administration and — No. 1 reason — better public discipline) than it has in the United States, the influence of U.S. conditions on those in Canada is so strong that many Canadians are worrying about the strong uptrend of prices across the border and wondering if Canada can avoid being seriously affected. It's feared that further price advances may put many goods beyond the reach of would-be buyers and that a business recession may result.

Said *United States News* last week: "This country (the U.S.) just now is getting ready to enjoy one last spree. Farmers are set to squeeze out more dollars for their meat. Labor is about ready to demand another raise for each hour of time put in. Businessmen are busy marking up prices with O.P.A. approval. Just when farmers and workers and businessmen think that at last they're in clover, after various types of strikes, they will bump into a strike they did not think about — a buyer's strike. That will be a strike to end most strikes. Then will come another kind of worry, the worry about surpluses. Workers will pile up, idle, looking for jobs. Food will pile up, with prices lower, while farmers look for markets. Goods will pile up as businessmen look for customers. That's the way it works. Things run in cycles. The up part of the cycle is nearing its last, rather pleasant, fling just before the sinking sensation that comes when the slide starts down. The turn is several months away, maybe six or nine, but it is on its way." But an increasing output of consumer goods will tend to pull prices down again and thereby stimulate consumption, though the supply situation in many lines will be spotty for a considerable time thereafter.

The Silent Partner Is the Boss

In other words, the ultimate consumer, the forgotten man in the disputes between labor, management and government, will once again demonstrate that he, and no one else, is the real all-powerful, final arbiter; that if costs of production, and therefore the prices of goods, are pushed beyond his capacity to buy, he will not buy, no matter what the settlements between the contracting parties in industry. It seems that every once in a while we have to learn this lesson afresh, no matter how often and how painfully it has been forced on us before.

The basic trouble, most commentators agree, is that the labor unions have forced wages up before there has been a rise in labor's efficiency to support the higher wages. Then, too, when costs have been raised by wage increases, the production of goods has been discouraged by restrictive price controls. Things have got out of balance all along the line. In the last week or two there have been various warnings of trouble ahead in 1947, maybe beginning in the second quarter and lasting for a year or less. The expected decline in prices would be moderate, it is said, in the case of finished goods, more severe in all raw materials and rather severe in farm products. The general production volume might fall quite sharply during the period, with the construction industry an exception. The "adjustment" recession should be no more severe than that of 1920-21 and may be less. The staying power of the upturn that follows this recession would depend on the soundness of the measures taken to restore balance in the economy. If we show no more sense then than we have since V-J Day the prospect would not be good.

Needn't Take It as Inevitable

However, we are told by Professor Sumner H. Slichter of Harvard University, writing in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, New York, that while a 1947 recession is certainly possible, we needn't accept it as inevitable. To prevent it he advises discouragement of the use of credit in the purchase of durable consumer goods, the reduction of clothing prices before consumer resistance starts, the confining of wage increases during the next year to workers who have had no wage advances so far or only minor ones, and, most important, the maintenance of favorable conditions for high-level production of durable consumer goods, capital equipment and housing. This will require large and well-balanced supplies of materials and parts, the provision of which, in turn, will require industrial peace.

Says Professor Slichter: "The unions and employers may not know it, but in the durable goods industries they will be bargaining, not merely over the terms of their own labor contracts, but over the prosperity of the country.... If the strike record in the durable goods industries in the first half of 1947 is even one third as bad as in the first half of 1946, the country may as well resign itself to a severe recession before the end of 1947. Particularly disastrous would be another strike in the steel industry."

Of the several threats to stability in 1947, says the professor, the two most serious are the inevitable drop in the prices of farm products and the possibility of a second round of large and numerous strikes. Despite these difficulties, the problem of maintaining stability will not occur in the most difficult form until several years hence, after the most urgent demands for durable consumer goods, industrial equipment and housing have been met. Success will depend upon the soundness of credit policies of business and fiscal policies of governments, and upon the development of new investment opportunities and new demands for goods through technological research and skilful marketing policies.

Mexican Book Fair Deepens Understanding of Canada

Four years ago the Mexican Government staged a book fair which proved so popular that it was decided to hold one annually and to invite other nations to exhibit. Canada participated this year for the first time, the display being sponsored by Canadian Book Publishers and Canadian Information Service. The exhibition at Mexico City just ended culminated a year of successful Canadian displays across Mexico in Puebla, Veracruz, Guadalajara, Cuernavaca and Monterrey, included Canadian handicrafts, works of Canadan artists and sculptors, and a photo exhibit depicting Canadian life in all its activities (above).

Prominent in the interchange of ideas between Canada and Mexico, Ambassador Dr. H. L. Keenleyside, is shown (above right) with Mrs. Keenleyside at the exhibition talking to the Mexican Secretary of the Interior, Sr. Lic. Primo Villa Michel and Sra. Michel (extreme left).

This corner of the Mexican Book Fair publicized the services of the C.B.C.

(*Continued from Page* 46)

is a widely-held belief, flimsily-based but strong enough at times to affect the gilt-edged market, that Mr. Dalton's political ambition is to repay or convert 2½ per cent Consols—now only 2-3 points under par.

If so, the cheap-money drive is not yet ended; Britain, against the trend of the U.S. (also Belgium and other small countries), will continue to make money cheaper while trade activity expands. The policy is certainly unorthodox. But it is, after all, a long while since monetary policy was otherwise.

The Government's apparent objective is to save as much as possible on the National Debt, and to establish reasonable stability in the economy generally. There is obviously not much more saving possible on the interest rate; and the resistance to cheap money has now become so strong that only by the creation of more and more bank credit can a further downward movement be achieved. It seems unlikely that the authorities will risk so much for so little.

Consolidation Next?

The recent conversion offers for stocks bearing only 3 per cent—the first time that conversion from 3 to 2½ per cent has been attempted, though there are stocks on the market which have been optionally redeemable since before World War I—may indicate that in the Treasury's view the end has been reached and the next task is consolidation.

It now remains to be seen whether the investing public will accept the situation as being stable enough. One of the most ominous signs of late has been the flight not into equity shares but into cash. (Figures now published showing "personal" and "business" bank deposits separately reveal that by far the greater part of the increase in deposits over the past year has been on "personal" account, even though for some months of this year the stock markets were booming and might have been expected to attract any idle savings.)

The public is not any longer a willing lender, either to the Government or to industry; and the inflationary possibilities of encashing of securities (with Treasury assistance), long before the flow of consumer-goods has reached the level of abundance, are not pleasant to contemplate.

NEWS OF THE MINES

McIntyre's Depth Development of Importance to Whole Camp

By JOHN M. GRANT

McINTYRE PORCUPINE MINES, 34-year old gold producer, has commenced deepening of the main internal shaft, No. 12, to a depth of 7,000 feet, which will make it the deepest operation in the Porcupine camp. Preparations have been underway for a year or so to sink the shaft from the 5,375-foot horizon and it will likely be well on into 1947 before it is completed and crosscuts driven on the new levels. The depth development at McIntyre is of the utmost importance to the future of the whole camp in that a length of over 8,000 feet of porphyry orebodies has been opened. The significance of this depth disclosure is the fact that on the upper horizons the porphyry was not a hospitable rock, but below the 3,875-foot to the 5,375-foot level, it was reported some years ago, that ore had been opened in the interior of the porphyry mass. The deepening of the No. 12 shaft will now permit exploration of the new ore structure situation at greater depth. While shaft sinking is proceeding it is planned to continue the development of the known porphyry orebodies on existing deep levels as rapidly as possible. Little new exploration has been carried out during the past year or so, and there is not much change in the picture as a whole. Ore reserves exceed 4,000,000 tons of over $10 grade. At present the mill is handling 1,600-1,700 tons a day against capacity of 2,400-2,500 tons.

•

Net cash assets of McIntyre Porcupine at the end of the last fiscal year, March 31, 1946, totalled $21,700,000. The market value of the marketable securities at that time was $8,500,000 above the figure at which they were carried in the statement, making the liquid net position over $30,000,000. After making allowance for recent recession in stock prices it is estimated that McIntyre's liquid position is still equivalent to more than $30 per share. In addition to government bonds and stocks in its portfolio, McIntyre owns 1,300,000 shares of Belleterre Quebec Mines and 1,093,000 shares of Castle-Trethewey. Belleterre has ore reserves of 600,000 tons of $11 ore and Castle-Trethewey has a strong investment position. In the last fiscal year net earnings of McIntyre were $3.12 per share, against the dividend rate of $3.33 per share.

•

A dividend of 50¼ cents a share will be paid by McIntyre on December 2 as compared with previous quarterly payments of 55½ cents, and the usual extra, payable January 2, 1947 will be 100½ cents a share as against $1.11. The company had paid dividends on a gold parity basis during the war and now, to conform with the new dollar relationship, the directors have adjusted the rate of dividend. As a result American shareholders will receive dividends of the same previous value, while Canadian shareholders will have an adjustment on account of Ottawa's exchange order. McIntyre has a record of 30 years of continuous dividend payments. Due to the considerable surplus of earnings accumulated from former years, and usable under the Foreign Exchange Control regulations, McIntyre proposes to continue the dividend policy, even if at times the dividend is not fully earned. To date McIntyre has disbursed $40,598,596 in dividends, valued in Canadian funds.

Underground development at Louvicourt Goldfields Corporation property, now proceeding on three levels, has so exceeded expectations predicated on surface diamond drilling results, that the management deemed it expedient to accelerate the whole development program and to expand as rapidly as possible, rate of production. To accomplish this shaft sinking must be continued and all possible levels opened up to prepare

(*Continued on Page* 51)

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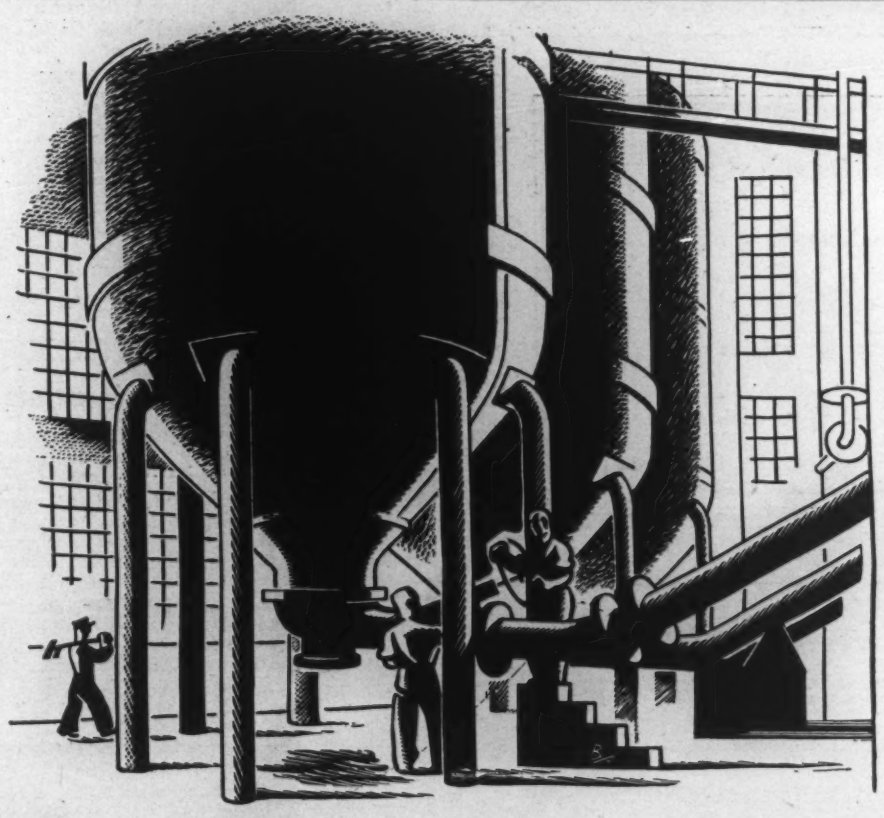

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

R. D. E., Regina, Sask.—I understand production is planned for BAYVIEW RED LAKE GOLD MINES when conditions permit, but it would appear that considerable more lateral work will be required before it can be determined if erection of a mill is warranted. Wartime restrictions suspended operations at this property in 1942. The No. 1 shaft, which is down to a depth of 500 feet, has been unwatered and is to be deepened to 1,000 feet. Indicated and probable ore down to the 475-foot level in the No. 1 shaft area, has been estimated at 50,000 tons grading 0.50 ounce gold. Most of the equipment for a 125-ton mill is on the property. I have seen no recent report of activity on the part of MASSIVE YELLOWKNIFE which has large holdings in the Indin Lake section of the Yellowknife district.

H. S. T., Kingston, Ont.—CANADIAN VICKERS, at a meeting last week, is understood to have approved a plan of reorganization that would clear up a condition where arrears on a portion of the preferred stock have accumulated for many years. It is understood that the board is awaiting word from the income tax department at Ottawa, clearing up any claim for income taxes in the proposed settlement of arrears of dividends, which, ordinarily are liable to taxation. While no official confirmation is available, it is understood that the plan will provide for the present $100 par preferred stock to be split on an eight-for-one basis, in addition to which preferred holders would receive two new common shares. The new preferred would be $10 par and callable at $25 and entitled to an annual dividend of $1. The old common stock would also be split on a basis of three-for-one.

V. L. S., Campbellton, N.B.—Yes, I believe WINCHESTER LARDER MINES, holding 14 claims in McGarry and McVittie townships, Larder Lake area, and adjoining Amalgamated Larder Mines on the north, secured one or two ore intersections in the drilling carried out in 1944. The exploration at that time was interrupted by wartime conditions and the possibilities still remain to be determined. A deep diamond drilling program is now planned to explore the structure already mapped, with special attention being directed to some surface exposures, where conditions are regarded as favorable. A financing agreement was recently negotiated by which 50,000 shares are to be purchased for $75,000 by Dec. 1, 1946, and options given on 1,385,994 shares at prices ranging from 15 cents to $1 a share.

G.E.R., Windsor, Ont.—Net profit of BLUE RIBBON CORP., LTD., before $28,973 bond interest, amounted to $148,026 for the year ended June 30, 1946, compared with $144,288 in the previous year, and after bond interest was reported at $119,052, against $131,334 the year before, when bond interest totalled $12,954. The annual report disclosed that the company had to absorb increases in the cost of many lines of merchandise and supplies and that sales showed some decline through difficulty in obtaining sufficient goods in short supply so that operating profit during the year fell to $312,740 from $445,520 the year before. However, income and excess profits taxes were reduced $129,324 to $100,760 and there was $14,803 from reduction in bad debt reserve and profit on sale of land added to the company's results for the year. Depreciation rose $7,609 to $78,757. Follow-

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things:—(1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments
GROUP "C"—Speculations

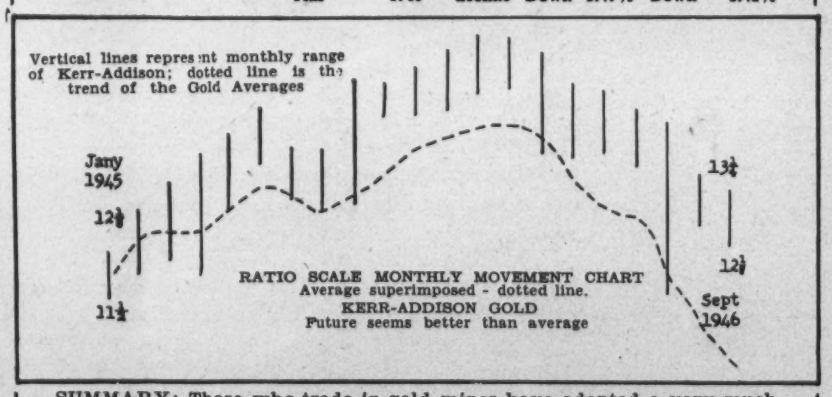
1. FAVORABLE
2. NEUTRAL or
3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated Favorable or Neutral-Plus has considerably more attraction than those with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks with favorable ratings, with due regard to timing, because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

Kerr-Addison Gold Mines, Ltd.

			Averages		Kerr-Addison	
PRICE 27 Sept. 46	— $13.25					
YIELD	— 2.3%					
GROUP	— "B"	Last 1 month	Down	10.2%		Unch
INVESTMENT INDEX	— 187	Last 12 months	Up	12.8%	Down	15.1%
FACTORS	—Neutral-Plus	1942-46 range	Up	193.6%	Up	527.0%
		1946 decline	Down	37.9%	Down	37.2%



SUMMARY: Those who trade in gold mines have adopted a very much more realistic attitude since February and a decline of 40% in the Averages has been the result. Whether this realism will carry further is debatable and will be argued in the market place by two factions; (1) Those who think golds should sell on a higher yield basis because of their diminishing assets or profits and (2) Those who anticipate higher prices because of potential increased production and dividends.

When a gold mining stock sells consistently on a yield basis of less than 3% it is evident that the bulk of investor opinion expects much higher dividends eventually.

Kerr-Addison has had a remarkable career in recent years. Those who have had courage to hold it have been well rewarded. Any current study of trading facts and stock habits would entitle one to believe that its future market behavior will still be good, as and when the gold mining list again becomes popular.

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NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of One dollar and twelve and one-half cents ($1.12½) per share on the Outstanding Paid-up Four and one-half per cent (4½%) Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company has been declared payable December 16, 1946, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on November 16, 1946. The transfer books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board.
Frank Hay,
Secretary
Toronto, October 15, 1946

BANK OF MONTREAL
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DIVIDEND NO. 334

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of TWENTY CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after MONDAY, the SECOND day of DECEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 31st October, 1946.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Banking House of the Institution on MONDAY, the SECOND day of DECEMBER next.

The chair to be taken at 11.30 o'clock A.M.

By Order of the Board.
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.
Montreal, 15th October, 1946.

ing the announcement of final settlement dates for repayment of refundable portion of excess profits taxes, the estimated balance of $67,775 previously carried as deferred surplus was transferred to earned surplus, which, together with the year's net and after $42,642 provision for preferred dividends, increased the account to $590,834 from $446,649 as of June 30, 1945. At the fiscal year-end, net working capital was $59,657 heavier at $1,574,037. First mortgage bonds in the amount of $25,000 were redeemed and a substantial amount expended on plant and machinery.

A. T. M., Moose Jaw, Sask. — I understand shaft sinking is scheduled to commence next month at the MARCUS GOLD MINES property, consisting of six claims in Dome township and 18 claims in Balmer township, Red Lake area, adjoining to the east of Cochenour Willans Gold Mines. Numerous sections containing visible gold have been obtained in diamond drilling, and the possibilities of developing an orebody on the No. 1 vein are regarded as good. Visible gold is reported having been encountered at irregular intervals over almost the entire length of 420 feet of the structure opened so far. Widths are narrow and assay values erratic making it difficult to estimate possible grade. However, the widespread erratic distribution of visible gold with assays ranging up to five ounces is indicative of a potential orebody, according to the company's consulting engineer. Sampling in the centre section of the vein indicated a length of 85 feet with an uncut grade of 0.46 ounces across 3.5 feet, or a cut value of 0.20 ounces per ton.

P. L. D., Calgary, Alta. — Net profits of $440,302, equal to 24.4 cents a share, are reported by COAST BREWERIES, LTD., for the year ended June 30, 1946, compared with $240,352 or 13 cents a share for the previous fiscal year. Net working capital at June 30, 1946, was higher at $1,217,403. In his report to shareholders, Robert Fiddos, president, says while demand for the company's products was steadily maintained, it is quite evident that the reduction in the excess profits taxes has been a great factor in permitting increased profits.

M.M., Halifax, N.S.—Such golds as KERR-ADDISON, SAN ANTONIO, MADSEN, MALARTIC GOLD FIELDS, MACLEOD-COCKSHUTT and COCHENOUR WILLANS are some with ore positions where expansion in production appears definitely warranted as soon as conditions will permit. It must be realized, however, that as gold mining is such a highly speculative business, we do not make recommendations as to the purchase of specific stocks.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Lifting Controls Bullish

BY HARUSPEX

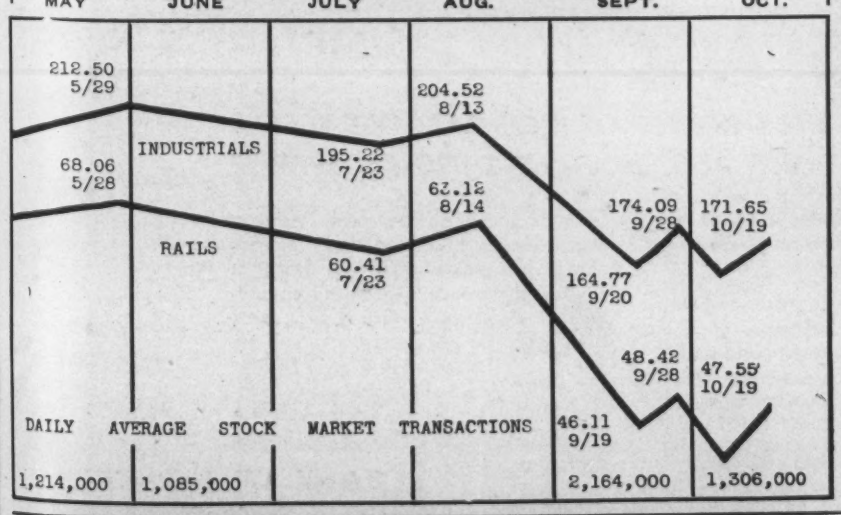
THE CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR NEW YORK MARKET TREND (which dominates Canadian prices): Downside penetration of February 1946 low points by both the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages confirms a primary downtrend as under way, duration and extent indeterminate.

THE SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as downward from the May-June high points of 212.50 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 68.31 on the rail average.

Lifting of controls on meat by the American Administration is of bullish import. It marks first recognition by this important arm of the U.S. government that continuation of war controls into the peacetime economy is becoming distasteful to the general public. When all controls over wages, prices and inventories are lifted, as President Truman intimates may be in process over the several months ahead, one of the three most serious current problems will have been settled. Left unsettled are (1) restoration of balance between the power of management and labor in wage and other negotiations, (2) the question of whether the wage and goods shortage factors have pushed prices to a level where some downward price readjustments must be witnessed before consumer buying equilibrium can be reestablished.

Since selling into the upper limits of the 168/137 area on the Dow-Jones industrial average, the market has been vulnerable to sizable rally as previously pointed out herein. The news development referred to above, along with a growing belief that the coming elections will show a conservative trend, could easily promote this recovery, the normal limits of which we figure at 180/190. There are no current developments to suggest that such an upmove, if it should occur over the weeks ahead, would prove other than a technical rebound to be followed by eventual renewal of price weakness into new low ground.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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330 BAY STREET, TORONTO
Hamilton Brantford Brampton Vancouver
5

THE MONTREAL COTTONS LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A QUARTERLY DIVIDEND OF 43¾c per share, being at the rate of seven per cent (7%) per annum, has been declared upon the $25.00 par value seven per cent (7%) cumulative redeemable preferred shares of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fourteenth day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November, 1946.
BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
SECRETARY-TREASURER
Valleyfield, October 16th/46.

THE MONTREAL COTTONS LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND of 14c per share (making a total of 50c for the year) has been declared upon the Common Shares without nominal or par value, of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fourteenth day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November.
BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
SECRETARY-TREASURER
Valleyfield, October 16th/46.

The Royal Bank of Canada
DIVIDEND No. 237

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent (twenty cents per share) upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, the second day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of October, 1946.
By order of the Board.
JAMES MUIR
General Manager.
Montreal, Que., October 8, 1946.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Insurance on a Competitive Basis Better Than a State Monopoly

By GEORGE GILBERT

Those familiar with the cost of carrying on government undertakings do not cherish the notion that a state monopoly of a business such as insurance would result in lower rates and a more satisfactory service than now provided under the competitive private enterprise system.

But the masses of the population are not so well enlightened in this respect, and they must be convinced that the private enterprise organizations can and are adequately serving their needs for protection and accordingly there is no good reason why the state should go into this business.

AS long as it is generally believed that the price charged for insurance under the present private enterprise competitive system is a just one and the service adequate, there will be no widespread demand in Canada for the nationalization of the business or any branch of it. It would be felt that there was nothing to be gained by making such a change, and that it would be preferable to deal with those engaged in the business on a competitive basis rather than with a government monopoly operated by bureaucrats, as in the latter case the insured would have nothing to say either as to the rates charged or the coverage afforded.

Our people have enjoyed the benefits of competition in the insurance business as well as in other businesses for a long time, and they are reluctant to throw away the substance and grasp at the shadow of state monopoly of such a business as insurance, which in this country is a highly competitive one and bears no resemblance to any kind of a monopoly. Monopolies, whether operated by the government or by private interests, are alike regarded with suspicion and distrust nowadays, as experience has shown that a government monopoly can be just as detrimental to the public welfare as a private monopoly and also much more difficult, if not impossible, to get rid of once it is established.

There is no doubt, however, that a good deal of misunderstanding still exists with respect to the insurance industry, which has grown to such large proportions that it is usually classed as a "big business," and as such has sometimes been likened to other large capitalistic undertakings whose operations are regarded as having a detrimental rather than a beneficial effect upon the public welfare. Insurance companies are by some people looked upon as fabulously rich and powerful corporations, who go on piling up their resources in good times and bad, while paying out in claims as little as they can under the terms of their policy contracts.

Lack of Knowledge

This erroneous viewpoint is due to a lack of knowledge of the nature and operations of the institutions engaged in the business. Just because some of them have grown to large proportions, and so have aroused the ire of some radicals and socialists, who regard business in any private undertaking as subversive of the public interest, is no reason why others should accept such a view in the absence of proof. There are hundreds of different organizations engaged in the business, and only a few of them are in the category of "big business" corporations.

Those which on account of their size may be said to come within such a designation have been many years in existence and have accumulated a large volume of insurance in force, which has required them to also accumulate a large volume of assets to meet the correspondingly large liabilities assumed under their outstanding policy contracts. Whether the companies are large or small, they are required to maintain assets sufficient to fully cover their liabilities to the public, and if their assets amount to a very large sum, it simply means that their liabilities are correspondingly large.

Regarding the insurance business as a whole, it has steadily grown from very small beginnings to its present magnitude because it has provided a needed protection and service which could not be obtained at anything like the same cost in any other way. It may properly be described as one of the great inventions of all time, designed for the protection of life values and property values. Although it is still somewhat of a mystery to many people because of its technicalities, its usefulness is receiving constantly increasing recognition, as witness the growing volume of business in force in all its branches.

Keen Competition

As there is plenty of keen competition in the insurance business, and as the biggest companies possess no particular advantage over the small or medium-sized ones in any community in which they operate, the public reap the benefit as they have the opportunity of selecting the company, big or little, whose rates and coverage best meet their individual requirements. Thus the different companies, whether they are large or small, must be able to meet the competition of the others as to premiums rates and liberality of policy provisions if they are to grow and prosper.

In view of the present trend in some quarters to look to the state to take over and operate various industries heretofore regarded as strictly within the field of private enterprise, there is an evident need of much more enlightenment on the part of the masses of the people than they now possess as to the importance, in their own interest, of maintaining the present competitive insurance system instead of replacing it with any nationalized system, and of rejecting at the polls **any political party which proposes any such legislative action.**

Although theoretically there may appear to be no reason why a government should not engage in insurance undertakings or in other business enterprises, from a practical standpoint it is obvious that nothing would be gained in the long run, and that any temporary advantage could only be achieved by loading part of the cost on the general taxpayers. Under government operation of any industry, experience shows that the over-all cost to the community would be higher and the management and service less efficient than that provided under the present private competitive system by those engaged in the business as a means of livelihood.

While the claim is sometimes made that insurance is one of the social services for which government "is peculiarly adapted if not inherently obligated," there is, as a matter of fact, no more reason why the government should engage in the insurance business than why it should engage in any other form of commercial enterprise. And the more it is encouraged to do so, the less likely it is to stop there, a possibility which should not be overlooked by other business and financial institutions.

It is a well-known fallacy, actively propagated by socialists and communists, that the state can operate industries and services in a much more satisfactory and economical manner than they are now being operated under the existing private enterprise competitive system. Their propaganda is calculated to promote a lack of confidence in the methods and in the institutions which have enabled us to make what progress has so far been achieved in developing the country and in improving the standard of living of the people. Of course, they have nothing to show that the conditions of the masses would be improved under a totalitarian form of government, either socialist or communist.

THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA
E. D. GOODERHAM, President — A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

MEDLAND & SON
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS AND BROKERS SINCE 1878
371 BAY STREET, TORONTO—PHONE EL. 3332

Founded in 1884. The Portage Mutual has at all times followed an aggressive policy of keeping pace with the changing needs of a growing country.

FIRST BOARD MEETING, OCTOBER 2ND, 1884

Present Directors and Officers

Hon. D. L. Campbell, M.L.A., E. D. Alder, K.C., J. C. Miller, K.C., Robt. McDermott, Jas. McKenzie, Arthur Sullivan, K.C., Winnipeg, Joseph Trimble

M. G. Tidsbury — President
E. H. Muir — Vice-President
A. G. Hall, A.I.I A. — Treasurer
A. H. Thorpe — Manager

EST. 1884
The PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE - PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE
WINNIPEG • REGINA • EDMONTON
FIRE and WINDSTORM
46-4

YEARS AGO . . .

THE SHIPPING OF RICH CARGOES WAS A RISKY AND MOST EXCITING ENTERPRISE

Also insurance facilities to cover such cargoes were cumbersome and unsatisfactory.

It was in 1835 that a group of British traders in Canton, in order to pool the hazards of exporting merchandise to the United Kingdom and elsewhere, founded the Union Insurance Society of Canton.

Yesterday's slow-sailing clippers have been superseded by fast, modern cargo vessels. Time has been saved, shipping costs and ocean hazards amazingly reduced. And—in step with these advances — Marine Insurance has been "streamlined" to meet the needs of a faster-moving age. During these 111 years of progress in providing Marine Insurance protection, the "Union of Canton" has been in the forefront.

Today's Hazards of MARINE Transportation are but trifling compared with a century ago—and insurance rates are uniformly lower. If you are an exporter or importer of merchandise by sea, the "Union of Canton" offers you complete financial protection against all forms of marine loss or damage.

UNION INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CANTON LIMITED
FIRE • MARINE • GENERAL INSURANCE EST 1835

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA: METROPOLITAN BLDG., TORONTO • COLIN E. SWORD, Manager for Canada
COMPANIES OF THE "UNION OF CANTON" GROUP
British Traders Insurance Company Limited - The British Oak Insurance Company Limited - Beaver Fire Insurance Company
Also under same management in Canada: The South British Insurance Company Limited
24A

Insurance Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you furnish me with information about a fraternal society called the A.O.U.W. of the Canadian Northwest: How much life insurance it has in force; what its assets and liabilities are; how long it has been in operation, and how many certificates it has on its books? Does it maintain actuarial reserves on its insurance certificates?

—A.F.H., Brandon, Man.

The Grand Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen of the Canadian Northwest, with head office in Winnipeg, was incorporated in 1893 under the laws of the Province of Manitoba as a fraternal society. At the end of 1945 it had 903 certificates in force for a total of $1,247,028 of life insurance. Its total admitted assets were $637,497, while its total liabilities amounted to $585,136, showing a surplus of $52,361 over reserves and all liabilities. It operates on an actuarial basis, and at Dec. 31, 1945, its actuarial reserves amounted to $518,874. In its Mortuary Fund the total income in 1945 was $63,363 and the total disbursements were $61,589. In its General Fund the total income was $8,117 and the total disbursements were $8,372.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page 47*)

for extraction of a maximum ore tonnage. Milling and mining equipment is now being erected and installed. Certain additional units will be added to increase the rate of operation of both mine and mill. It is expected to start tuning up the mill for production in January. On the first level 400 feet of ore has been opened up in the structure north of the "B" vein. Pierre Beauchemin, president of the company, announces that a bank loan of $350,000 has been arranged to augment the funds now in the treasury. The bank loan is repayable out of production, and with the present treasury is expected to be ample to see the company through its development and proposed expansion program.

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It is expected that lateral work will commence early in December to open up the oreshoots indicated by diamond drilling from surface at the Ogama-Rockland Mines property, in the Big Rice Lake district of Manitoba. The objective of the shaft is 550 feet and at last report the station was being cut at the 250-foot level. The complete surface plant of Gunnar Gold Mines was moved to the Ogama-Rockland property and the old workings have been unwatered. Four levels will be opened up. The property in 1942 operations produced over $145,000 from 4,121 tons of ore milled by Gunnar Gold Mines. The latter company holds the controlling interest and is conducting the operation. The almost complete Gunnar mill is available in case the development work at Ogama warrants its installation. Drilling from surface indicated two oreshoots and high values were obtained.

•

Burgess Yellowknife Kirkland Mines plans to continue work throughout the winter on both the EJ property and the recently purchased Patsy-Agnes property, in the Yellowknife area. Channel samples were obtained with values ranging from $2.80 to $254.80 per ton from the new claims. In reporting on this summer's work on the EJ property, N. W. Byrne, consulting engineer, states that the preliminary nature of the investigation limits the extent of conclusive evidence on the ore-making possibilities of the various showings. The "B" zone is wide and strong and carries gold to some extent. A similar breccia, designated "C" zone has been exposed 2,000 feet south of "B" zone and may represent its southern extension. Such a structure, Mr. Byrne points out, could mean a tonnage proposition if gold were present in only fair amounts. The "F" vein, he states, has definite possibilities and the chance for duplication in parallel or an echelon appears to be good. Mr. Byrne recommends bulk sampling of the "B" zone. Drilling is suggested for this zone and he states sampling of the "F" zone could best be accomplished by drilling a series of shallow vertical holes.

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East Sullivan Mines, where a large copper-zinc-gold orebody was outlined by diamond drilling, deepened the main development shaft to 155 feet vertical in September and the first level station was excavated at 150 feet. The initial objective of the shaft is 500 feet and the present program has been laid out with the intention of commencing production at 2,000 tons per day. Vertical diamond drilling of the orebodies was continued with results confirming previous drill results. Core from this work is being utilized for mill test purposes. Further progress was attained at Ottawa in metallurgical testing of East Sullivan ore. Flotation tests indicate good recoveries of both copper and zinc, and concentrates of desirable quality. Work is proceeding for further improvement of both recoveries and concentrate grades of both base and precious metals.

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In general, from the limited amount of development so far completed on the No. 1 vein at Elder Mines, results of diamond drilling as to grade appear to have been conservative, A. H. Honsberger, mine manager, reports. This must be explained, he adds, only by the surprising amount of visible gold so far encountered in actual drifting and which was not in evidence in the diamond drill core. Underground development of the No. 1 vein was started in September and during the month, a total of 486 feet of drifting and crosscutting was completed on the 200, 400 and 600-foot levels. Drifting is now proceeding in the main vein on the 600-foot horizon with both faces in ore. At last report there were seven faces in ore on the three levels. The construction program is drawing to a close and this month it is expected the rate of development will be stepped up to around 30 feet per day, or approximately 150 tons per day to the Noranda smelter.

NOTICE

is hereby given that the Imperial Insurance Office has been granted by the Dominion Insurance Department, Certificate of Registry No. C1072 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of EARTHQUAKE INSURANCE, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

ROBERT LYNCH STAILING
Managing Director.

THE SIGN OF THE PARROT

FOR SALE

FIRHURST MANOR

TRENTON, ONTARIO

THE LOGICAL OVERNIGHT STOP FOR TORONTO, OTTAWA, MONTREAL AND THE NORTHERN LAKES

So that he may retire and enjoy some of the proceeds of his success, the owner of Firhurst Manor desires to sell the business and property, including all hotel room furnishings.

This renowned INN, catering to year-round guests, overlooks the beauteous Bay of Quinte with the glorious Murray Hills to the rear, and is located on No. 2, Canada's main highway from East to West.

THE PROPERTY consists of the MANOR and a large STONE LODGE with accommodation for 60 guests. The Manor, of old English type, 2 1/2 stories high, sturdily constructed with high ceilings is built over an exceptionally large divided cellar containing a highly efficient steam heating system. On the ground floor are two commodious kitchens — bright, airy and modern with electrical and coal cooking facilities.

THE MANOR AFFORDS EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR FURTHER EXPANSION AND DEVELOPMENT

The highly popular Stone Lodge has very thick walls, delightfully cool in summer and cosily warm in winter. It has 18 rooms.

Firhurst Manor stands in approximately 3 acres of well cultivated and landscaped grounds with full grown maple trees on the north and west sides, affording unexcelled facilities for those desiring rest and relaxation A large garden plot provides opportunity for unlimited expansion.

Firhurst Manor has catered to a select clientele over a period of 20 years and each year has shown an increase in business over the previous one. Despite travel difficulties, all accommodation has been taxed to capacity during the past 4 years. Highly lucrative year-round business is assured by excellent connections with Trenton's growing manufacturing plants and the permanent R.C.A.F. Command located nearby. It is the logical place within 100 miles for wedding, bridge and dinner parties for which it has always been renowned.

ALL ROOMS IN BOTH HOUSES HAVE RUNNING HOT AND COLD WATER
19 BATH ROOMS
SPACIOUS LOUNGE
BRIGHT DINING ROOM
COMMODIOUS HALLS
8-CAR GARAGE
TRENTON GOLF COURSE AND BOWLING GREEN ONLY 200 YARDS DISTANT

Firhurst Manor is an outstanding investment opportunity for one interested in an INN with one of the best clienteles to be found anywhere. It is an active, running business, houses suitably furnished throughout, ready to step into without a break.

For full information and appointment to view, write or 'phone

J. A. SUTCLIFFE
FIRHURST MANOR
TRENTON, ONTARIO, CANADA
'PHONE TRENTON 767

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated 1851

FIRE, MARINE, AUTOMOBILE, CASUALTY AND AVIATION INSURANCE

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

E. A. BROWNELL
President of the Company

HERBERT C. COX
Chairman of the London Board, Canada Life Assurance Company

WILFRID M. COX, K.C.
Barrister, etc.

W. J. HASTIE
Vice-President, Central Canada Loan & Savings Company
Director, National Trust Company Limited

S. H. LOGAN
Chairman of the Board, Canadian Bank of Commerce
Director, Imperial Life Assurance Company

HON. LEIGHTON McCARTHY, P.C., K.C., LL.D.
Director, Canada Life Assurance Company
Director, The Bank of Nova Scotia

W. E. MEIKLE
Vice-President, Osler, Hammond & Nanton Limited

GEO. A. MORROW
President, Central Canada Loan & Savings Company
Vice-President, Canadian Bank of Commerce

GRAHAM MORROW, O.B.E.
Vice-President, Imperial Life Assurance Company
Director, Toronto Savings & Loan Company

SIR GEORGE B. MORTON, O.B.E., M.C.
Senior Resident Partner, Bird & Co.
Calcutta, India

W. M. O'CONNOR
President, National Trust Company Limited
Director, Central Canada Loan & Savings Company

K. M. PRINGLE
President, Dominion Securities Corporation Limited

G. STUBINGTON
Vice-President and Managing Director

KENNETH THOM
General Manager of the Company

HENRY J. WYATT
Director, Marine Midland Trust Co. of N.Y.

FINANCIAL POSITION DECEMBER 31, 1945

Assets
$16,015,082.00

Liabilities to the Public
$10,087,972.00

Capital
$1,400,000.00

Surplus above Capital
$4,527,110.00

Losses paid since organization
$145,045,361.00

Head Office — TORONTO
Branches and Agencies throughout the World

D'J'EVER?

I TOLD YOU IT WAS COLD ENOUGH FOR YOUR WARMER COAT BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN
I'LL KNOW BETTER NEXT YEAR
D'J'EVER REMEMBER THAT RESOLUTION YOU MADE LAST FALL ABOUT WEARING YOUR HEAVIER FALL COAT AT THE FIRST SIGN OF COLD WEATHER—
AND THAT ONE ABOUT NEVER FOOLING YOURSELF AGAIN THAT YOU'RE SIXTEEN INSTEAD OF SIXTY—
SWISH!
AND THAT ONE ABOUT DRIVING MORE CAREFULLY THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRST SNOWFALL HAS MADE THE STREETS LIKE A SKATING RINK.....
D'J'EVER REALIZE THAT IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO MAKE THESE RESOLUTIONS AGAIN.....AND KEEPING
CRAIG FLESSEL

DAWES **BLACK H** 14 ay 20 in Russia we h... to Russia we ima... either. But people ... 6-23-W

(*Continued on Pa*

ABOUT INSURANCE

Insurance on a Competitive Basis Better Than a State Monopoly

By GEORGE GILBERT

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M. G. Tidsbury — President
E. H. Muir — Vice-President
A. G. Hall, A.I.I A. — Treasurer
A. H. Thorpe — Manager

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HEAD OFFICE - PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE
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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page 47*)

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Managing Director.

THE SIGN OF THE PARROT

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19 BATH ROOMS
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For full information and appointment to view, write or 'phone

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FIRHURST MANOR
TRENTON, ONTARIO, CANADA
'PHONE TRENTON 767

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated 1851

FIRE, MARINE, AUTOMOBILE, CASUALTY AND AVIATION INSURANCE

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Head Office — TORONTO
Branches and Agencies throughout the World

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I TOLD YOU IT WAS COLD ENOUGH FOR YOUR WARMER COAT, BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN
I'LL KNOW BETTER NEXT YEAR
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DAWES **BLACK H** 14 ay 20

in Russia we h... to Russia we ima... either. But people ... 6-23-W

(*Continued on Pa*

ABOUT INSURANCE

Insurance on a Competitive Basis Better Than a State Monopoly

By GEORGE GILBERT

Those familiar with the cost of carrying on government undertakings do not cherish the notion that a state monopoly of a business such as insurance would result in lower rates and a more satisfactory service than now provided under the competitive private enterprise system.

But the masses of the population are not so well enlightened in this respect, and they must be convinced that the private enterprise organizations can and are adequately serving their needs for protection and accordingly there is no good reason why the state should go into this business.

AS long as it is generally believed that the price charged for insurance under the present private enterprise competitive system is a just one and the service adequate, there will be no widespread demand in Canada for the nationalization of the business or any branch of it. It would be felt that there was nothing to be gained by making such a change, and that it would be preferable to deal with those engaged in the business on a competitive basis rather than with a government monopoly operated by bureaucrats, as in the latter case the insured would have nothing to say either as to the rates charged or the coverage afforded.

Our people have enjoyed the benefits of competition in the insurance business as well as in other businesses for a long time, and they are reluctant to throw away the substance and grasp at the shadow of state monopoly of such a business as insurance, which in this country is a highly competitive one and bears no resemblance to any kind of a monopoly. Monopolies, whether operated by the government or by private interests, are alike regarded with suspicion and distrust nowadays, as experience has shown that a government monopoly can be just as detrimental to the public welfare as a private monopoly and also much more difficult, if not impossible, to get rid of once it is established.

There is no doubt, however, that a good deal of misunderstanding still exists with respect to the insurance industry, which has grown to such large proportions that it is usually classed as a "big business," and as such has sometimes been likened to other large capitalistic undertakings whose operations are regarded as having a detrimental rather than a beneficial effect upon the public welfare. Insurance companies are by some people looked upon as fabulously rich and powerful corporations, who go on piling up their resources in good times and bad, while paying out in claims as little as they can under the terms of their policy contracts.

Lack of Knowledge

This erroneous viewpoint is due to a lack of knowledge of the nature and operations of the institutions engaged in the business. Just because some of them have grown to large proportions, and so have aroused the ire of some radicals and socialists, who regard business in any private undertaking as subversive of the public interest, is no reason why others should accept such a view in the absence of proof. There are hundreds of different organizations engaged in the business, and only a few of them are in the category of "big business" corporations.

Those which on account of their size may be said to come within such a designation have been many years in existence and have accumulated a large volume of insurance in force, which has required them to also accumulate a large volume of assets to meet the correspondingly large liabilities assumed under their outstanding policy contracts. Whether the companies are large or small, they are required to maintain assets sufficient to fully cover their liabilities to the public, and if their assets amount to a very large sum, it simply means that their liabilities are correspondingly large.

Regarding the insurance business as a whole, it has steadily grown from very small beginnings to its present magnitude because it has provided a needed protection and service which could not be obtained at anything like the same cost in any other way. It may properly be described as one of the great inventions of all time, designed for the protection of life values and property values. Although it is still somewhat of a mystery to many people because of its technicalities, its usefulness is receiving constantly increasing recognition, as witness the growing volume of business in force in all its branches.

Keen Competition

As there is plenty of keen competition in the insurance business, and as the biggest companies possess no particular advantage over the small or medium-sized ones in any community in which they operate, the public reap the benefit as they have the opportunity of selecting the company, big or little, whose rates and coverage best meet their individual requirements. Thus the different companies, whether they are large or small, must be able to meet the competition of the others as to premiums rates and liberality of policy provisions if they are to grow and prosper.

In view of the present trend in some quarters to look to the state to take over and operate various industries heretofore regarded as strictly within the field of private enterprise, there is an evident need of much more enlightenment on the part of the masses of the people than they now possess as to the importance, in their own interest, of maintaining the present competitive insurance system instead of replacing it with any nationalized system, and of rejecting at the polls any political party which proposes any such legislative action.

Although theoretically there may appear to be no reason why a government should not engage in insurance undertakings or in other business enterprises, from a practical standpoint it is obvious that nothing would be gained in the long run, and that any temporary advantage could only be achieved by loading part of the cost on the general taxpayers. Under government operation of any industry, experience shows that the over-all cost to the community would be higher and the management and service less efficient than that provided under the present private competitive system by those engaged in the business as a means of livelihood.

While the claim is sometimes made that insurance is one of the social services for which government "is peculiarly adapted if not inherently obligated," there is, as a matter of fact, no more reason why the government should engage in the insurance business than why it should engage in any other form of commercial enterprise. And the more it is encouraged to do so, the less likely it is to stop there, a possibility which should not be overlooked by other business and financial institutions.

It is a well-known fallacy, actively propagated by socialists and communists, that the state can operate industries and services in a much more satisfactory and economical manner than they are now being operated under the existing private enterprise competitive system. Their propaganda is calculated to promote a lack of confidence in the methods and in the institutions which have enabled us to make what progress has so far been achieved in developing the country and in improving the standard of living of the people. Of course, they have nothing to show that the conditions of the masses would be improved under a totalitarian form of government, either socialist or communist.

THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
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E. D. GOODERHAM, President A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

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A. G. Hall, A.I.I A. — Treasurer
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Also insurance facilities to cover such cargoes were cumbersome and unsatisfactory.

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Insurance Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you furnish me with information about a fraternal society called the A.O.U.W. of the Canadian Northwest: How much life insurance it has in force; what its assets and liabilities are; how long it has been in operation, and how many certificates it has on its books? Does it maintain actuarial reserves on its insurance certificates?

—A.F.H., Brandon, Man.

The Grand Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen of the Canadian Northwest, with head office in Winnipeg, was incorporated in 1893 under the laws of the Province of Manitoba as a fraternal society. At the end of 1945 it had 903 certificates in force for a total of $1,247,028 of life insurance. Its total admitted assets were $637,497, while its total liabilities amounted to $585,136, showing a surplus of $52,361 over reserves and all liabilities. It operates on an actuarial basis, and at Dec. 31, 1945, its actuarial reserves amounted to $518,874. In its Mortuary Fund the total income in 1945 was $63,363 and the total disbursements were $61,589. In its General Fund the total income was $8,117 and the total disbursements were $8,372.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page 47*)

for extraction of a maximum ore tonnage. Milling and mining equipment is now being erected and installed. Certain additional units will be added to increase the rate of operation of both mine and mill. It is expected to start tuning up the mill for production in January. On the first level 400 feet of ore has been opened up in the structure north of the "B" vein. Pierre Beauchemin, president of the company, announces that a bank loan of $350,000 has been arranged to augment the funds now in the treasury. The bank loan is repayable out of production, and with the present treasury is expected to be ample to see the company through its development and proposed expansion program.

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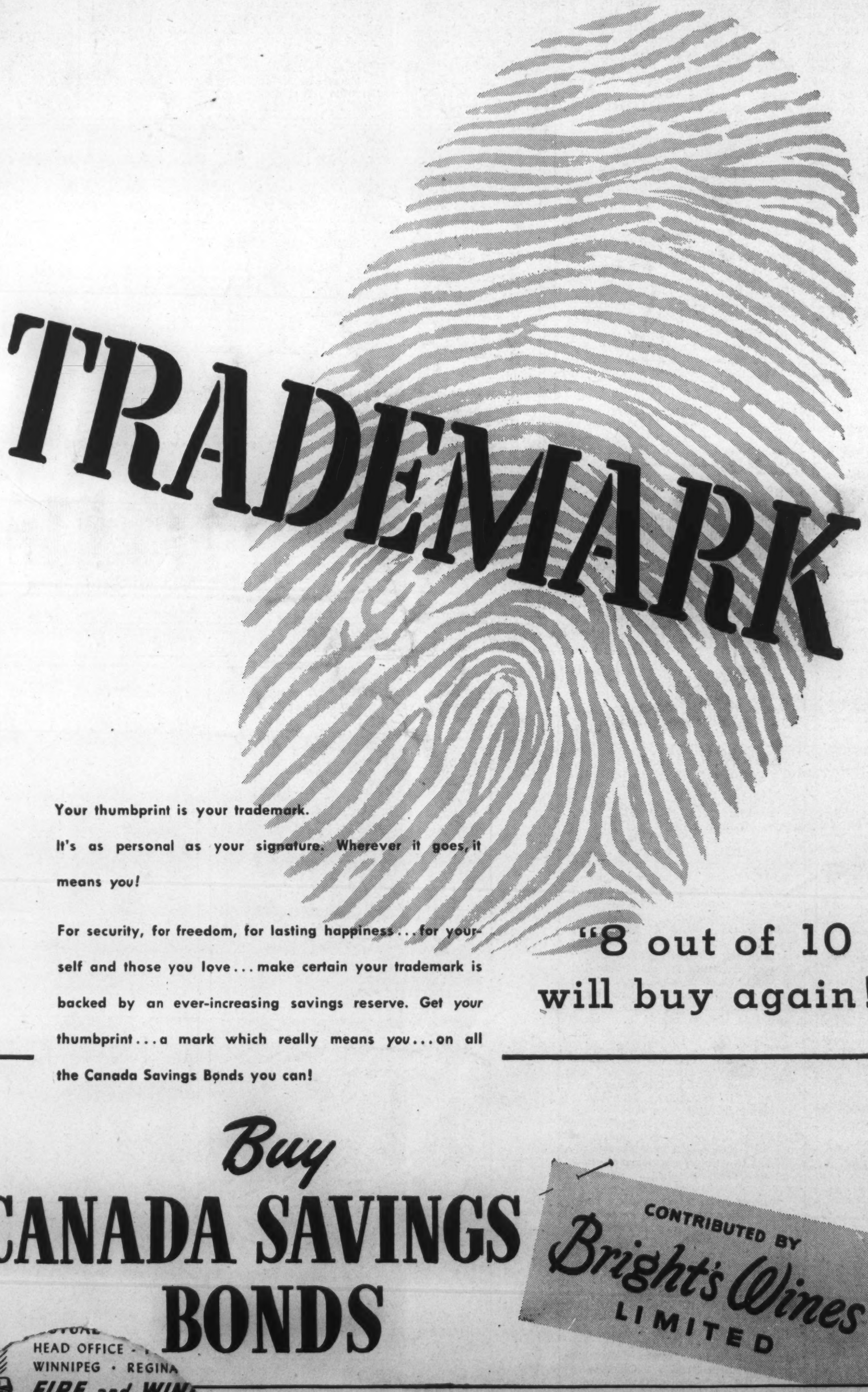
D'J'EVER REALIZE THAT IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO MAKE THESE RESOLUTIONS AGAIN.....AND KEEPING

DAWES **BLACK H** 14 May 20

in Russia we h... to Russia we ima... either. But people ... 6-23-W

(*Continued on Pa*



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